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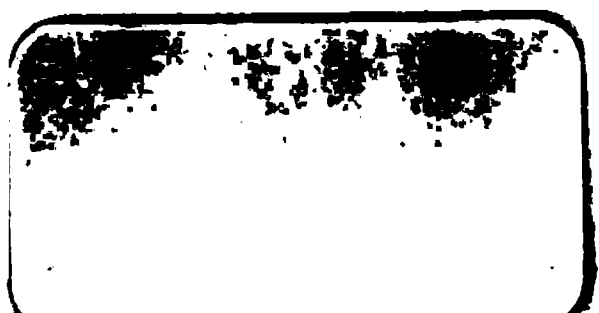
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ISN'T IT ODD?

ISN'T IT ODD?

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ISN'T IT ODD?

BY MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

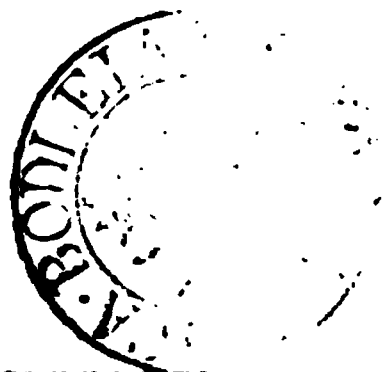
"——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"—HORACE.

VOL. I.



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TO THE READER.

IF, in these *Memoirs of Oddities and Originals* from *nature*, inequalities and apparent oppositions should be noticed, be it recollected that nature contrasts the fertile by the barren; and with the beautiful connects the sublime. Should extravagancies, unusual in general life, appear; it will be but justice to allow exceptions to *general* rule; also that nature, equally with art, fashions many oddities; that an oddity is an *original*, amenable to no precedent; and that to condemn without precedent is to be more arbitrary than equitable.

If, in this narrative of *facts*, any feature present itself which may convey a similarity to any which some *novelist* has produced, be it remarked that, as novelists *sometimes* derive from nature, a simple coincidence cannot be censurable in him who professes wholly a transcript of the great original.

If, in the occasional remarks illustrative of my subjects, I shall ever be found to have substituted dullness for gravity, pertness for pleasantry, or scurrility for satire, let it be considered that he who is never dull is sometimes troublesome; that pertness *has* been licensed as vivacity, and scurrility sanctioned as good sense! that to appear always wise argues a deficiency of wit, and to be always witty is to be often unwise.

Whether the biographical facts here recorded will interest and agitate the reader I know not; but this I know, that they interested and

agitated extremely all those concerned ; and that which “ comes home to the business and bosom” of one, may, I apprehend, go home to the business and bosom of another.

These being the memoirs of many—among whom my father, *Marmaduke Merrywhistle*, Esq., and myself have the honour to be introduced ; I may be expected to say something of the characters noticed ; but in this, my Preface, to remark on the many would be considered judicious by few, and premature, probably, by all. Of *myself* it will be most decorous to say nothing, and of my dear father it would be irreverent to say less—he is gone “ to that bourn whence no traveller returns ;” but his fame—with those who knew him—remains, to gild the casement of his son’s “ upper story ;” the *glitter* of which is now reflected on the Reader’s face, diffusing over it (I respectfully trust) a gleam of soft-

ened sunshine, like the smile of good-nature ;
and that it may continue there through the
perusal of the following narrative, nor de-
cline with its close, is the ardent, though
humble, hope of

The Public's most devoted Servant,

MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

. A few *Errata* will appear, which the reader's intel-
ligent mind will readily rectify, without the necessity of a
printed reference to them.

ISN'T IT ODD?



CHAPTER I.

ISN'T IT ODD?—*What? Why* the question was put, and to *whom*; and by whom it was interrogatively answered, gentle reader, you shall know anon; but first let me observe that it is one which may frequently, and aptly, be put in the present age, which is so *very odd*, as scarcely, if ever, to have had its fellow. Who can reflect upon the character it assumes, that of an *enlightened* age, and then, advert to our fashions, and not exclaim “*Isn't it odd?*” Who can take up a *newspaper*, and read the disposition of its contents,—exhibiting a species of satirical cross-readings—and not cry,

“ *Isn't it odd ?* ” for instance, “ *The flourishing state of the country* ” tagged by a long “ *List of bankrupts* ”—*Parliamentary squabbles* by “ *Want Places* ”—*The Speech of a Popular* by a *Puff Direct*—An “ *Essay on the fashionable fine Arts*, by an *Essay of the Fancy*—*A New Lottery* by “ *A Hoax !* ”—*Lady ——'s Rout* by “ *Outrages of the Mob* ”—*A liberal critique*, by a notice from an “ *Assurance office*—“ *Political impartiality* ” by *Party Resolutions*; and the Editor's *opinion* by “ *To be let, or sold,* ” *cum multis aliis*. And really, these cross roads meet sometimes. Who can read of evangelical missions sent *abroad*, and observe but one solitary individual, and that one a *Quakeress*, (Mrs. Fry,) volunteering upon a most important mission, that of “ *opening the eyes of the blind,* ” in prison, at *home*; and not think *Isn't it odd ?* In short, who can see, or hear, half at least that is seen or heard, and not put the same question? Perhaps it may be odd

that I have written, and as odd that you should read—*this* book, I mean—for it would be *very* odd, in so learned and preceptorial an age, could we find any one unable to read; indeed it is as difficult to find a *plebeian* who cannot, as it was formerly to find a *patrician* who could. The critics, to be sure, have said, that notwithstanding every body *writes*, every body does not *read*. Whether they mean the authors or the public, I cannot say. “*Modern authors*,” says Erasmus, “*write nothing but trash*.” “I beg your pardon,” said I,—“*What? you* alive in the time of Erasmus?” Erasmus *Fubbs*, reader, of whom anon. “I beg your pardon, I must advocate some of the moderns in spite of the *schools*; and I never will admit that none but the *ancients* are excellent: and that no literary effort is worthy of perusal which is not written after their modes. The ancients certainly were *clever* in their way; but shall I be told that it was the *same* way in which

some moderns excel, who are pointed out to us as models? Those whose *daring flights* were only equalled by *Dædalus*, who made himself wings, and soared on high. *Icarus* did the same, and by soaring *too* high, discovered that *extremes* are more certainly consequent upon each other than is generally imagined. That some moderns borrow, can be no objection; the ancients did the same, and largely, and are applauded: that others *steal*, and, disguising the object of theft, vouch it for their own, is admissible: the divine Plato made the turpitude of lying and *thieving* to consist, not in the acts themselves, but in the doing them so clumsily as to be found out. Among the moderns we undoubtedly have many *originals*! and —— we have some, with whom taste will ever be happy to associate; and genius proud to acknowledge, and glory in; and he who asserts the contrary, possesses neither discrimination nor taste. Do you ever

steal upon the Lacedemonian plan, young Tyro?—Hold—putting the question may probably produce crime, when confession alone is sought. . A catholic ostler went to confession: among other questions put by the priest, (who had confessed many ostlers, and was thoroughly versed in their tricks; and wished to obtain a plenary confession, that plenary absolution might follow,) was this one, “ Did you never grease the horses’ teeth to prevent them eating their corn, that you might secure it for yourself?” “ No,” answered the confessed. The next time he went, among the crimes he acknowledged was “ *Greasing the horses’ teeth*,” “ How?” said the priest, “ I thought you told me you never did so.” “ Never,” said the ostler, “ till you put it into my head.”

We will, however, dismiss the subject for one more to our purpose: and return to the *old lady*, who put the query “ *Isn’t it odd?*” and the other old lady, who

replied, "*What?*" "Why," (said the first,) "our good friend is confined at last." "Bless me," was the rejoinder, "married fifteen years and this is her *first*: it is odd indeed! pray is it a boy or a girl?" "A boy, ma'am," was the information, "and I am told the ugliest little creature you ever saw: *as ugly as an ape*, as its own father said." Mrs. *Crack*, the lady who made this charitable assertion, and Mrs. *Crow*, the lady who listened to it, were neighbours and intimates, in a small town, or rather large village, about 150 miles from London; and were the Morning Posts, Daily Advertisers, Evening Chronicles, Sunday Observers, &c. of the place; or in other words, collectors and publishers of all the news of that, and all the surrounding places, within reach of their cognizance, for miles; and, odd as it may appear, they took as much delight in hearing and propagating bad news as good: also in exaggerating the former, and extenuating

the latter ; a common practice with gossips, who are, one and all, the greatest pests of society. Now, Mrs. Crack had exaggerated in this case, for though when I was born—"you born—that's odd."—What? that I should have been born? it would be much odder that you should read a work written by me, and I not born. "Ho, ho! then you were the ugly little ape?" You cannot expect me to make such an acknowledgment; and I have already observed that Mrs. Crack exaggerated. My father certainly said when he first saw me—and my father's veracity was generally to be depended upon, though this specific case I, when I heard it, rather thought was an exception to the general rule—My father said, "*What an ugly little monkey!*" Isn't it odd? but he did say it: and Mrs. Crack, whose veracity was, as Mrs. Crow often said—for very intimate friends will sometimes slander each

other; and that 's odd too—Mrs. Crack, whose veracity, I say, on the authority, and in the language of Mrs. Crow, was sometimes *dubious*, perverted it into the assertion that *I was ugly as an ape*! Now had my father used these words, he would have paid himself but an ill compliment, for the nurse had preceded his speech by “*La, sir, he has your eyes, nose and mouth, to a T.*”—And why, of all the letters in the alphabet, *T* should always be selected as a test, I am at a loss to guess. Probably, messieurs, the annotators, and commentators, may hereafter, indulge you and me, reader, and the world at large, with some light thrown upon this important subject: [worthy of as much learned research as *some other* of the many eminent objects which stimulate the industry of this scientific, erudite, and black letter age; but, at present, unfortunately, we must be content to take Nurse *Sheepshanks's*

expression upon its own merits, without any elucidation at all.] “*To a T*,” said nurse : and my father—

“ *Grinned horribly a ghastly smile,*”

As he thought you an ugly little monkey ?”

No—he certainly smiled: but it was one of those smiles which proceed from good humour, and nothing which proceeds from good humour can be ghastly or horrible: and, it was one of those smiles which give a ready assent to an observation which seems to lay something like “flattering unction to the soul” of the smiler. Yet how to reconcile the idea—pshaw, *notion*—let’s be logical at any rate—that my father could smile a confession that I was like him, and say that *I was an ugly little monkey,*” I am at a loss: for, although it is, and ever was, and, probably, ever will be, customary enough to abuse others, we rarely abuse ourselves; if we do, it is but a *cunning* humility; for we are fully aware that no one estimates our veracity

at a higher rate than Mrs. Crack's did in the opinion of her dear friend Mrs. Crow.

My father, therefore, must have meant any thing else rather than what he said ; like most people when they pay compliments. Perhaps, when nurse told him how *like him* I was, his natural modesty, (I inherited it ; indeed it is, as you will find, when we become better acquainted, one of the most prominent features in my character—isn't it odd ?) perhaps, I say his *modesty* occasioned him to utter such an ambiguous assertion—for ambiguous I will prove it.

[You may recollect the fable of *The owl, the owlets, and the eagle* :

An *eagle* and *owl*, had their broods in one tree ;

That *above*, this *below*, watch'd their infantine cares ;
The *owl*, now and then, went the eagle to see,
But too stately the other to visit *down stairs*.

The remark is in point—as these neighbours and friends

Were chatting, the owl said, “ My lady, I pray,
When securing for dinner what prey fortune sends,
Spare my beautiful babes, if they fall in your way.”

"Dear madam," the eagle, "of that be assur'd ;
Your brood, as our friendship, most sacred shall be :
But pray draw their portraits, and thus be secur'd ;
For a sight of them, then, will be safeguard from me.

"They 're like you?"—"Not exactly," the parent replied ;

"In my day I've been prais'd, now my charms
have declin'd ;

But the rose's first bloom, & the castle's fam'd pride,
May be trac'd in the leaves, and the wreck, left behind.

Their eyes they are piercing : their noses divine ;

Their expression bewitching ; their air *degagé* ;"
Said the eagle, "Dear madam, before I would dine
On such angels, I'd fast, yes, for ever and aye."

The eagle one evening, was hov'ring about ;

The owl had gone mousing, a meal to prepare ;
The *owlets* by chance, as mamma was gone out,
Stole out of their nest for a mouthful of air.

The eagle espied them, and, giving a scowl,

Said "What wretches are these which the fates to
me give ?

Near our tree too ; but these can't belong to the owl ;
For indeed they're a great deal too frightful to live."

The *eaglets* they supp'd on the *owlets* that night :

The owl return'd home, miss'd her *pets* : full of woe
To the eagle she flew, with the aspect of fright,
To inquire if she 'd seen them : the eagle said *no*.

The owl, looking round, saw one *beautiful* face,
 Of a head without body, that lay by the nest :
 " Oh murd'ress," she cried, " that 's a head of our
 race :

My cherubs you 've slaughter'd, and—where are
 the rest ?

Ah, could you, though friendship and oaths were
 no tie,

Unmov'd, such sweet, innocent, beauty behold ?
 What heart, but of steel, could have doom'd them to die ;
 What blood at their fate but, save yours, had ran
 cold ?"

" Dear madam !" the eagle, " you call'd your's
divine ;

I thought those young demons, or cats ; so, half-scar'd,
 I pounc'd 'em for supper : the fault was not mine :

Had you painted from nature your pangs had been
 spar'd."

Find me the parents who think their
 own pets ugly. The fact is, my father
 had a knack of calling children, in a
 good-natured way, *little monkeys* ; and the
 identical way in which he called them
 so always conveyed an opposite mean-
 ing: therefore *monkey* in this case

meant any thing but monkey : and the *ugly* was put in, I assert—I asseverate—from sheer modesty, because nurse had said I was like him—and like him I was : and he removed the *stigma* of his phrase before he left the room, by kissing me, with “ *bless your sweet face !* ” This my mother told me, and she was like myself, a very scrupulous chronicler of *facts*. Now, as I trust you are satisfied, reader ; and as I am, and always was, (and when was a case more incontrovertibly proved ?) you will join me in reprobating the malevolence of Mrs. Crack : to doubt your acquiescence in this modest intimation, cannot, (from your known candour,) be *odd*.

CHAP. II.

SIR MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE, the great ancestor, or original of our family, (a family which has produced many *originals*,) came in with the conqueror, as all primogenitors of all families who affect to be *any body* did ; for not to descend from the participators in the conquest is to belong to *nobody*, and become a mere *locum tenens* ; and, therefore as nobody cares to make such an acknowledgment, every body's *great* ancestor came in with the conqueror ; some were barons, some knights, some esquires : some one thing, some another, down to the lowest ranks ; yet—*all* came in with the conqueror.

Our great ancestor, Sir Marmaduke

SIR MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

ARMS.—*Argent*—a bar *gules*, between two *whistle-pipes* and a trumpet, *or*.

Merrywhistle—for so is he designated, as he lies at full length, (in a large vellum draft I possess,) with the genealogical tree of our family growing out of his

SIR MAHMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

cuirass ; laden with shields, or apples or turnips, or trenchers, (for they are like either,) with the various degrees and names of our succeeding *ancestors* and

DAME GERTRUDE.

ancestresses inscribed down, or rather *up*, to my father : and of this Sir Marmaduke I shall produce a faithful representation ; both in his military and court dress ; as

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER.

well as one of *Dame Gertrude* his lady, in her court dress; which I copied from a curious painting, (it is to *me* too sacred a subject to call a *daub*,) which is

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

said to have descended, as an heir loom to our family from the days of the persons it represents, in the eleventh century ; and is as *indisputably* genuine as

many other such authorities ; though my veneration for veracity will not allow me to conceal that it has been whispered that *somebody*, though, (as usual, *nobody* did it,) imposed these portraits upon the other descendants of Sir Marmaduke in the seventeenth century, as genuine ; and this somebody was thought to be my great great grandfather ; whom, and a cousin of his, (who became his wife,) they were said strongly to resemble ; be that as it may, I here present these *originals* to my readers.

I now produce *effigies* of my afore-said great great grandfather, and his cousin, copied also from the *originals* ; and there certainly appears a *family* likeness at least ; but how far I am thereby justified in preferring the charge of imposition against them, I cannot presume to say : at any rate I gain a point by producing *all* these portraits, viz., they are evidences that our family had a primogeni-

tor: and that I had a great great grandfather: and that he wore a sword. Whether he ever made use of it, or knew how to use it, I have no *fact* upon record, either to prove or disprove. so I must leave the sword in the scabbard; where, if many others had been left, it had been better for mankind. But there are weapons which wound more fatally than swords—*Shafts of scandal: barbs of malice: stings of revenge; and thorns of ingratitude*: cowards and monsters alone employ them—but never with impunity; for there are still more terrible ones which they cannot escape; and what these are, let such ask their consciences.

The aforesaid Sir Marmaduke was said to be a very *dignified* man, (this was the epithet my father always used:) and the family cognomination, or surname, *Merrywhistle* is reported to have originated from a *dignified* faculty, an ancestor of *his* possessed, viz., that of WHISTLING; which he performed very

much after the manner of a flute : and being of a cheerful disposition, the tunes he whistled were always of a *merry* character ; and hence he obtained the *cognomen* of the *merry whistler* ; but the *final* R was *dropped* by a very proud and more dignified descendant of *his*, who thought the name as it stood might imply that *he* was a *whistler* ; and he considered *whistling* completely *infra dig.*, and calculated to lessen the respect his rank demanded : and thought also, that leaving out a letter when writing his name, was of as little consequence as many other people do, when writing any thing else ; no uncommon thing with high as well as low : and many, when they have once made an innovation of this nature, don't know where to stop, but *leave out* at random—and *also, put in*, letters which have no more intimate connexion with the words which they mean to express, than *some* translations have with their originals. From the days of the aforesaid

ancestor, (who was a *Sir* something, also,) our family name was always written *Merrywhistle*.

I shall not tire my readers with the history of my ancestors all the way down to my immediate one, for two reasons : *firstly*, because the reader might doze sooner than I wish the reader so to do : and *secondly*, because I know as little about them as I shall inform the reader : and *thirdly*, because *this* is to be a biographical notice of *myself*, together with some contemporaneous *oddities* ; of some of whom genuine portraits shall be given, in the proper places ; particularly of myself, to defeat the scandalous insinuations of *Mrs. Crack* ; and the afore-said *heads* will be all *done after life*, in *Wood*, odd enough.

My father and mother had been married fifteen years without issue, when *I* was born—their heir and their pride ; hence you will *naturally* conclude I was a *spoiled* child,—not so, I was often

corrected when I deserved it : and often when I did not deserve it ; as most children are ; through the unreasonable expectation of their parents, that infants should know right and wrong, propriety and etiquette, by *intuition* instead of *tuition* ; hence, in all disputes, or disagreements, or fallings out, between parent and child, the former considers that he or she must, infallibly be right ; and the child, as infallibly, wrong : and, perhaps, the child is so nine times in ten ; but even that does not prove the parent always right. However *odd* the assertion may appear, my father used to say, “ the parent who only tells his child what right and wrong are, failing to corroborate precept by example, if he correct the child for error, punishes the child for the father’s fault. I was not a spoiled child : I did as I pleased, when what I did pleased my father and mother ; and was often obliged to do what pleased

them when it didn't please myself.—
That was not odd.

My father, who was a private gentleman of good fortune, had been *well* educated, after the manner in which boys are *well educated* at most schools ; where teaching is a *trade* ; and where he who teaches *most* for the *least* money has, generally, the most *custom*. But, though, as the Irishman in the play says, “ St. Patrick peopled all Scotland with his *own two hands*,” it is impossible for a schoolmaster, though he may *flog* plenty with his “ *own two hands*,” to plant knowledge with them in the *heads* of above a certain number at a time ; *his* own head being out of the question ; for I have sometimes observed, that schoolmasters have not the best *heads* for the business ; they depend upon their *ushers*, who are not *over and above* rewarded for their literary *drudgery* : nor employed in *numbers exactly* tantamount to the under-

taking. Hence teaching becomes a mere mechanical process. A boy goes to school with *so many* shirts, &c., and *so many* books, &c. at school has *so many* meals, *so many* holidays, *so many* floggings, and *so many* tasks ; and returns home with *so many* things in his head, crammed in so crudely, that for want of proper arrangement, and proper explanation, he never knows how to educe or apply them.

My father having been *thus* well educated, determined when I arrived at a proper age, to educate *me* himself : that is—after the nurse had stuffed my head full of nursery nonsense ; and my mother had, (during that *important* part of childhood in which an infant is entirely under the care of the mother,) sown the seeds of many of the habits that remain with us through life ; my father was to take me in hand : to divest my mind of the one, root up some of the other, and plant opinions more

agreeable to his own : superadding such a *quantum* of classical and useful knowledge as his own acquirements enabled him to impart to me.

Other reasons for my father's educating me himself were my mother did not like public schools, nor my father private tutors ; my mother said " her boy would be knocked about ;"—my father said, " then he must knock about in his turn." " They'll often flog him too," said my mother. " He'll often deserve it," said my father—My father was a prophet. " A private tutor will be under my own eye," said my mother. " And have an *eye* to you more than to his pupil," said my father. " We shall both watch his progress," said my mother. " We sha'n't *both* understand it," said my father, looking importantly. " *You* will," said my mother, with a complimentary smile. My father thought if he was capable of understanding my progress, he was capable of assisting it ; and this fixed

his determination to educate me himself; to which my mother consented;—indeed, notwithstanding the number of years they had been married, they rarely disagreed—wasn't that odd?

It may not be amiss, previous to the account of my education, to make my readers a little better acquainted with my father and mother.

My father, as I have before observed, was *well* educated, being the son of a merchant, who left him a good fortune: and my father employed his time as country gentlemen in general do; only that he drank less and read more; he was fond of the Classics, but did not pay the *Ancients* inordinate reverence: for he held it as an opinion that the *Moderns*—that is, some of them—were as good: indeed he had many whimsical notions; and, as he did not depend upon literature for a livelihood, he wrote—and at one time he wrote a great deal—without fear of the critics: for what he wrote he

gave away: those who received his literary presents praised them; sometimes reading them, oftentimes not; and the critics knew nothing about them. Was there a marriage in the place, my father wrote an *epithalamium*: his health was drunk, and the pipes sometimes ignited with his MS. Was there a christening, he furnished the poetical *predictions* of the child's future beauty, sense, and prosperity; was invited to read them, every body listened, and—wondered what they meant: thanked him, yet lamented he should have taken so much trouble,—it was evident, to so little purpose. Every death was recognised by an *Elegy* from him, and the elegy died a *natural* death as well as its subject.

He had read all the old philosophers, and all the new ones; besides forming a whimsical kind of (what he called) *philosophy* of his own; and to make it *more palatable*,—he wrote it in *rhyme*, threat-

ened frequently to read it to the club, and one night actually commenced it; though the number of members (notwithstanding his having announced his intention the previous club night) were small; owing, he said, to an influenza going about at the time which attacked the diseased with both a cough and a lethargic affection; which was sufficiently verified by the continual *coughing* of *all* the members there, and the *doxing* of most of them. One branch of his philosophy I shall take the liberty to insert as a curiosity of its kind, and of which he had the hardihood to say, that no Ancient ever wrote any thing like it.

Round goes the world, as sages say ;

Perhaps, when mankind act scurvy

'Tis when they're *reversed* in their *round about* way,

And their brains are all topsey-turvey.

Then GRAVITATION'S *laws*, 'tis said,

The world obeys—surprising !

How is't then that blockheads, whose *brains* are *lead*,

Like scum on a pot, keep *rising*.

ATTRACTION's force don't *int'rest* shew ?

REPULSION *this* discloses,

When needy people sueing go,

How the rich cock their noses !

Says Francis Moore, " when born, each loon

Sticks by some planet's tether."

Then all people now are born under the moon,

For, faith, they 're all mad together.

Wittlings with *shooting stars* agree,

Which sparkle, and then *knock under* ;

Genius and *Comets* you seldom see,

While both fill the world with wonder.

With *Meteors* modish bards amuse,

In vapour ends their rout, sir ;

And *Northern Lights* are some reviews,

Which, like all other lights, go out, sir.

Eclipses govern political routs,

As certain as rocks Bow steeple :

The *Sun* rules the *Ins*, the *Moon* the *Outs* ;

And the *Earth* most affects the *People*.

But, whether or no (as said by Bayes,—

Whose judgment can be riper ?)

These planets waltz, or " dance the hays,"

The *Earth* always " pays the piper."

Moore says, there are *houses* 'mong the *stars* ;

Fate's *light-houses* these, between us ;

But rather than visit the *House of Mars*,

I'd call at the *House of Venus*.

'They've *mountains* in the *moon* they say ;

I don't presume to doubt it—

The *man in the moon* may come down some day,

And we'll ask him all about it.

How he could call this philosophy was astonishing to me, who always considered his hearers the greatest philosophers.

My father was very fond of chess ; and, when he was a bachelor, he was in habits of intimacy with the *Reverend Mr. PULPITHACK*, as he was commonly called, though his real name was *Thriftwell* ; and he obtained his *soubriquet*, as the French call it, or his *nickname*, as we *vulgarly* call it, through having to serve three pulpits every Sunday, with three sermons, and one horse (morning, afternoon, and evening) at a great distance from each other ; for one of those small pittances which are paid to numbers of the inferior clergy ; exclusively of his having to marry, christen, and bury, without cessation, and without the

fees; added to which, he had to teach a number of charity children, *almost* out of charity, and a number of neighbours' children for *almost* nothing; yet he managed, though he had three children of his own, *one daughter* and two sons, (the girl employing her needle and the boys earning something from agriculture) to live decently, and owe nobody any thing—ay, and “cast his *mite* into the treasury too,”—isn't it odd? But we all know what *Pope* tells us the *Man of Ross* did. Johnson throws more light upon the subject; and, by making the circumstances *probable*, invests Mr. *John Kyrle*, truly, with an *halo* of honour; or rather clears that which he possessed before, but around which *Pope's* fancy had thrown a mist.

Now, reader, do not imagine that, by contrasting Mr. *Pulpithack's* labour and hire, I mean to satirize the church; if the “labourers in the vineyard” be ill paid it is no *peculiar* business of mine;

my business, whatever any other person's may be, is to go to church quietly and reverently, and not to pull it to pieces. I would only remark, that if any set of people *are* to live by their callings or professions, it's as well not to let them *starve* by them; though it appears to be an integral part of the economy of all constitutions that the *many* have *little* to live upon, and the *few* *much*. I would hope that you are one of the *few*; but, perhaps, it would be wishing you no real benefit: so, if you are not, I'd advise you to take things as you find them, especially as you must, whether it be agreeable or not.

My father was very partial to the reverend gentleman, and would often send him game and goose-pies; and these, let me remark, are much more substantial proofs of friendship than compliments, however elegant; and poetical "recollections," though even written by my father.

And why was my father partial to him?—First, because he preferred the Moderns to the Ancients—as my father said; but the fact was, he did both justice; allowed all the beauties of the one, and advocated those of the other.—Secondly, he never contradicted my father in argument, for my father was an inveterate disputer; and the fact here is, that the reverend gentleman had a notion, that whenever you was certain you could not convince your opponent, or that he wanted “*all the talk to himself,*” (as nurse used to say), the wisest way was to say nothing, and not lose your temper as well as your argument; and be it noted, my father was as pertinacious in regard to any thing he had once asserted, as he was remarkable for commencing with one topic and concluding with another; as distantly related to the first, as *some* of the long, *luminous*, speeches so fashionable in this “eventful time” are to common sense. Isn't it odd?

Thirdly, my father was partial to him because he was a clergyman—that's odd: but my father had the authority of "good old custom" to keep him in countenance. People then were not so *enlightened* as we are; to be sure there are *some* even *now*, who lay claim to good sense, and who entertain a similar partiality; but what then? we can't *all* grow *wise* at once—we are proceeding as rapidly as can be expected towards *unbounded liberty* of thought; we are pulling all the *ornaments* off the coat as fast as we can; and, when we have completely stripped it, we sha'n't be very fastidious about disposing of the *venerable* remains. However, *weak as he might* probably be, my father was a most strenuous advocate for the clergy and the female sex; and if there was any one thing more than another which he would knock a man down for, (and he had done such things), it was for acting indelicately towards a parson or a wo-

man. “ Both, *he said*, were the real and best friends of mankind; guides and guardian angels; that none but knaves and fools would injure the one, and none but rascals and cowards take advantage of the other.

Fourthly.—My father was partial to the parson, because he was *poor*—that’s *odd* indeed! and I could almost blush for his infirmity in this point, it was so very *outré*; so completely at issue with every fashionable notion of propriety, that it implied he was a perfect stranger to the rules of the *very best regulated* societies; however, I do not know that I ought, from mere *duty*, to blush for him, when, odd as it may appear, he never blushed for himself.

LASTLY, my father was partial to him because he had a daughter, and such a daughter as an archbishop might have been as proud of as was the poor curate.

“ *So, so,*” cries some reader, “ a daughter? and in *this* partiality the rest

originated ! a *poor* man, with a *pretty* daughter, stands a very good chance to have his poverty *respected*, without any *merit* being attributable to the donor of goose pies." My dear sir, my father was partial to him for all the aforementioned reasons, (the last excepted,) before he knew, but by report, that he *had* a daughter ; and the friendship between him and the curate had continued two years before my father saw Miss Jane Thriftwell ; who had passed that time, and rather more, as a companion to an old aunt, at whose death Jane returned home to her father.

My father, I told you, was fond of chess, and played it well ; Miss Jane Thriftwell played chess also, though not so well as my father did. Few people know chess, and those who do are generally as fond of it as my father was ; hence when my father called at the curate's every day, according to custom, it was as customary for him to challenge

Miss Jane to a game of chess, and it was very rarely that she refused the challenge.

During their first *trials of skill*, my father was victor, in the proportion of three to five (games,) by degrees their advantages became mutual: then my father lost three out of five, then four out of five: at length, all five,—Isn't it odd? he couldn't account for it, he was always *check mated* when he least expected it: and when he felt secure of check-mating his adversary, he was sure, through his eagerness, to lose the game by *stale-mating* her. “It's *very odd*,” said my father,—there was nothing odd in it, the fact was, my father played against superior advantages, the lady's skill, and the lady's charms—two to one. My father marched his PAWNS forward, one step or two, 'twas all the same, the pawns went, without redemption; he *capered* his KNIGHTS about valiantly; but, like true knights-errant, they always

got into scrapes ; and, unluckily, never got out of them ; while the lady's knights *curvetted* about the *lists*, bearing down all before them ; her BISHOPS *crossed* my father's at every point : *translated* themselves into the other's places, and *degraded* them without ceremony ; while her Rooks pigeoned his, till he hadn't a *strong hold* left. Her QUEEN bounced about like *Queen Bess*, carrying all before her ; while his, resisting, like *Boadicea*, in vain, found royalty no panoply against misfortune : a discovery made by more queens than one.

In fine, reader, Cupid backed Miss Jane ; and though my father could *castle his king*, he couldn't *castle his heart*. Her KING did *no wrong*, while his was never *right*. At length Cupid assisted her to give my father such a *check*, that nothing remained for my father's peace, but that Hymen should *mate* them ; to this all parties assenting, the curate made it a

drawn game, by drawing round them that bewitching wreath which sometimes is full of blossoms, and sometimes full of blight ; sometimes is composed of *all* flowers, at others all nettles : but generally of a mixture of roses and thorns ; in this case it was composed of *heart's ease*, *myrtle*, and the *passion flower*,—the *passion flower* faded not : the *heart's-ease* proved perennial, and the *myrtle* was a constant evergreen,—Isn't it odd ?

CHAP. III.

HAVING proceeded as far as the marriage of my father and mother, there are fifteen years to account for, previous to my birth ; but as I never could in my life account for that of which I was ignorant, I shall skip that season of time, as I did *hard words* at school, and employ the time—not fifteen years, nor even fifteen minutes ; but the time it will take between my writing *this* line and the *first* relative to my birth, by a remark or two.

I informed you, that my father preferred the moderns to the ancients ; and having read an epigram on the subject, written by a Monsieur Grécourt, a French wit, it confirmed him in his preference. Trifles have weight with superficial

minds, and justice *oblige*s me to say, that though my father's head rather evidenced a *cubical* character, you might sometimes calculate its *contents* by the rule of *superficies*. Monsieur Grécourt, according to my father's translation, wrote thus:—

Greece, the eternal boast of fame,
For classic lore, and bardic name,
Had SEVEN wise men in all her schools ;—
Were the rest *wiseacres* or *fools*?

This is a question I would not presume to answer: I only know, that *every body* claims wisdom among the moderns—it's a “sign of the times”—and *nobody* is the only body who owns to the character of *wiseacre* or *fool*. This *nobody* cuts a great figure in society, yet his positive existence as a *corporeal* character has been denied—indeed, there was once

A Meeting of BODIES,
in Corporation-row, to lay their *heads* together on the subject. *Somebody* moved

for opening the business of the meeting, when *nobody* spoke, and *everybody* asked if, when *nobody* spoke, it was necessary for *anybody* to listen? *Somebody* said there were precedents in point; for that at many *corporate* meetings many *nobodies* spoke, while *every* body listened, as one listens to an echo—" *vox et præterea nihil*"—to *nothing*.—*Nobody* insisted upon his claim to *corporeal* character, on the trite ground of *somebody's*, *anybody's*, and *everybody's* faults being fathered upon *nobody*, who said to *load* him with such an *onus*, and deny him *corporeal* capacity to bear it, was as inconsistent as unjust. *Somebody* said, this was mere quibble; for in such a case *nobody* was only *locum tenens*, and no one could prove a *proxy* to be the *principal*; that *toleration* was not an *establishment*; that "the *honourable* gentleman," "the *learned* member," "the *noble* lord," were terms in common use, but were often in their application mere

matters of *courtesy*—upon the same principle as that *ticket* in the *lottery* is called a *prize* by which we don't lose *quite* so much as if it had been drawn a *blank*. *Every* body said this was true, and *nobody* seemed astonished at it. “*Nobody and nothing* are identified,” said *somebody* ; but “*two negatives make an affirmative*,” said *every* body. The bodies were posed—and eventually came to the following conclusion :—“ That *every* body was free of their *corporation* ; that *somebody* should be chairman, and *any* body secretary ; while *nobody* should be *locum tenens* for either ; and rank *pro tempore* as a *body*.” Hence you frequently see a *nobody* acting *somebody*, and dictating to *every* body ; without its being a matter of the least consequence to *anybody*.

Now I am upon the eve of my own individual birth ; and that my claim to the character of *somebody* must be decided upon by any other body, rather than

myself, I submit to the remarks of *any body* ; have no objection to be in the hands of *every body*, and expect a rub or two from *somebody*—otherwise, I shall prove a mere *nobody*.

The day on which I was born, was the brightest to my father and mother they had ever known. My father, dear man ! who was more of the pigmy than patagonian breed, actually felt himself so elevated and exalted by the occasion, that he appeared, as it were, instinctively to stoop, when he entered a room, through fear of striking his head against the upper part of the door-way ; rubbed his hands perpetually, as if they were frozen, though it was summer ; skipped about like a frisky cow ; singing one song to the tune of another ; and doing every thing the reverse way to that which he used at other times ; and actually, during the remainder of the day, from sundry observations which escaped him, inclined to give the palm to the ancients,

because he happened at the moment my birth was announced to be *hammering* at a passage in some one of them, which “came home to his business and bosom.” My mother was equally delighted, but not equally frolicksome ; and their first interview, after *I* was announced, was, such as only fathers and mothers would understand, if it was described ; I shall therefore decline the task—but—if any fond fathers and mothers read this book, the recollections this passage will induce, will certainly endear the whole work to them, were it written worse than it may prove to be.

“ It’s an ugly little monkey,” said my father: “ It’s like you,” said my mother—(nurse had anticipated the remark.) My father turned his eyes *naturally* towards the glass, and his *smirk* did not seem to apply his own sarcasm to his *own face*, as its characteristic ; and his smirk increasing to a smile, as he returned his eyes to me, he said,—with

a pretty bashfulness—"Why, it is something like me"—and then it was he kissed me, and exclaimed, "Bless your sweet face!"—If, after this, Mrs. Crack can ever show her *sour* face, commend me to her modesty.

My feelings, at the moment in question it is as impossible for me to describe as for my readers to conceive; unless they possess the *precocious* recollection of the renowned *Tristram Shandy*; so I shall pass them over, and proceed to the feelings of Nurse *Sheepshanks*, which were *delightsome* enough; and whose delight arose from other causes besides that of "a man-child being born into the world." She was delighted with the notion of a month's good provender and pay; visiting perquisites; christening presents; and a dozen other gratifying compensations for care and civility: and she, therefore, hugged me, and kissed me, over and over again; and talked nonsense, and called me "*Sweet*

little cherub," while, instead of "smiling aloft," I was *squalling below*;—but all this she would have done, and said, had I been as ugly as Mrs. Crack asserted—*"Ugly as an ape!"*—"Think of that," reader—and—behold

NURSE SHEEPHANKS,
AND
MASTER MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

My readers may recollect the painter who, finding himself unequal to depicting the expression of a countenance he wished to exhibit in his picture, drew a veil over the face, and left the features to the imagination of the inspectors. Now, far be it from my modesty to say, that the reason why I have exhibited the *back*, rather than the *front*, of my head, was, because the features of the “sweet face,” mentioned by my father, could not be delineated by the *pictorial* art:—No—the fact is—and I deal only in *facts*—I was nervous when I made the sketch (from a drawing taken in my days of infancy,) and I had not heart to attempt more *faces* than that of the nurse. Consider—it was my *own* face—Mrs. Crack said, it was “*ugly as an ape’s* ;” my father the reverse ; and nurse, that it was “*a cherub’s*. Was there a beautiful feature in it, I could not exhibit it, through fear of being charged with *pictorial egotism*. Possessed it an ugly

feature, I had not self-denial enough to give Mrs. Crack the least cause for triumph—I shifted, therefore, the position of the infant, and have modestly left the face to the imagination of my readers; meaning, certainly, that they shall behold it, taken at a time when its beauties were more matured.

The feelings of *all* the visitors and gossips were similar; for all said—yet my readers know well enough what every body says of every little *Master or Miss Newcome*, in the hearing of papa, mamma, nurse, or any *whom it may concern*; —and, will you believe it?—Mrs. Crack joined with Mrs. Crow, in asserting that I was a *perfect little Cupid*! It is *not* odd.

The proverb, “*Truth should not be spoken at all times*,” seems to have made such an impression on some people; and they appear so puzzled to decide which is the *proper* time; that they actually fix upon no time; and, consequently, say

any thing, at all times, except what they really think ; and seem thereby to have established the position, that L——, no—*fibs* may be told at any time ; but then they are considered as *white fibs*, which *do no harm* to any body—such as doctors use when despairing their patients' cases, but find it necessary to deceive them with hope—some to increase their fees ; others, from the customary *friendly* fear of putting that in their heads to prepare for which is the proper business of *life* ; —or, lawyers, who draw clients into court, who have not, in the legal phrase, “ a leg to stand on ”—where they get “ *turned round* ” (nonsuited), like a teetotum ; finding their chance is P *put down*, while the lawyer's is T *take up*.

But *white fibs* are like white roses ; they have thorns, and very sharp ones, and can wound while they charm ; or, they are like *white paint* on the face ; the oftener it is laid on, the greater the necessity for an increase in quantity ; and

the more there is, the greater the mischief; for, while it produces a beautiful appearance to the eye, it corrodes that which it covers, and eventually converts fancied defect into actual deformity. A white fib is also as snow on your road, the depth of which you know not; and when you step upon it you may sink up to your ancles—up to your chin—over head and ears; so be cautious, and consider consequences. “Hold!” cries one of the *Cracks*,—“then farewell to all *compliment*, that beautiful ingredient in all fashionable conversation—one must say something agreeable, or one should be scouted from society; and it is utterly impossible one can *mean* a tenth part of *any thing* one says, in the way of compliment, to *any* body. Mr. Marmaduke Merrywhistle, you positively are a Puritan.”

My dear Madam, being a mortal enemy to preciseness and prudery, I deny the charge. I will allow you all

your compliments, only observe a little consistency. The contrast of *light* and *shade*, you know, is the essential beauty in painting; and *you*, who do every thing beautifully, cannot avoid contrasting them in compliment; which is a species of painting, combining *design* and *colouring*—and it is the contrast which puzzles me; because it appears to prove that the *beautiful* is not always the *sublime*.

EXAMPLE.

Light.—I declare, my dear Miss Everbloom, nothing can possibly exceed the elegant disposition of your dress to-day: I protest I always call to copy your graces; so you see my visits are not quite disinterested.—He! he! he!

● *Shade*.—O Mrs. Blum, did you ever see such a fright as that old maid, Miss Everbloom, has contrived to make of herself this evening?

Light again.—I wish she had sense enough to copy you; for one must admire your taste.

Shade again.—I declare, Betty, you have made me look as bustling and vulgarly as old Mrs. Blum; who is a bye-word with every body.

Isn't it odd? and isn't it true?

How, or in what manner, I should be nursed and reared was a subject of perpetual discussion with my father and mother ; and nurse came in for her share of the arguments used,—though she had but one favourite plan, *viz.*, To half-smother me with cloaths and kisses ; cram me from morning till night, and discover an hundred wants for me, which she supposed it impossible but that I should feel ; make me ill by the very means she took to make me well ; for ever poking or pouring down my throat some nasty stuff or other ; and, while she was half-choaking me, wondering what made me so uneasy. My father had studied *Locke*, for *Locke* was a modern ; and *Locke* recommended a *hardy* mode of bringing up children. One thing he proposed was—the very mention of it put Nurse Sheepshanks in the *shivers*—to let the child go without stockings ; and cut slashes or gashes in its shoes, not only in the upper leathers

—*papers*, I mean—but also in the soles; because then, as the dear little creature dabbled in the puddles (as all dear little creatures do), the wet would get to his feet, and make them *hardy*; and he would not be so liable to take cold as children *tenderly* nursed would. Now my mother had once nearly lost her life by getting wet feet; she therefore put a *veto* upon the *open-worked* shoes; and declared it was her intention never to let me dabble in puddles; though, unfortunately, when I *went alone*, if there were a puddle within my reach I was seldom out of it. However, all the discussions ended in my being reared in much the same way as all other children are; and how that is every body knows. Nurse (when I was capable of understanding them) was fond of amusing me with stories, while I sat on a stool by her, my head upon her knee. Her tales were always long and marvellous, and the verity of every one vouched for;

and she would have as soon doubted her creed as the truth of any of them—their subjects, as *usual*, apparitions, ghosts, fairies, murders, battles, love-tragedies, and shipwrecks : and I listened to them, as curiosity and credulity always do ; devouring her words, as I did the cheese-cake or sweetmeat which she always reserved for me till *story-time*, which was the last hour before bed-time. The child who is not fond of his old nurse, and her stories, and her sweetmeats, must be a Stoic in miniature ; and the man who does not remember her with veneration and gratitude, possesses certainly no taste for the antique or the endearing. Cross old nurses are exceptions of course.

CHAP. IV.

I now come to the precise age when I was delivered up to the tuition of my father.—Queen Elizabeth, after having angrily harangued the Polish ambassador, (according to more than Miss Aikin,) said, “God’s death, my lords, I have been inforced this day to scour up my old Latin, that hath lain long in rusting.” .

Now, during the interval between his resolving to become my tutor, and the time he was to commence, my father had resolved to imitate the Queen’s example ; but unluckily he had very little old Latin to scour up ; and it was too late in the day for him to acquire new ; exclusive of which, my father pre-

ferred ease to trouble ; was fonder of chess than the classics ; of the company of his friends, than *fagging* ; and of his bottle than *black letter* : for, be it noted, every thing relative to the classics, or the ancients, he called *black letter* ; and what related to the moderns, *red letter* ; and he used to write classical extracts (in a large book he kept for the purpose,) in *black ink* ; and his own *original* remarks under them in *red ink* ; as is the custom at present, in play-bills wherein the remarks are as original as those of my father were. Now, as my father's Latin had " lain long in rusting," and wanted much scouring when I was born : and as he had not scoured it, for the above mentioned reasons, from that period till the time he was to commence tutor ; the rust had so eaten into it, it was of no more use to him than the sword his great-grandfather wore when he was knighted ; which was kept as an heirloom of the family dignity ; and which

was so rusty it could not be drawn out of the scabbard ; consequently his Latin could not possibly be of any use to me. He began to think he had made a very rash promise ; and as he could not keep it, he determined, with his usual sagacity, to decline the office altogether. What was to be done ? What is generally done when we can't effect any particular *something* upon which we have set our minds ; substitute something else—so my father made a virtue of necessity ; and concealing his ignorance, under the pretence of pleasing my mother, determined upon engaging a tutor for me. Isn't it odd ? No—it would have been odd if he had not ; because he could not so well, by sending me to school, as by the *compliment* paid to my mother, have got out of the scrape : in the first instance, new arguments would have arisen, and a *discovery* might have been made to his disadvantage ; for my mother was shrewd ; my

father was shrewd, too: knew no argument would be started by my mother against the tutor; and that he should save his credit for imputed knowledge; and exalt his character for politeness—a *substitute* was determined upon.

Substitutes, or proxies, are very fashionable; a bank note is a substitute for money; party for patriotism; ostentation for liberality; quibble for wit; affectation for delicacy; bustle for expedition; carping for criticism; pertness for vivacity; impudence for spirit; and many more such trifling mistakes—Isn't it odd?

Now, really, (excepting in the fashionable cases alluded to,) one often finds the proxy, substitute, or *locum tenens*, more rational than the principal; especially in the instances of tutor and tutoress; for—one can scarcely believe it—there are parents who employ tutors and tutoresses, for the advantage of their children: and though they thus ac-

knowledge them to be fit persons to intrust with the principles and minds, and future happiness of their children, still they do not think them fit company for themselves—and this spirit descending to the children, these treat them with a sort of studied contempt, though perfectly in accordance with fashionable politeness; so that they cut the very heart which is devoted to their advantage and improvement—*isn't it odd?* not as regards the children; but, certainly as it regards the parents. In fact, teachers are people whom nobody knows, but as they know their *books, globes, drawing cases, harps, piano's, lutes, &c., i. e.,* as objects of hire or purchase: and the very notion of such being obliged to *impart* for their bread that which the others *acquire*, though for their benefit, induces *these* to imagine *those* beneath them.

Now, to *impart* implies ability or power; to *acquire* implies a previous

inability and weakness—*beneath* them! Heavens! one human being *beneath* another! God made man in his own image and likeness, and all men proceeded from that man—I need not remark more.

“Would you,” cries *Nobody* (as locum tenens for *Somebody*) “have superiority degrade itself; and stoop to familiarity with *inferiority*?” if so, what is to become of RANK, and DISTINCTION, and SUBORDINATION?”—Bow! wow! wow!—I’ll tell you, Sir Cypher,—*rank* is exalted by dignity, and *degraded* by pride: *distinction* is best preserved by superiority in the amiable qualities; and *subordination* secured most firmly by consideration and kindness. Talent is always entitled to respect, and when it is united with virtue, *much more*.

“Pray, Sir Pomp, do you ever go to church? if you do, how do you reconcile the first response in the Litany?—My Lady Pride, did you last Sunday *think* when joining in the *general con-*

fession?—Miss Pride, did you join in it? O, you only looked at the handsome clergyman, I recollect—and the two Beaux, I saw *setting* you—But, be a good girl next time, and imitate your mamma; she *repeats* it: and if you do that regularly, in *time*, from your own good sense, you may begin to *think* of it: and if you think of it properly, it will make you—think less of yourself; and then be assured, you will look *more lovely*: obtain that dignity you now only affect; and inspire that respect you now *require*; and which is substituted by—Pity!—Pity for *you* too!!!—Isn't it odd?

My father conceived that the tutor of his son was entitled to every respect; and therefore when Mr. *Theophilus Throgmorton*, the gentleman recommended to him for mine, called on him to make an arrangement, he was received with all the ceremony the importance of his proposed situation demanded.

My father received him in the best parlour ; my mother made him her best curtsey ; and I my best bow ; examining his face well to see if I could discover good nature in it, which was all I felt concerned about. My father, after the first compliments, and the first two or three glasses of wine were disposed of, began to expatiate upon the plan he wished him to adopt in educating me. I was to learn, or rather be taught ;—the *learning*, being rather a doubtful point—in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic,—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with as much English as could be got in edge-wise ; the Belles Lettres, Mathematics, the Globes, History, Geography, Topography, &c. &c. &c. &c. “Heavens,” muttered my mother, “how will his head hold it all ?” and then, *she* positively proposed that I should learn *Music*, *Dancing*, and *Drawing*, in addition !!!—Wasn't it odd ? My father said “they would embarrass my studies ;” my mother said

“ they would embellish them.” He replied, “ Pish !” and she—*nothing*—it was decisive—she always submitted to that peevish exclamation—it was *check mate* to her—but, certainly, she had very rarely to encounter it.

Mr. Throgmorton looked as if he thought he should have enough to do ; and I looked, as I felt, that I should leave half of it undone.“ I have begun with him myself,” said my father, “ examine him, Sir ; and see what progress he has made.” Now, my father had, what he called, *begun* me ; that is, he gave me a Latin accidence, and told me to get such a portion by heart every day ; which I did, and the next day forgot it ; for, never being able to do more than one thing at a time, to get by heart and remember too, was *one* thing too much ; besides the lesson of one day, put that of the foregoing out of my head, because nothing was explained to me. I learnt as a parrot learns ; and,

when I had got to the latter end of the *Accidence*, it was full time that I should forget the beginning; the certain effect of *mechanical* teaching; however, under these circumstances, I was called up to my examination. “How many *Parts of Speech* are there?” said Mr. Throgmorton, “*Three*,” said I, “Masculine, Feminine, and Neuter”—“Pish!” said my father, “recollect yourself,”—“*Sir*,” said I,—“the Nominative, Genitive, &c.” “Are you mad?” said my father—“He’s terrified,” said my mother—“At what?” replied my father, with amazement; he was piqued at the little success of his endeavours to teach me. “I will examine him by myself,” said Mr. Throgmorton; and was retiring with me into the next room for that purpose, when his eye glanced on my father’s chess-board, which was very elegantly inlaid; and he remarked upon it in a manner which delighted my father, who inquired if he played; and upon his

answering in the affirmative, "Have at you," said my father,—“Done,” said Mr. Throgmorton ; down they sat, and there was no examination that evening. I have often reflected since, that my first answer, that there were but *three parts, or divisions, of speech*, might be easily justified—Isn't it odd?—*Thus—*

1. The Masculine *Tongue* ; which is hung like a parlour bell, to command attendance ; or the bell at your gate to summon service ; or, that in a belfry, to announce instruction.

2. Feminine *Tongues* are musical bells ; which, playing soft or loud, always produce melodious peals ; and the ear must be little attuned to harmony which delights not in listening to them—a scold's tongue is only a note in *alt*, a little too sharp ; or a bell above concert pitch ; and a single exception is no objection to a general rule.

3. The Neuter Tongue is a *dumb bell*; but very significant and expressive in some cases.—

“ Expressive silence”

is a beautiful poetical figure. How often is a dumb peal rung in Parliament, with uncommon effect, by the *silent* Ayes and Noes; whose votes *tell* as effectually as those of the deepest mouthed orators? The Speaker too is a most significant *dumb bell*; and so ends my peal. Is it very odd?

CHAP. V.

I LEFT my father and Mr. Throgmorton at chess. "Chess is a gentleman's game," said my father. Query? what is a gentleman? it is an appellation so indiscriminately bestowed, like the title of *Knight*, that, as Falstaff says, (with the alteration of one word)—

"A man knows not where to have it."

Formerly, by *gentility*, rank, birth, blood, &c., were meant; now any thing's a *gentleman*.

"The gentlemen are porters," says Lady Bull, in *Fontainebleau*, or our way in *France*; we copy our *refinements* from *France*. "This *here* and that 'ere gentleman," is no unfrequent figure of speech, — *House Seminary for Young Ladies*,

or *Gentlemen* ; in ——— any square, place, or terrace ; and “ A *genteel* School for young *Ladies* or *Gentlemen*,” in many a lane or alley, are but the *head* and *tail* of the same *kite*—and what’s a tail without a *tassel* ?

How dared Napoleon call us “ a nation of shopkeepers ? ” We appear to have left the shop to take care of itself. Does that *gentleman* on the race-course, in his conspicuous set-out, look like a shopkeeper ? that assemblage of swelling grandeur, like Queen Sheba in the wax-work, with her footman behind her, like a shopkeeper’s wife ? or that affected Miss, mincing her steps, and looking scorn around her, like a shopkeeper’s daughter ? We see nothing of the *shop*—yes—I beg pardon—the *till*—in a *consumption*—“ Pish ! ” said my father, one day, “ nail ’em all down to the counter.”

My father won every game at chess of Mr. Throgmorton, and I fell in love—

“What? the night your tutor came?”—No—*after* he went—and a *long time* after, too—but, lest you imagine I am going to skip over a great portion of my *interesting* life, I will at once inform you that, Mr. Throgmorton went away the same night that he came: for he lost his temper with his games, and got into a downright quarrel with my father, in a dispute concerning the Ancients and Moderns; and he something like hinted to my father that he was no wiser than he should be. Now, people in general can bear better to be told that they are “no *better* than they should be,” than that they are no *wiser*. But Mr. Throgmorton considered, uttering any thing to the disparagement of the Ancients as literary blasphemy; and therefore his indignation got the better of his discretion; while my father, feeling—in his passion—something like the difference between Patron and Dependant; on being roundly contradicted,

forgot his urbanity, talked of *black-letter* blockheads; and actually *said* something like *fool*—the engagement was broken off—my father seemed glad to get rid of a tutor; the tutor seemed not sorry to get rid of the hard task appointed him; and they parted with much less ceremony than they met.

It was now determined to send me to school: but, that I might still be under my mother's eye, it was to a school in the village—to school I went, and—*some time* after that—*fell in love*; to which circumstance I shall go at once; and my school pranks and proficiencies shall come in, whenever it be requisite that they should be introduced: and my reason for commencing with *love matters* so early is, that those who may mistake this for a *novel*; and who, without that mistake, would not read it, probably will be out of patience till the *love concerns* begin: and I must please every body, if I wish every body

to read me. Those who don't care twopence about love stories will not be sorry they are *begun* (as they *must* be introduced—for a play, or a history like this, without love never could succeed), because *the sooner they begin*, (such will think), *the sooner they will be over*; and there will be hopes that something *rational* will follow.

“ I fell in love, and lost my place—”

in the mathematical book I was studying. Of all the *fallings* which mankind experience, *falling in love* is the most universal, and trying. Falling from power; falling from fortune; the falling of a stack of chimneys; or falling of the stocks; falling from your horse, or falling into a ditch, are nothing to it. *Falling in a passion* is the only one of the *fall genera* like it;—indeed it is the thing itself—for, if love be a passion, falling in a passion, and falling in love must be synonymes. Now I certainly

fell in a passion in every sense of the phrase with Miss *Violetta Valentine*. Upon her charms I could write volumes: what a pretty *library of loveliness* (I have loved alliteration ever since I loved *Violetta Valentine*) they would make.—I could write volumes, but who would read them? I will not write volumes—only an abridgment. *An Abridgment of Beauty?*—never!—the ladies would resent it; the gentlemen would execrate it. I will not attempt to describe her charms, otherwise than by requesting you, gentlemen, who are in love, to imagine *Violetta* what your hearts' mistresses are; or what you *think* they are; and you will be satisfied that her charms were irresistible: and you, ladies, when you look in your glasses, to fancy you see *Violetta*; and I am sure you will never wonder how I came to fall in love with her; and in love I was; downright; over head and ears. It made me poetical, as

shall be proved, (whether or not by proof positive, it will not do for me to be positive about.)

() seeing a Young Lady breathing on a window pane,
and rubbing it with her white handkerchief.*

BY—A YOUNG LOVER.

Were I that glass on which you breathe,
As roses breathe their sweets on air ;
Your lips twin rose-buds—graces wreath
Such blossoms for “ young Love ” to wear—
Were I that glass, I must dissolve,
O’ercome by thy ambrosial breath ;
Or (with those lips in contact,) prove,
Thrill’d with delight, a sweeter death.

N. B. *Dissolve* and *death*, and similarly affecting (perhaps *affected* would be better) terms in *fashionable* amatory poetry, mean, what amatory poetry itself, in general, means—*nothing*—nothing more is necessary.

Whether, reader, you *now* think me poetical or not, I cannot say ; I would

not tax your acumen ; but, *modestly* say, in the words of *THE Poet*.—" When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room—truly." If thou dost not understand it, " I would the gods had made thee poetical." Write me down fool, if thou wilt ; but let it be " a material fool." Write me *not* down an *ass*." " YET THOU WERT IN LOVE," says some cynic, or rebel to the sweet affections, " *and therefore thou wert an——.*" Ladies, tear his eyes out—wretch !

I would the gods had made *thee* poetical ; and I would *here*, if I dared trespass so far with *rhymes*,—the *reason* I will give *hereafter*,—reply to one whom the gods have made truly poetical ; but who has (as *I* read him) cast a reflection upon the BEAUTIES OF ALBION ! I could not pass it over—it was impossible—in

*love and poetical, and pass it over?—en-
core, IMPOSSIBLE !*

QUOTATION.

The second verse of a popular Melody.

“ In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery plac'd within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.
O, they want the wild, sweet-briery fence
Which 'round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warms the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.”

Isn't it odd ?

REPLY.—(Tune—*Bard's Legacy.*)

Bard of Erin, whose dulcet lyre
Bright genius fashion'd, and feeling strung ;
Energy o'er it flash'd mystic fire,
And elegant fancy wreaths round it hung ;
Sure, on it some spirit of air was playing,
And carelessly dropp'd it—it lay not long,
The genius of Erin that way was straying,
And flew with the prize to her “ bard of song.”

Bard of Erin, a careless brother,
Who breath'd in Albion the first life-sigh,
To sing the daughters of that dear mother,
To whom due honour thy strains deny,

Tunes a plain lyre, from nature's wild teaching,
 Its tones may be trifling, his finger not strong ;
 Yet, its chords thy harmoniz'd ear if reaching,
 Incline to courtesy, bard of song.

Bard of Erin, the soil that bore us
 The sweetest flow'rs to our fancy bears ;
 Such was our fathers' sound faith before us,
 And ne'er may heresy taint our heirs :
 Yet—my own *dear* native *roses* while singing,
 Shall prejudice tutor me *others* to wrong ?
 No—Truth shall paint me the flow'r far-springing
 In all its beauty, O bard of song.

Bard of Erin, in Erin's bowers,
 I 've gaz'd on graces I 've warmly sung ;
 The "*sweet-briery fencing*" around those flowers
 Has all the taste of thy tuneful tongue ;
 Yet (sure in thine *haste*,) in our garden of beauty,
 Thou dreamt'st of a *dragon*, with prejudice strong ;
 Of "*unamiable prudery*" there doing duty—
 Blot the words, and write *modesty*, bard of song.

Bard of Erin, 'round Albion's *roses*
 "Unamiable prud'ry," no *quickset* makes ;
 The thorn, their timid alarm opposes
 But wounds when rudeness its duty wakes.
 O, an exquisite loveliness charms in our flower :
 Its heavenly fragrance lives after it long ;
 And the *rose*, with the poet, for wreath or bower,
 Has ever bloom'd *paramount* Bard of song.

Now, whether, when I read the quotation in question, the gods made me *poetical* I cannot tell: but I know the quotation made me very angry. I hope, however, I have been angry like a gentleman; for *genius* must be respected; and to scold and admire the same person is no uncommon thing. In Russia, a man's love for his wife is considered in proportion to his exercise of the whip, given him by the bride's father, on his wedding day.—Isn't it odd?

The occasion on which I wrote the *first exquisite* specimen of what love will do *lyrically*, was the occasion on which I fell in love: "*but why did you fall in a passion?*" I certainly was in a passion—put yourself in my place. I was sitting one summer evening at my window, solving, or rather trying to solve, a *problem in mathematics*; when at an opposite window—you have no doubt experienced the perplexing sensation which affects the eyes when, after sitting

in the dark, *lights* suddenly strike upon the sight? While sitting, then—in the dark—as to my problem—VIOLETTA VALENTINE suddenly appeared at the opposite window. I lost, in an instant, the whole concatenation of my reasoning upon the problem. I was no more mathematical than a mouse-trap. I had been all day studying it, and had just, (as I apprehended,) attained the object of my search; when one glance from Violetta's eyes shot *every thing* as completely out of my head as if nothing had ever been in it; a second glance prevented any thing like the possibility of *any thing's* return; and after thinking, and thinking, and thinking, in vain, I *fell in a passion*; and at that moment she began to clean the pane through which she was peeping. O how I longed to be a pane of glass! You may talk about *roses*, or whatever you please; but there never was any thing that could be compared with a beautiful woman's

lips ; yet I compared hers to roses in my poetry—but poets deal in fiction ; I longed to be a white handkerchief, the white handkerchief she held in her hand : what beau could be so perfumed as I should have been then ? for she had breathed on it ! she looked, to affect the oriental phrase, like a *luxuriant cluster of the fertile vine* ; but the *grapes* were sour to me ; it was enough to put the wisest in a passion ; yes, the grapes were sour to me. I suppose that was the reason why they made my mouth water. I tried to proceed with my problem, but did every thing in a *passion*, so did nothing. I've never been a mathematician since. I was the *virgin wax*, and *then* received the *first impression* ; in short, put it in what language you please, I was neither more nor less than in love ; and, falling in love, I had nearly fallen out of the window ; for reaching out, to pick up a pen I had dropped out upon the top of the parlour bow, or bey, window, I

went, like Gilpin, farther than I intended. Violetta saw, and screamed—for a minute I was no more in love than the window ledge. Luckily my father entered the door, as I protruded myself through the window; and caught my legs in the critical moment: “It had nearly been all over with you,” said my father. “It is all over with me, (thought I,) I wish I was a white handkerchief.” “Have you finished your problem?” said my father. What a question!

“I had nearly got to a *finish*,” said I; “Very *nearly*,” replied my father. Now what could possibly induce me to lean out of the window? was it, that from the peculiarity of my situation, I might attract the notice of Violetta? I could never solve *that* problem; I have never been a mathematician since. When Violetta screamed, she threw up the sash, but in her fright, so awkwardly, that she broke the very *pane* she had been cleaning. Every bit of *that* glass

did I afterwards pick up; and treasured it, as if it had been crystal or "old gold." O, how I puzzled myself to discover the very part or parts which her lips had touched, and which side.—Isn't it odd?

I now began to write acrostics; always beginning with V,—Virgin; virtue; Violetta; Valentine, of course.

"Marmaduke," said my father, one day, when he was comparing the moderns with the ancients, (N. B. He always wrote *moderns* first, that accounts for my doing so.) "I cannot but be of opinion that, whatever may be said upon the subject"—"Dinner's ready," said my mother. Now, why I should *lug* the ancients in here may seem *odd*; but the fact is, being in love—and being withal very careful of my reputation—I am anxious to have as many significant as possible in my favour; authority of the ancients is decisive, by the best critics,

if I can prove that they fell in love—and they were too sensible not to do it,—I have the ancients on my side ; and I am sure I have the moderns ; so as, on *this* point they agree, and are equally enlightened, I need not blush to own I was in love : nor to affirm that all rational people fall in love. “ *At first sight ?* ”—bless you, I had seen Violetta a hundred times, and more, before that ; and always, from twelve years old, felt more bashful in her company than in that of any other of our neighbours' daughters ; (*her father who was a wealthy farmer, lived opposite mine,*) but *my time* to be irrevocably smitten did not come till that moment, I suppose ; for I am sure, I never wished to be a pane of glass before, and always preferred coloured handkerchiefs to white ones.

Now, reader, I would give you a dozen or two specimens of amatory poems, which I wrote ; but that, no doubt, you have written the same sort of things yourself ;

and they are *all alike* you know. If you did not write such things, you never were desperately in love. Every body, desperately in love, either writes—what in classical schools they call “ nonsense verses,” or gets somebody else to write such for them ; *who* reads, is another thing. Not that I would be *Goth* enough to advance that all amatory poetry is *nonsense* ; only about five sevenths of it.

Real love is timid, therefore *says* little ; delicate, and *therefore* publishes *less*. I am only speaking of love as we find it. *Valentine's* day is the great festival for amatory poets ; and if you never either wrote or bought a valentine, you may talk of having been in love, but you are like him of whom *Rosalind* speaks,

“ Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder,
But I warrant him heart whole.”

I must now retrograde between four and five years, and *go to school*. My

schoolmaster was, MR. ERASMUS FUBBS ;
it's an odd name ; but, as Juliet says,

What 's in a name ?

Moore would have written as fascinatingly had his name been *Tom Gubbins* ; and *Campbell* as chastely elegant had he been called by as uncouth an appellation. I have an old worm-eaten folio, written by one *Onuphrius Parminius*, an historian ; yet his book is as well written as if his name had been *Hume*. Now *Merry-whistle* is an odd name—" *but his poetry?*" Spare my modesty, dear reader ; if the gods have made me poetical—consider the calamity !

CHAP. VI.

MR. ERASMUS FUBBS was a little man, with a large wig, though his head was small ; but there was much in it ; he was more attached to the ancients than to the moderns ; and more to *Rum Toddy* than to either ! yet he turned out some good scholars with little flogging, and some bad ones with much.

He was, naturally, a good-tempered, *well-conditioned* man ; though he appeared to *his scholars* austere : but it was an integral part of his professional character : for every body knows what schoolboys are ; and Dr. Johnson has said that learning must be imparted by severity or—flogged in. I shall not enter into the

question, only observe that many schoolmasters appear to recollect *that* expression of his, and forget *many* others. Fubbs was severe in school, but pleasant out of it ; indeed he was, in one respect, a perfect schoolboy himself ; for he had a strong propensity to *playing tricks*, (as the reader will discover before arriving at the end of these volumes,) and could play them even upon the boys, if he could do it without being detected ; and though he was never actually detected, he was often pretty strongly suspected ; and, therefore, you may rest assured, the boys were not behind hand with him ; were *always* suspected, and *sometimes* found out, and then—“ what a severe fellow Fubbs is,” (you’d hear a little, *blubbering*, urchin say, while adjusting his *baser* garment) “ but let me catch his big wig by itself, and you shall see.” Hapless wig ! but “ thereby hangs a ——” I can’t pun ; it isn’t pretty.

Reader, allow me to introduce Mr. Erasmus Fubbs to you in *propria persona*.

To me Fubbs took a great fancy. Now there is something amazingly, ay, and rationally, gratifying, in being the favourite of a superior, and that superior a man of learning: not only a man of learning, but—a dictator. Now you would imagine that I, being a favourite

of Fubbs, learned more than the rest, through his extra attention to me—alas! we always take less essential care of favourites than of any other persons.

I therefore was permitted to *fudge*, while others were condemned to *fag*; i. e., got off my task through excuses without reason, while others advanced rational pleas without being excused at all. Perhaps the source of this was, I had learnt from Nurse Sheepshanks a capital mode of mixing rum toddy, and adjusting the proper quantity of ingredients with a critical exactness; and the tastes of Fubbs and Nurse were in perfect unison. Not that Fubbs neglected my learning, he only gave me too much indulgence; so that I was not so deeply initiated into the lore of the Ancients as some others of the scholars; and, probably, *therefore* it might be, that I adopted my father's side of the question instead of Fubbs's, and hazarded my humble opinion, as I do now, that the Moderns

have merit; begging pardons of Messieurs the Reviewers on this or t'other side the Tweed.

“The Ancients,” said Fubbs, “are the golden ore.”—“The Moderns,” replied my father, “are coined money.”—“But the ore is the *materiel*,” rejoined Fubbs. My father was posed. “Give me the ore,” said Fubbs, with triumph; “Money is of more use,” interrupted my mother, “when one goes to market.” “Would that *this*,” said Fubbs, as he raised the glass to his mouth, “were the ancient Falernian.”—“Its sound old hock,” replied my father; “and no Falernian, nor nectar, could be better.”—“The ancient nectar,” rejoined Fubbs, “surpassed—”—“*Rum toddy*?” ventured I. Fubbs was posed. “Rum toddy, rum toddy,” said he, ruminating; “I know not whether it might not be something like it: though rum is not mentioned by the Ancients.” “Did they cultivate the sugar-cane?” asked

my father. "Botanists have not yet decided," answered Fubbs. "They used honey to sweeten," said my father. "An excellent thing," interrupted my mother, who was a great *apiarian*; kept some two dozen hives, and now began to expatiate upon her mode of treating bees, when my father looked as if the whole swarm were stinging him. "Bring pipes," said my father; my mother obeyed, and the bees were smoked out, as were my mother and myself, from the room; my Father and Fubbs raised such volumes of spiral vapour—too dense for *our* respiration.

Fubbs, exclusive of his boarding and day-school—and an excellent one it certainly was—kept an evening school for *young ladies*; and as he made his principal day-boys return in the evening for an examination with his principal boarders; and as he had but one large school-room, the boys and girls assembled at the same time and in

~~the~~ ~~region~~ of my heart that made me
~~move~~ in the same manner I did when,
~~a week~~ before, she turned the water of
~~the~~ ~~urn~~ over my hand at her father's.
~~Fubbs~~ came in; "he came, he saw,
~~he~~ —looked ten thousand maledic-
~~tions~~ and murders. Consider, such a
man! and such a wig! and such a
price! and such a dilemma! "Who
did this?" thundered out Fubbs; all
was "expressive silence" indeed—it
was a petrifying pause; all eyes were
turned upon Violetta; I didn't know
what was the matter with me, nor what
I did, nor where I was; but instantly I
found myself trembling before Fubbs,
and had stammered out, "I beg your
pardon, sir; it was an accident," before
I was conscious I had done so. "Come,
away with him into the next room," cried
the enraged Fubbs (to one of the boys,
who, being strong, was the stock *horse*.
More cried than Fubbs, not *I*, reader;
rum toddy couldn't have saved me; and

if the Ancients flogged as hard as Fubbs did, why they had no conscience, that's all. As I departed into the *next room*, a small voice, sobbing, shrieked out "it was I;" but the boys "bless 'em," thought I—)stifled the shriek by coughing; it was not heard; and I had the pleasure of being punished for a little angel. "Horse me, quickly," whispered I to the boy;" he did; and I clenched my teeth as hard as I could, that I might not utter a cry, lest Violetta should suspect what I felt; and, when it was over, I shook my head to recollect myself, and disperse, without their falling and being perceived, what tears had forced themselves into my eyes, and returned to my seat like an hero as I was, saying, sulkily, with triumph, "My father will pay for it." I mixed no rum toddy that night; but I saw Violetta to her own door before I crossed the way to my own. To fill up by description the time from my flogging to the mo-

ment I parted with Violetta, is impossible ; her look when I returned to my seat—O ! never was such a look—(certainly, in *my* opinion, nobody could look like her): it said, “ I am so sorry and so grateful, I could kiss you ; I could—but I mustn’t.” I looked heroic indifference ; the girls looked gratitude ; the boys looked applause—Fubbs looked revenge not half gratified ; and school-time being up, we went home. Violetta and I walked home hand in hand ; she sighed and I whistled ; we couldn’t talk ; indeed, a *wig* and a *whipping* would have been a very foolish subject.—“ *Good night,*” said she. You’d have thought from the tone in which she said it, that she had been punished instead of me. “ *Good night,*” replied I, as gay as a grasshopper ; and gave as brisk a skip over the way to my own door ; went into the parlour as if nothing had occurred worth notice, and sat down on a chair in a corner ; into the seat of which

somebody must have stuck pins, for I could not sit still for the life of me.

My father and mother being in deep conversation when I entered, did not perceive me:—"In reasoning *a priori*," said my father—"What's that?" said my mother—"Every school-boy knows," said my father—"I'm not a school-boy," said my mother—"Pish," said my father: "reasoning *a priori*," continued he, "is reasoning *downwards* from causes to effects"—("Fubbs reasons so," thought I—) "while the argument *a posteriori*—" "every *school-boy* knows *that*," thought I, again; and old Valentine abruptly entering, interrupted my father's argument.

"Young gentleman," said Valentine, shaking me by the hand, "you're a hero;"—"What's the matter?" said my father—the story was told. "Burn his wig," said my mother—"It was burnt," said my father; "and I," said Valentine, "will buy him another,"—"and

I'll play him a trick with it," thinks I. I was highly applauded; Mr. Valentine gave me a crown; my father an approving pat of the head; and my mother a kiss. Now, the crown possessed the least value; I was as happy as a king. Fubbs had a new wig made immediately, by the order of Mr. Valentine—he apologized to my father; made the *amende honorable* to my mother, received me into greater favour than ever, and I became the talk of the whole village; all the mischievous girls began to think they might burn wigs where I was with impunity—Isn't it odd?

Fubbs, once a year, invited his neighbours to a *fête*, which he gave to his scholars and their friends; it was a grand *gala*; and for this *fête* the new wig was made. On the day of the *fête* I, who had vowed vengeance against *him* and *it*, was there earlier than usual, and made myself very useful to Fubbs; who never put on his full-dress wig till

the moment he had to receive company, or go out. The visitors were assembled, Fubbs was summoned, and was going to receive them in his old wig, when I reminded him of the circumstance; he desired me, (as he could not leave the school-room as he was,) to smuggle his new wig in to him, as I knew where it was deposited; this was the opportunity for which I had watched, for I had kept him in conversation till the last moment, for the purpose of making him forget the wig till the critical time when I knew I should be despatched for it. I got the wig, and he put it on—but not till I had previously lined the caul with the adhesive ingredients of the inside of an *hep*—with the nature of which every school-boy (and this page is written for school-boys) must be acquainted; as he has, no doubt, not only put hep-seeds down other boys' backs, but had them down his own—Fubbs went, smirking, to receive his

visitors: and the evening passed pleasantly enough, with the single abatement of Fubbs being *rather* uncomfortable about the head; which I divined, as well from my knowledge of the trick I had played him, as from his frequently adjusting and re-adjusting his wig. My mother, to whom I had imparted the secret, and who enjoyed this *innocent* mode of revenging myself on him for the flogging, took care to prevent his leaving the room, lest he should have an opportunity of examining his wig; and hurried the commencement of the usual dance, under pretence of avoiding late hours; insisted upon dancing with Fubbs, who professed himself highly honoured; and she contrived to make him exert himself in the dance nimbly enough; which she knew would increase the effect to be produced by the action of the *hep-down* upon his head; she, therefore, swung him round, and pushed him through the *figure* with uncommon

adroitness ; and, as he grew warm, the tantalizing power of his wig's *lining* began to operate to *my* heart's content. Fubbs, I presume, imagining the pricking he experienced arose from the caul of the wig being more *wiry* than usual, to relieve himself, kept pushing it gently, first to one side, then to the other ; then backward, then pulling it forward again, and shifting it in all directions ; but the more pains he took to obviate the inconvenience, the more he augmented it ; and the more his head perspired, from his exercise, the more his torments increased. His dancing, from the exquisite tantalization, became like that of a frantic savage, till patience could no longer endure ; and, wound up to a pitch of desperation, he tore off the wig, and dashed it on the ground ; when my mother, appearing ignorant of what he had done, danced him away from the spot where the wig lay ; and, every body else, being too much engaged with

their pleasure to notice it, danced over it, one and all, till it became "a shapeless ruin." Fubbs's bare head, as he passed them, was a subject of mirth to all; and when the dance was over (for my mother made him dance it out), that and his wig were the causes of a general burst of obstreperous laughter, in which he affected to join; but I, who knew him, knew also that bitter was his mirth; and bitter, I augured, was the vengeance he was meditating against the contriver of the trick; for the cause of his calamity had been discovered, and I saw also, by one glance of his eye, that he had his suspicions of *some* one, and that he was not *far* from the *right* one. He, however, substituted his old wig for the one destroyed, and the rest of the evening passed with hilarity; which was heightened by jokes at the expense of Fubbs and his wig; and which, I suspected, would, some day or other, be avenged at the expense of *somebody else*,

nor were my suspicions vain. Fubbs reasoned *a priori* upon the whole business, (as he, several years afterwards, confessed to me,) reflected upon the occasion which procured him the wig; *who* was interested in the circumstances of that occasion; *who* brought him the wig to put on on the *gala* day, and so on; till at last he fixed upon *me* as the cause of his vexation.

Mr. Valentine, as I have observed, gave me a *crown*, and with it I bought a pocket-book to present to Violetta: but she avoided me so studiously I could not get an opportunity, which irritated me; and, one day, while sitting opposite the remains of an old wall, near the school, with the book in my hand, musing mournfully upon her indifference, in an indignant pet, I threw the book over the wall; and sat sulkily, with my eyes fixed on the spot where it fell.—But, soon leaped the wall, and

banged one of my school-fellows ; who, coming by, saw, and picked it up—Isn't it odd?—He complained to his father ; *his* father to mine ; mine left me to Fubbs ; and Fubbs was happy in having an opportunity to “ pluck a crow with me.” Be it noticed (to shew his *mood*), I had not mixed his rum toddy since the ball—I was called up ; accused ; and, as I could make no rational defence *why* I beat the boy, was horsed once more—and, when all was over, if the chairs before seemed stuck with pins, they now seemed stuck with needles ; ay, and as big as knitting-needles.

This being the second time I had suffered through Violetta, I thought it hard she would take no notice of me—at least, not so much notice as I wished—if I offered her an orange, oranges did not agree with her ; if I presented a rose to her, she liked to see roses best on the bushes ; and if she *did*

condescend to put one in her bosom, she soon contrived to knock the rose off the stem; which, being useless, was thrown away.

Time glided on; and the more shy Violetta was, the more attached to her I became; and I thought I now and then saw something in her manner that flattered me her shyness was affected, it was too palpably exhibited to be natural, I thought; and she appeared altogether as *companionable* with Bob Welford, whom I had thrashed, as she was capricious with me. If she said her pen wanted mending, and I offered my services to mend it, she thought it would do as it was; and, the moment I turned away with vexation, it wanted mending again, and she gave it to Bob; "I'll be even with that fellow," said I to myself.

My love, if it *was* love, for Violetta, was a matter of quiz among all the boys; but I did not care—and Bob

Welford threw out squibs sometimes, such as I could not pleasantly digest ; and I felt as if I only wanted another opportunity to thrash him—one offered. Violetta was fond of tricks, and one Valentine's morning I received a Valentine, not very flattering; which somehow or other, I took it in my head, was sent by her: it consisted of a figure, which appeared to me a compound of the *Chimpanzee* and the *Jacchus*, or *striated* monkey ; and was applied to "the ugly little monkey;" then grown big. A *monkey*, I presume, chosen, in consequence of Mrs. Crack's scandal; the *Chimpanzee* character on account of my predilection for monkey-tricks: and the *striated*, not only because at that time I wore a striped waistcoat and trowsers, but because the head exhibited an appearance something like my own dark hair, surmounted by Fubbs's wig, through which I was punished; the rod, the candle, and the bunch of violets, (seen

below,) will explain themselves, without the hint given in the following copy of verses—remember, 'tis *school poetry*.

Your worship's wig looks monstrous wise ;
Your worship's *due* the rod implies ;
So fine a valentine who gets,
Must blooming be as *violets* ;
Who *ape* you, sure, can never fail
To prove—what?—thereby hangs a *tail*.

This elegant production I took it into my head was sent to me by Violetta, as a sneer—she *had* silyly played me tricks, for all her reserve ; then I thought it impossible she *could* be so ungrateful and indelicate—and then—I determined to know whether she did send it or not. When we were coming from school in the evening, I produced it to her, and put the question ; but the look of contempt she gave both it and me paralyzed me—in short, she disdained to answer me ; and tripping away to some of her female companions, left me in as pretty a humour as any little bantam-cock, crowing for a quarrel, could be. At the instant she left me, Bob Welford caught my eye ; intuitively it came into my imagination that he had played me the trick, in revenge ; I taxed him with it so roundly, that he coloured ; and I think I cured him of sending Valentines ; he ran home roaring to his father, and I walked, quietly and satisfied, home to mine.

CHAP. VII.



I RETIRED to my room and sat down to pen an apology to Violetta; but, what with the ink being thick, and my head thick; the paper bad, and my pen worse; or, rather, because I was ashamed of my folly; I could not write a word; and my ruminations were interrupted by a summons to the parlour; where I found old Welford and my father, looking sour and passionate; and young Welford looking sulky and satirically. "Come here, sir," said my father; "how dared you beat Master Welford in the manner you did, and this a second time too?" I said nothing, but tossed the valentine upon the table—"What's this meant for?" said my father, "*Me,*" said I, "Who did it?" "*He,*" said I; "This is

not to be borne," said my father. My father put on one of his angriest looks ; and old Welford put on his spectacles. " O," said Welford, " it be a valentine, I see—but what be that to do wi' it?" " It's taking an unwarrantable liberty," said my father—" But wa'n't it a more *unwarrantabler* liberty," replied Welford, " that he took wi' my Bob? and if you don't correct him, why I'll punish him if there be law i' the land to be had for money." At this moment in came Fubbs ; heard the story, and Welford repeated his threat. " Leave the young gentleman to me," said Fubbs, " I know best how to deal with refractory youth ;" and his hand went mechanically to his wig ; and I—I could not help it—reader—burst out laughing ; my father stared—Fubbs looked fury ; Welford cried, " he be quite *intolerant*."

" Mr. Merrywhistle," said Fubbs, " if I be not allowed to correct that boy,

I beg you'll remove him from my school."

"I never keep beggars in suspense," (said my father, who was more piqued about the valentine, I thought, than *he* ought to have been,) "bring your bill, and a *receipt*, and our account's closed."

Now, Master Fubbs had gone farther than he intended; but his indignation, at my laughing at him, got the better of his interest; and when he heard the words "*Our account is closed*," his visage fell—plumb down—like Corporal Trim's hat, when he was relating the death of Lefevre to Susan and the coachman.

"I hope, sir, you are not serious?" said Fubbs; "As a judge," said my father; "A righteous Daniel," thought I; "*Well then, sir*," said Fubbs, like a stag at bay, "*be it so*; and I wish you may never repent it." "Amen," said my father—he could be provokingly and sarcastically cool when he chose.

"You are not dissatisfied with his attainments, I trust?" said Fubbs, in a tone

that seemed to intimate that it was impossible he should be so. My father made no reply ; “ His knowledge of the Ancients,” said Fubbs, “ Pish !” interrupted my father, “ *Pish ?*” emphatically and deliberately, replied Fubbs, “ pish to the ancients ? the man who could utter such an exclamation on such an occasion—(his blood was up—) must be a Goth or a Vandal ;” “ May be so,” said my father coolly. “ *Sir !*” rejoined Fubbs, stung by his coolness, “ the whole race of *Moderns* put together are not worth a single *Ancient*.”—“ In *your* opinion,”—my father. “ In *every* body’s opinion ;”—Fubbs, “ Not quite ;” (my father,) “ There’s our friend Welford cares as little about the Ancients as I do.”—“ You be right,” said Welford, “ no ; I *don’t* mean my boy’s head to be cracked wi’ such nonsense ; common sense were always good enough for me, and be good enough for my children.” Fubbs looked petrified ! “ *Common sense !*” he ejaculated—“ *Com-*

mon sense !" he repeated—" *Common sense !*" he reiterated. My father smiled; Welford, with his mouth open, stared. The *fun* of seeing our schoolmaster in a *pucker*, operated so sympathetically upon both young Bob and me, that we could not help exchanging a grin of triumph, which dissipated, *nearly*, all the rancour between us. "Yes, common sense," continued Welford, "it be all a farmer's son do want,"—"Or an emperor's either," said my Father. "I have," said Welford, "let my Bob *larn* a trifle of what Mr. Fubbs do call t' *Classicles* ; but, for myself, I think it be little better to most folks than *trash*." "Trash?" exclaimed Fubbs—rage and contempt putting interest totally *hors du combat*—"Trash? Sir, I admire at your ignorance."—"And I at your *impudence*," replied Welford, "and you may as well bring in *my* bill and receipt with Mr. Merrywhistle's, and then *our* account be closed you know—and that be no trash

for you"—(he was not *rich*). Fubbs was electrified — even his interest could not surmount his rage, and induce him to attempt conciliation; but, with an indignant "Very well, Gentlemen," he strutted out of the room. "He be a silly chap, after all," said Welford, "if my son were to be a parson, it would be one thing; but, as he be to be a ploughman, as it were, it be quite another."

"But what about the boys?" said Welford. Now Fubbs's vexation had so delighted Bob and me, and our emancipation from his trammels so transported us—almost all school-boys hate school—that we dismissed all resentment; and, Bob said, good-naturedly enough, "Marmaduke's sorry for it, and I'm sorry I sent the picture;" we shook hands—the sight operated as we wished it upon our fathers:—and, indeed, there is something so beautiful in a picture of reconciliation, that the heart which can-

not sympathize with it deserves the *heart-burn*, or the *heart-ache*, to teach it the proper value of *heart's-ease*.

All parties now being satisfied, Fubbs excepted, my father and Welford parted, and I returned to my apology, in vain—but being next day sent out by my father to a place about a mile distant from the village, I saw Violetta: I flew to the stile which was between the fields in which we were, determined to use my tongue, though I could not my pen; and had conjured up a few appropriate expressions to commence with; when, as I crossed the stile in a hurry, perplexed and confused; just as another girl joined Violetta, my foot got entangled, and while trying to extricate it, a branch of a bush which I seized for support, snapping short, I made a short *somerses* into a ditch beneath it; and not only into a ditch, but one full of mud and water. The girls burst out into a loud laugh; and when I

arose—like the *Genius of the Stagnant Pool*—at the sight I exhibited, their laughter was without bounds: however, dirty as I was, vexation made me approach them, and I thus addressed them: “Young ladies, you may laugh, and show your want of delicacy as well as of good-nature; but”—here something stuck in my throat, perhaps a *frog*—for, as I had fallen in face downward, my mouth participated of the “green mantle,” and whatever might be mixed with it—I could get no farther, and they laughed the more. “Miss Valentine,” said I, “I don’t deserve this of *you*”—and I turned away with a most indignant stride, cured of all *nonsense*—heard but *one* of them laugh; and instantly, hearing a violent scream, turned round; they both sprung towards me; and, though they were in white, and I in *sables*, they clung close to me, one on each side, till the folds of their dresses grew as familiar with my soiled

garments, as their fingers did with my arms; which, in their terror, they pinched, till nothing but my sullen mood could have prevented me roaring out. My astonishment was soon removed by observing a vicious bull making after them with all his might—to escape him seemed impossible; when the girls, swooning at the instant, dropped on the grass, and liberated my arms. I looked to heaven—O that man would always look there; he would never be disappointed, if he was sincere. I saw a hedge-stake, which somebody had dropped in the grass—Heaven surely gave me strength. I swung round the stake, (which was more like a small tree rooted up, cleared of its ramifications of roots, and cut short below the branches,) and it alighted precisely on the nose of the brute, which arrested him for an instant; when—here was the hand of Providence too—he caught me up *between* his horns, and threw me a somerset over his head,

from which I descended headlong into the grass ; and when I looked up, I saw a bull-dog pinned upon his nose, and the two girls running to the stile as hard as their fright could drive, and their legs carry them. In short, the village-butcher, being in the next field with his dog, saw our danger, and set his dog on the bull. The bull, not pleased with his antagonist, as soon as he once shook him off, turned tail, and left us quietly to our meditations, and we were equally disposed to leave him to *ruminate* undisturbed.

Providentially I had broken no bones ; my head was too thick for so *slight* a tumble to make *much* impression ; and so, after thanking Mr. Brisket, and assuring him of my father's gratitude, I ran—no—limped, after the girls ; and they, unlike one half of the world, who care most for themselves ; and the other half, who care for nobody else—they lingered on the other side the stile, watching the

event. When I approached them, each, without ceremony, took a hand; looked—I can't tell how—in my face, and burst into tears. I twined an arm of each in mine, and walked on *whistling* again—not “*for want of thought*,” nor want of feeling, but for want of knowing how to compliment: and, moreover, I thought a *man*—we are all men *now* at fifteen—I thought a man should appear wholly unconcerned about danger. We walked without speaking, till my leg was so painful, I was obliged to halt. I sat down—they by me. Primroses grew on the bank—I plucked two, and presented one to each. *Miss Martin* stuck her's in her bosom, with a look that made her seem very pretty—for she was not naturally so—but it was the look of gratitude. I bowed—*Violetta* kept her's in her hand, and eventually picked it (unconsciously, I suppose—she was in deep thought) in pieces, and threw it away.—Wasn't it odd?

I'll go now," said I—I was angry.—We got into the road—a neighbour's cart coming up, empty, we asked leave, mounted, and rode home. Every body, as we entered the village, staring at our *magpie* condition. "What can they have been about?" said one.—"*Dirty* business, it's plain," said another.—"It's no business of ours," said a third.—"I should like to know for all that," said a fourth.—"No good, I dare say," said a fifth—"Look at Miss's *Mustins*," said a sixth—and so on.

Misfortune ever was, and ever will be the food of ill-nature and insolent curiosity; and whether you fall in a ditch, or into any other dilemma, nobody pities you, but to insult you.—Yes, some few—*few* indeed—*isn't* it odd?—Seneca somewhere says—"Ha! ha! ha! hah!" I heard; turned round, and who should it be but Fabbs obstreperously laughing in spiteful triumph at the figure I cut. His bill had been

paid—all friendship was at an end;—he was not remarkable for delicacy, and he had just taken his rum toddy—it was the time of his usual walk after it. I remark the latter circumstance, as the only apology I can make for a *school-master forgetting good manners*.

I learned, about a month after, that Fubbs had to cross the same stile, over the same ditch, full of the same cream of crudities—to visit the father of one of his scholars. “Bob,” said I to young Welford (we were inseparable friends now) could you get an old plank, just wide enough to cross the High-field Ditch?” “Yes,” said he, “but it’s cracked across.”—“Then,” says I, “we shall have less occasion for a saw.” In short, Fubbs went—Fubbs got on the stile—rested a bit—bustled down on a *plank*—how it came there nobody knew—except ——— and ———: the plank separated, and Fubbs was deposited where I had been; and return-

ing home, entered the village with a whole train of boys after him, avenging me by a *Ha! ha! ha! hah! hah!* so loud that it brought all the inhabitants to their doors, and among them *Bob* and me, to hear his vows of vengeance against *whoever* had played him the trick—*whenever he found them out.*—“ I’ll have a coach, *whenever* I get a prize in the lottery”—“ I’ll alter many things *whenever* I am king.” *Whenever* is a problematical expression, and implies something next to an impossibility. “ *Whenever* I find them out,” said Fubbs.

CHAP. VIII.

My leg was bad for three weeks. Miss Martin came often to know how I was. Violetta *sent sometimes*, but *never* came. “She has no more feeling than Fubbs” said I—throwing down the remainder of a peculiar sort of cake, of which I was very fond, and of which a neighbour had sent one for me every day. I knew not who, nor was I told—to be sure I never asked. I wanted them to be the gifts of Violetta, and I did not like to be told they were not, so contented myself with guessing. “It could not be Fubbs,” reasoned I, “nor Bob’s father, for Bob has been here, and said nothing about it;—it’s Miss Martin—that girl’s all gratitude: the

primrose for instance. Valentine's at Newmarket, and it can't be he; and his daughter's too proud—it's certainly Miss Martin; I wish she were as pretty as Violetta."

The bottom part of the cake lay uppermost—it was a cake baked upon paper; and I amused myself while I thought, as one does with *twiddling one's thumbs*, by peeling what remained of the paper—all but a small part having been removed, letters upon it caught my eye: removed, letters upon it caught my eye; they were Violetta's writing! I knew her hand too well to be deceived—and I was transported to find they came from Violetta. I had always thought them sweet—what did I think them now? Violetta sent them!—I've gloried in mad bulls ever since.

As soon as I was well, we were invited to dine at Mr. Valentine's. I met Violetta—yet she was distant.—*Woman*—she was but a girl.—Well then, the sex is a riddle.—I met her as

bashful and as boobyish as you, John Jenkins, who may be reading this, ever met—at *first*—you know who—and *very pointedly* said, “How do you do, Miss Valentine?”—To which she *as pointedly* replied, “Very well, I thank you, Sir.” What a beginning to a love-making!!! “What *passed at dinner*?”—Nonsense—don’t you imagine?—I looked much, and ate little: she affected much—in-difference—and ate less. “My son is a match for a Duchess,” said my father. Violetta looked (as I thought) “Let him have one, if he can get one.” I muttered, “The ——— take all Duchesses.”—It was uncharitable, and lovers never mean what they say in a pet. I only meant what is a *Duchess*, if her name be not *Violetta*?—I looked “unutterable things” at Violetta;—*she*—looked another way. “What can she mean?” thought I—Heaven knows!—Who knows what a woman (a *girl* I should say) means—I was downright in love—don’t you think

I was? We played in the evening at cross questions and crooked answers, &c. &c. &c., and such pretty things as please *children of all ages*. Among them “*I love my love with an A, &c.*,” it came to Violetta’s turn at M. My ears were as hot as Hecla. She began—

I love my love with an M—because he’s MODEST. So far so good, thinks I,—as you know I told you *modesty* was my peculiar trait. *I dislike my love with an M, because—he evinces mauvaise honte.* I was always bashful, thought I—’tis I—*He treated me with—*(what? thinks I,) *medlars—*(I had once offered her a medlar,) His name’s—(Marmaduke—I was certain.) Ma—Ma—Matthew. There certainly never was a Matthew worth two-pence, except—he who wrote the gospel. Yet Ma—Ma—Matthew—she meant *Marmaduke*—I’m sure—but modesty wouldn’t allow her to say so. *And he LIVES at Maidstone!* Heavens! I never lived at Maidstone in all my life,

and the name of the village I lived in, began with an M. Its all nonsense thought I,—“Love, (said my father, in the course of the evening,) is all nonsense.” I wished he had not been my father: for I was just in the humour to knock any body down that disputed the rationality of love.

It came to my turn; and, singular as it may appear, my letter was V.

I love my love with a V, because she is *virtuous*. I dislike my love with a V, because she's—*vague*. I thought her so. Suspected her good will; still she appeared *wandering*, and indecisive; so far so well—no alarm.

She treated me with *violets*,—the company stared—tittered—and looked down. Her name's —— every one looked “with all their eyes,”—*Violetta*. I couldn't belie my feelings. Violetta blushed red as roses; and I, stammering, looked pale as—dough: and she lives in——my *visions*—said I It was

too palpable to pass unnoticed.—Violetta was angry, every body else laughed, but chop-fallen Marmaduke. The party broke up—all happy but me; and considering all things—it was *not* odd.

Having left school, my father made me study mathematics at home. The science of mathematics," said he, "is more ancient than the flood; the sons of *Seth* were the first who practised it; the first *after* the flood who cultivated mathematics —" "is of very little consequence to us," said my mother, "we must look out for somebody who professes the science now, to teach him." "Pish!" said my father; "after the flood the mathematics were cultivated by the Assyrians and Chaldeans; and Aristotle says that the Egyptians gave them the first eclat. In Greece, Thales taught them—" "Mr. Wiggins in the market-town teaches them," said my mother. "Pi—ish!" said my father, "Pythagoras followed Thales; Anax-

agoras succeeded him ; then Oenepides, Briso, Antipho, and Hippocrates of Chios ; Democritus, Plato, Eudoxus, Menechmeus, Theodius, Hermotimus, and——” my mother was fast asleep. “ It’s enough to vex a saint,” said my father,—my father was no saint, and yet was *right down* angry. “ Cambridge,” said my father to me, “ is more celebrated than Oxford for mathematics,—“ and for butter too,” said my mother (waking at the moment), “ and Oxford for sausages.” My mother thought only of the *desiderata* for housekeeping. “ Woman,” said my father, “ when will the darkness that surrounds you be dissipated ? ” “ Betty’s bringing the lights now,” said my mother ; and Betty entered with candles—it was check-mate to my father ; and the mathematics were extinguished. Now my mother, dear soul, knew nearly as much of the matter as my father did, which was not much ; but by dint of

reading encyclopædias, abridgments, compendiums, &c. &c., he had collected a string of essences and titles and names ; and, to one who knew less of it than himself, he appeared as if he really knew something of his subjects ; and, therefore, they gave him credit, and let him pursue the thread of his dissertation without interruption ; while they pursued that of their own cogitations on any other subject, as much to his edification as his talking was to theirs. My mother, however, often affected ignorance ; and edged in abruptly some unlucky reply, which bearing *verbally* some analogy to his subject, appeared so whimsically ludicrous, that though my father was always offended, he seldom had the heart to shew it ; though his ideas being scattered by the unseasonable interruption, he could not, through inwardly laughing or fretting, recall them ; and my mother got him to talk *rationally*, as she called it. “ What oc-

casion has Marmaduke," said she one day, "to learn mathematics? he'd better learn to get money." "Money is certainly desirable," replied my father: "Very," said my mother.—"He will have my fortune," said my father, "I have plenty of money."—"I'm glad of it," said my mother, "for we want new curtains, new carpets, new chairs, new—" my father vanished. He was not fond of *novelty* at any time; and in this case, it was connected with so much *variety*, it was more objectionable than ever.

Mr. Wiggins began me in mathematics; a problem of which I was studying when Violetta *cleaned* the window. After the evening of cross questions, she made me many crooked answers, to the inquiries of my eyes; grew coquettish,—always chose any body else for her partner in our little village balls; but always managed where she could a dance with *hands across* in it.—Isn't it odd?

My father determined I should go to London. "Why?" said my mother, "To see the *beau monde*," said my father. "What's that?" said Welford, who had looked in. "The superior orders of society," said my father; it *finishes* a young man,"—"It does," said my mother, "young Dashworth is *finished* already." "Yes, he be *done* up," said Welford." "Pish!" said my father again. However I went to London, and young Welford went with me.

My father *had* an eye to the *main chance*, though he affected to slight it; and he articted me to a surveyor and architect—his cousin. Welford, too, by the persuasions of my father, instead of keeping his son at the plough-tail (for he was "a *cute* lad,") as the old man observed, articted him to a lawyer, cousin to the surveyor; so it was all a family compact. And as London is the place for the *latitude* of law, the *longitude* of justice, and the *eternity* of equity, all

lawyers ought to be brought up in London. We went—"what? without taking leave of Violetta?"—No—we had a grand *fête*, given jointly by my father and Welford. Their houses joined; and their respective gardens opened into a large enclosure, which they rented between them, for the convenience of drying, bleaching, playing at bowls, occasionally grazing their saddle nags, &c. &c. &c. The dinner was given at my father's, and the *lawn* was *dressed* out for the evening's pastimes. "All the world and his wife" were invited. "*Tout le monde*," say the French, *resting* there. Now we have in this instance outdone the French in *politesse*, their darling attribute, by paying due regard to the ladies. "*Tout le monde*," say the French, how poor and flat!—"All the world and his wife say *we*." How full! how expressive! the very sound is so snug and comfortable, there's no comparison between the two,

Sterne's wig, sea, and pail of water, apply.

Bob Welford was all life—I was not. My heart was bound by a stronger *chain* than a *surveyor's*, and my *designs* had no affinity to *architecture*, except it was building castles in the air. I was to leave *Violetta*—somebody else might make love to her in my absence ; there were many handsome young men in the neighbourhood ; and though they had never been flogged for her, nor fought mad bulls for her ; nor been raving mad themselves for her, still—I was going to London—they would see her every day ; I only every night—in my dreams. “ Dreams are fables, and fables are—” full of meaning, Reader: she smiled upon them before my face ; she would smile upon them behind my back ; and her smiles were fascination. If she was distant to me now, what would she be when I was distant from her ? She would certainly forget me—I was not

certain by-the-by, that she recollected the services—pish ! What nasty, dirty, recollections we have of every thing we have performed for another. How we swell with pigmy importance upon the reflection ! as if we came into the world for any other purpose than to serve each other—and where's the merit ?

“ You don't know what I have done for that man, sir.” What has been done for you ? Hem ! *“ I lent him money when his family were starving.”* He couldn't return it because they still wanted food ? *“ No, sir, he could not ; and I lost such a bargain for the want of it, the handsomest gig you ever saw for one third of its value. Appalling !—you arrested such a rascal of course ? ”* *“ I was obliged.”* Yet, on what ground ? what hope had you, that he who could not pay *you*, could pay your debt and the lawyer's costs ? *“ I thought his other friends might come forward.”* Rob them ?—I beg pardon—I mean the poor man, who can't support

his family has ~~several~~ more ~~than one~~ friend. "I ~~was~~ that ~~one~~ friend to him, sir." I doubt it; Isn't it odd? But let his other friends come forward! — Na, sir." And you lost your money? — Every farthing, and had the lawyer's bill to pay too; its enough to make a man ~~former~~ good-nature." You are poor—that is, not rich, perhaps? "Thank God, sir, I ~~am~~ comfortable enough, for the matter of that; it won't break my back," Indeed? there is but one way of thanking God for prosperity. "Cast your bread upon the waters." "But we shouldn't cast it upon the wind." Its "an ill wind, &c., you know; yet—no—not upon the wind—but upon the gentle breezes, the zephyrs—and all the sweet little poetically personified puffs and breathings which are always despatched by the muse upon beautiful errands. "Would the gods had made thee poetical."

I'm at the ball—Violetta is dancing with—"John Gubbins? or Harry Huck-

stone?" No! no!! no!!! with Marmaduke Merrywhistle junior; surveyor and architect elect. The *ladies* were all decked with roses, except *one*; and that one Violetta—in her bosom was *only*—“*what?*”—a simple *primrose*—wasn't it odd?

I wrote a poem on the primrose—don't be alarmed, I shall not insert it *here*; you'll see it in some morning or evening paper, with a pretty name to it.

Violetta wore a primrose; I a violet—wasn't it odd?—now, why *I* wore the one is palpable; but why did she wear the other; and, *not* pick it to pieces, as she did in the field?—we sat together after one of the dances—we didn't say much—she was the only woman in the company I could not compliment, for every other I had “a *tongue* in my mouth”—with her—I had nothing in my mouth but my *heart*; it was always in my mouth, and had nearly choaked me two or three times. During our sitting, it

was late in the evening; Violetta had taken the primrose from her bosom, and was playing with it; by accident she dropped it; we both stooped to pick it up together, in a hurry, and our cheeks met. Were you ever electrified? but that's nothing to it; *that* is, a jirk, a jar, a—any thing unpleasant. I believe my heart jumped out of my mouth at the instant. He who attempts to describe a lover's feelings in such situations, certainly never experienced them, or he would not make himself so ridiculous—I won't attempt it—I did feel them—*did Violetta?*—what a question! —I never asked her. Our cheeks met; my heart flew out of my mouth, and I never recovered it from that day to this, as I shall prove hereafter. I picked up the primrose; and, somehow (by sympathy, I suppose) the violet fell from my coat. Violetta picked that up; we were going to exchange them, when—somehow again—*how*, I don't know; it

was unaccountable—they got *entwined*, and were left in Violetta's hand; I looked at her—never mind how; my heart was full—no—I had lost that—my eyes were full—one of her light ringlets fluttered a little—I believe I had sighed, within reach of the ringlet—Violetta looked wistfully at the entwined flowers—we were suddenly called to dance. She had certainly done it very unthinkingly, but they were both placed in her bosom—isn't it odd? I saw several of the company tittering, but I was too much on the titter myself, to regard it—you've heard of "*cutting six*" in a dance? I verily believe I cut six and forty—Was it odd?

"Why, *Marmaduke!*" said my father,
"why, *Marmaduke!*" said my mother—
"He's mad," said young Welford—
"He be cracked," said old Welford—
"He was always a fool," cried Fubbs—
for he was there—and every now and then, when he passed me, he put his

But, as usual, to his wig—"He's a fine lad," said old Valentine, to my father, in my hearing—(the occasion excuses the egotism)—"and—a good lad," said my father—they whispered—"we shall see," said Valentine—what could they mean?—Violetta and I—parted—never mind how—I'm in London—*isn't it odd?*

CHAP. IX.

“ IN London my life is a ring of delight”—

“ London is like a barber's shop”—

“ London is like to a mill going round”

AND

“As sure as the Devil's in London,”

Are lyrical allusions to London, in the song books, of the metropolis. A London life may certainly be called a *RING of delight*; as we say a *ring of bells*, *ringing the changes*, and *the like*, as nurse used to say; or it may be applied to the delights of that *elegant* circle the *RING*, *vulgarly* so called; that *arena* of the *fancy*, the *delights* springing from which *must* be *peculiar* indeed. I turn from it with contempt. The song from which this line was taken, was written by O'Keefe; a man who wrote much, and who made

his audience laugh, without corrupting their morals—isn't it odd?—"Go thou and do likewise."

London may be like a *barber's shop*, where there are many *tetes* without *heads*, and *blocks* without *brains*; I don't know who wrote this song.

It may be like a *mill going round*, (which is the commencement of a song in a farce of Mr. T. Dibdin's—

"A fellow of infinite jest")

for every thing appears in a whirl; nothing stands still, not even scandal.

"As sure as the Devil's in London," is vulgar enough to have been written by any body; however, he is said to be there—did I find him?—there's much to be said.

Mr. TOBIAS TUNZEY, the gentleman to whom I was articled, was a man both of science and taste—of *taste* in more senses than one, as shall be exemplified in due time; he was a man of *substance* too: I choose the word be-

cause it admits of *double entendre*, for he was rich, and *bulky*; his *appetite* for science was only equalled by his *appetite* for surloins, and similar tid-bits, or tit-bits—which “the academy has not decided.” Now, Mr. TIMOTHY SKEIN, the attorney — solicitor—beg pardon — to whom Bob was articled; and who was the inseparable friend of Tunzey, as well as his relation (isn't it odd?) was his reverse in figure and appetite; for he was as temperate as he was tall, and as thin as he was knowing; and he was said to possess the longest head of any lawyer in London; and the longest body too, might have been said, for he was like a shred of his own engrossed parchment—when Tunzey and he were together, they looked like a waggon and the waggoner's whip.

Tunzey was an epicure, and ate more than common; he had a *fat* mode of speaking like a Falstaff; and often affected a quaint style of speech, and

when any thing particularly delighted him, he used the exclamation, ha! thus—*ha—ah!* and the emphasis with which he pronounced it, proved it came from his heart. I will introduce these two gentlemen by a dialogue I once had the good luck to overhear.

Tunzey.—I tell thee, friend Skein, thou art a novice in these matters; how shouldst thou understand cookery who dost not trouble thy head about it?

Skein.—I say that salmon—

Tunzey.—Salmon?—*ha—ah!* fresh salmon!—what a blessing was the invention of fresh salmon!

Skein.—Fresh salmon? I mean pickled.

Tunzey.—Pickled—pish! your acids are hostile to digestion: had I fed on such corrosive aliment how had I been such a column of respectability—(*laying his hands on his stomach, as was his frequent custom.*)

Skein.—You are more like a cupola than a column.

Tunzey.—Ha—ah!—there is rotundity attached to me; while thou—thou art a mere *right line*.

Skein.—You eat so much, you'll breed a famine.

Tunzey.—I do the trader in provision service; while thou starvest him as well as thyself: why, there's scarcely room in thy carcase—carcase! did I say?—it's a skeleton—a theme of thinness; a consumptive eel would be straightened, when stretched out at length within such a knitting sheath.

Skein.—I would *n't* be the glutton you are for the world.

Tunzey.—Why thou makest fasting *familiar* as our friend Squibb's *original* thoughts. No—I am not a glutton—my capacity is *large*, (*his hands* on his *stomach*) so I feed *fair*—not voraciously—my regular meals are—four—substantial—I require it.

Skein.—Then you are always taking what you call *snaps*.

Tunzey.—To help digestion, by expelling flatulency—for 'tis not *all* mortal substance that you see here—no, no, friend Skein, I am bloated with wind—blown like a bladder.

Skein.—Then it must be the bladder of Behemoth.

Tunzey.—Ha—ah! thou art witty—'tis a lean man's *mode*; spare diet being the *essential*—'tis a grace *before* dinner, sharp and short; but *after* dinner, drowsy and inanimate.

Skein.—Your belly is your shame.

Tunzey.—Thy belly is thy backbiter; which, punning on thy scarcity of *corporation*, would prick thee down recorder of *Hungerford*—but come—the turtle will be waiting; and the venison spoiled—it's the finest haunch I ever saw; in prime order, for Mistress Tunzey has kept it three weeks longer than I thought it possible.

Skein.—Then it's possible she may keep it three weeks longer still for me.

Tunzey.—Fine! fine! fine! ha—ah.

[*Exeunt Tunzey and Skein.*]

Tunzey, setting aside his enormous feeding, was a worthy man; humane, charitable, and good-tempered, as well as good-natured: which is not always the case; he took much pains to instruct me; for having had a handsome fee, he thought he ought to do something to deserve it—Isn't that odd? at any rate it's a singularity, not often copied, and he and Mrs. Tunzey, and Miss Tunzey—"hah! Miss Tunzey"—what then?—she was not—Violetta—they all did every thing to make me comfortable, while I endeavoured to return their attentions by being unremitting in my own. Welford was as happily situated as myself; Skein was a widower, and childless; and his house was kept by his maiden sister, Esther;

who had arrived at the age of forty without troubling her head about "the creatures;" for she was actually an old maid by choice; as five different matches which she refused could testify; although one would have ensured her her coach; two a gig and footman, at least; one the gig without the footman, and the other, the footman without the gig. "Marriage is a lottery," said Esther, "and I never was lucky at games of chance; men are riddles, and I hate to be puzzled; children are cares, and I am fond of comforts; besides, I find it difficult enough to please myself; and what would it be, if I had a man fellow to please also? no, no—let the rest of the world tie themselves up, if they please; give me freedom and fair play." And certainly she enjoyed both; her only care at her brother's house being, to please herself in what way she chose; and her choice, as she was very easily

pleased, was no great matter of perplexity.

Tunzey and Skein were two of a triumvirate; of sworn friends; the third of whom, or, to use his own words, one of the *three triumvirates*, was Mr. TIRLOGH O'ROURKE; what one might call a *racy* Irishman; a good companion, and a benevolent man. He was a stock-broker; had an office in town, but lived in the environs; very handsomely; and was the life of the neighbourhood in which he resided. More of him may be better learned from his own story, written by himself; the manuscript of which, he one day lent me to read, I having the honour to be a kind of confidential favourite with him; and, as a prelude to his action in this drama, I will present a transcript of his memoirs to my readers; for which purpose we will finish this chapter; for though O'Rourke was no *dean*, I see no reason why he should not have a *chapter* to himself.

CHAP. X.

THE life and lucubrations, with *other* matters not worth mentioning of Mr. TIRLOGH O'ROURKE, Esq., an Irishman by birth, and an Englishman by profession; with many other adventures much in point, though foreign to the purpose; which are left out, being too tedious to mention; written by himself, in the hand of his amanuensis; with marginal notes, by way of index, at the end of the work.

TO THE READER.

SIR,

(May be it's *Ma'am*, though,)

I was born, every bit of me, one day; *when*, don't matter; and *where's* not

mentioned at the present writing, for a future reason, to be given. Biography, or, the history of a man's own life, though written by any body else, is a very beneficial study ; because it enables a man to see another man's looking-glass in his own face ; and what feature he finds amiss in it to rectify from *reflection*. Nobody certainly, is so fit to write a man's life as his own-self ; being sometimes, though not always, his own intimate acquaintance ; and being rather more in *the secret* than another ; but, as it's always best wait the wind-up of the play before we give an account of the parts of it, a man had better make his own life a posthumous work ; whether he write it in person, or by proxy. As a countryman of mine, which every body knows—and that's the reason I tell it ; for it's the fashion never to have enough of a good thing—as a countryman of mine said, “ A posthumous work is a work which a man writes after he is dead,” I thought

proper to follow his opinion in *my* practice ; not that I *am* actually dead, but this *posthumous* work of mine is written after the term of my *life*, properly so called ; because we are only said to live while we *see* LIFE, and not when we have buried ourselves in the country, or in town ; in a glen or in a garret ; in an hermitage or on Horsley Down, or some such outlandish place ; not that I have buried myself in either, having *tiled* myself in beneath the *slates* of a snug cabin, with the customary pig and potatoe garden ;—I say *customary*, because the English can form no notion of an Irishman's enjoying the “*otium cum dignitate*” without a pig in the parlour, and a potatoe garden, by way of an out-house. Well, having buried myself, after having departed not *this*, but *that*, life which I led in the gay world, I thought it proper to sit down and write my own life ; that no more falsehoods might be told of me than were tolerable ;

for a man has not much convenience for backbiting himself; and that a little more truth might be told of me than it might be agreeable for others to tell.

Be it known to all whom it may concern, and a pretty concern it may turn out, that *I*, Mr. Tirlogh O'Rourke, commonly, or rather *uncommonly*, written down *Esquire*, by all who have favours to ask;—was born on the 29th of February; having but one birth-day to my back in the time everybody else has four; and by which reason I keep the anniversary of it every four years, because there is but one out of the four to which *I* can possibly belong; and though I am at this writing sixty years old by common calculation, I don't see how I can arithmetically be out of my *teens*; for dividing 60 by 4 leaves 15, undoubtedly my proper age: though, by way of a bull, and what's an Irishman without one? my eldest child is now more than that age, and the one

that died is two years older than he. The affair of my birth-day being settled by a beautiful equivocation, (and that's a "figure of rhetoric" in most conversations), and as clearly to be understood as any law quibble possibly can be, and that is as we distinguish colours by twilight, I proceed to the place of my birth; and that place was *Cork* itself, the darling! yes; there was I born, of my own proper parents no doubt, and *dacent* people they were, as myself's the proof. Who my father was, or who my mother was not, is a matter about which much might be said, but for the *ould* proverb, 'Least said, *et cetera*.'

My father was—tunder and turf, *Tirlogh*, who was he? He was my father to be sure, by *rason* of the oath my mother took before the magistrate, for the purpose of its being ascertained who was to provide for me; and he turned out to be one *Tirlogh O'Connor*, a tight lad enough, and worthy, in point

of many essentials, the choice my mother had made of him for a sweetheart, though not so worthy on other accounts; the principal of which was, his following up the character of a "gay deceiver" by *desertion*, when he *lusted* in the army, and marched off to the East Indies; leaving my mother big with more than apprehension that she'd never see him again. She never did, so she might as well have kept her oath in her pocket for any assistance it was to the parish officers; for the only purpose it answered was to prove I had a father; which they were rather inclined to believe without it; and that he had a name, after which I was christened, *Tirlogh*.

My mother, Judy Byrne, was chambermaid in the same inn in the city of Cork—and they sold excellent wine there, and proper measure, so they did; for, sure, in Ireland we pack three pints into a quart bottle; and here they pack a quart into a pint and a half, so they do.

My mother, I say, was chambermaid in the same inn where my father was waiter; and for my mother's sake I needn't say more, but, that having no right to my father's name by law, and it being wished to save my mother's shame a *living* reproach upon her folly, by perpetuating her family name in myself, I was registered

TIRLOGH O'ROURKE,

Son of Tirlogh O'Connor and Judy Byrne.

This passed in Ireland by virtue of a *bull*, not papal, but parochial; I was popped into the keeping of a parish nurse, at parish *pay*; and that, though an *old* concern, is mighty *small* of its age, all over Ireland, England, and Scotland, and all other civilized and *liberal* nations.

My mother soon paid the debt of nature; but I never heard that my father ever paid any debts at all, at all: for the

last debt, a tiger in the jungle, near Calcutta, saved him the trouble of paying; releasing him from all debts, duns, and other *detainers*, by virtue of an *habeas corpus*; as well as a *caput mortuum*, a new term in law; or, in plain English or plain Irish, or what you will, after having snapped off his head, breakfasted on his body; so there was I, left all alone in the wide world, like a widowed orphan as I was, with neither father nor mother to my back; and small taste of any thing for my belly, saving buttermilk and *paraties*: and now and then a sup from my nurse's whiskey *naggin*; for she was inclined to the *cratur*, and thought it no bad *mother's* milk, in *rason*, for either man, woman, or child.

Thus, having come into the world by accident, I had nearly gone out of it by the same sort of casualty way, by *rason* of many an hair-breadth escape, and quarrel between myself and the pig for the stray *paraties*. I certainly grew up

by accident; for neither care nor comfort had any hand in my rearing; and how I got reared at all is at least but *another* equivocal conclusion.

Perhaps you never heard of Thady O'Shaughnessy?—wait awhile, and I'll introduce him to you. He was descended from a long line of *dacent* ancestors; and who doesn't know that the name of O'Shaughnessy stands high in the annals of fame, fortune, honour, and hospitality? Now Thady identified all these in his own identical person, save and except Fortune, the jade! for the family estates had by degrees emigrated out of the connexion; and by the time Thady became heir at law to them, not an heir loom was left, save one possession; which, being mortgaged for more than it was worth, brought *Thady* a title without any deeds to it—at least any that he could get hold of; which leaving him nothing for himself to live on, and less to leave to his children,

he wouldn't marry that they might not be disappointed. In short, the mortgagee foreclosed, the estate went; and Thady would have gone too, but that his Aunt Biddy went, in the right time, to sleep with her mother and sisters and the rest of her fathers; and left Thady what he called a *weekly annuity*; which was a decent property, so tied up, that Thady could only receive it by weekly instalments; and could never alienate it by *reason* it was to go to another branch of the family, whenever he paid a visit to his Aunt Biddy: and it was provided also, that if he mortgaged these weekly payments, he was to lose all interest in them whatever: Aunt Biddy's intention being, as she expressed herself, that there should always be coming to Thady, every Monday morning, as often as it came in the week, *ten Irish pounds*; whereby he might live *decently*, like a gentleman as he was, and in no disgrace to the name.

of O'Shaughnessy: and lucky it was; for Thady's heart was as soft as his head: whereby, some sly usurer, but for this precaution, had certainly got possession of it, by administering to Thady's whims and calls, till he would have had no further *call* to the property; and have had nothing left but his whims to comfort him.

Among the whims, or *capers*, as we call them in Ireland, which Thady exhibited, was one, which, however any body else might appreciate it, for myself I thought a very sensible one; for it was neither more nor less than taking a fancy to myself when I was about nine years old by his calculation, or, two years and a quarter by my own; and, as it did happen, it won't be amiss to tell how."—

But not now, reader—as you may be impatient to know, by this time, something more of Violetta—I mean my history—but Violetta, in spite of every

thing, will be uppermost in my mind ;
so, I will dismiss Mr. O'Rourke for the
present, and introduce him again at a
more convenient season.

CHAP. XI.

IN London, naturally, ten thousand attractive objects dazzled my fancy ; and ten thousand inconsistencies puzzled my reason ; every body said they were too poor to pay taxes, and therefore lived like nabobs ; every body said the nation was ruined ; therefore, (from sympathy, I suppose) seem determined to ruin themselves. Every body cried shame upon the churches being neglected ; and yet never went to see whether they were neglected or not. Every body said the stage was degraded, yet applauded most the pieces that were most exceptionable. Every body talked of the beauty of consistency ; yet every body ran after every thing,—a new actor, or

a new preacher, or a new rope-dancer, had equal attraction ; and a learned pig attracted as full audiences as a learned lecturer—Is'nt it odd? I thought it so.

Every body decried party, yet every body belonged to a party. I was puzzled, and began to think the Ancients more consistent at any rate than the Moderns. However I stuck close to business, and made a tolerable proficiency in a little time. Welford and I, when business was over, were inseparable ; he was always at Mr. Tunzey's, and bringing Mrs. and Miss Tunzey tickets for the opera, or play, or ball ; or any exhibition to which he could obtain permission to accompany them ; and (I suppose, it was in compliment to my superior gravity ; for he had a delicate way of paying compliments when he chose) he always left me to squire Mrs. T. ; who was a sensible woman ; while he, *modestly*, put up with the

trifling conversation of Miss T.—Isn't it odd?—

“ There are five orders of architecture,” said *Tunzey*, “ the *Tuscan*, the *Doric*, the *Ionian*, the *Corinthian*, and the *Composite*.

The *Tuscan* admits of no ornament, and is like a round of beef—ha—ah!—without the garnish of carrot or any esculent whatever; and its simplicity is like boiled veal without salt—bah!

The *Doric* is, you see, something like it; but there is garnish to the sirloin—ha—ah!

The *Ionic*, with its volutes, here, like ram's horns; which bring to my mind the *horn of plenty*; and by an easy and obvious transition from a ram's head to any other, my imagination feasts upon calf's head—ha—ah! The flutings of the pillar, like the long hollow ridge in a marrow spoon, are glorious emblems of fatness; and put me in mind of marrow

pudding ;—we shall have one at dinner, I believe—(*bawling*) Mistress Tunzey, don't forget the marrow pudding—ha—ah !

The *Corinthian Capital* wants the solidity of the others ; reminding me only of *salads*, *endive*, and *celery*, and such dinner fringe.

The *Composite* may be called an architectural *salmagundi*—a mixture of all sorts. I hate *salmagundies*, unless they be fish, flesh, and fowl, in regular succession ; with a pasty for an *entremet* : and light game, the bones of which may serve to pick your teeth, between the courses : a marrow pudding for a mollifier : then, indeed, with a real Stilton, your salads may come in, and welcome, to stimulate the appetite for the dessert—pines, grapes, and peaches—a mellon, too, isn't amiss : I always eat it with pepper and salt—I love things savoury—ha—ah ! I hope, Mrs. Tunzey has not forgot the marrow pudding.”

“ I heard her order it, sir,” said I.—
“ She’s a good creature,” replied he ;
“ but, speaking of architecture, remark
this beautiful ruin”—We heard a great
smash. “ What’s that ?” he cried. Soon
after Miss Tunzey came in ;—“ What
was that noise, child ?”—“ Only the
marrow pudding fell down.”—“ Only !
Only !” vociferated he, “ Only ? the ruins
of Balbec, and the fall of Palmyra ! the
marrow pudding ! Is it *all* lost ?”—“ Every
bit in the ashes, Pa.”—“ Zounds and the
——,” exclaimed he, and off he waddled
to assure himself of the fate of the mar-
row pudding.—Isn’t it odd ?

Caroline Tunzey laughed. “ Laws,
what a fuss Pa makes about a marrow
pudding !” said she. “ It matters not,”
said I, “ whether it be an empire, or an
emmet’s nest ; a marquise or a marrow
pudding ; where the affections are fixed
there do the solitudes tend ; and had
Socrates thought the great desideratum
of philosophy a marrow pudding, he

would, in a similar case, have exclaimed *dii inferni*; or something like it.

“What are you talking about?” said Caroline. “The ruling passion,” said I, “which Pope advances and Johnson ridicules.”—

“Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?”

“The patient,” said Welford, as he entered the room, “by dismissing them all, and giving himself some chance of recovery.”

The ruling passion governs all, says Pope. The ruling passion is—*nonsense*, says Johnson, “pernicious as well as false.” “Pope,” says he, “has formed his theory with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites and habits.”—“The poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study. Supposing himself master of great secrets, he was in haste to teach what he had not learned.” So much for

the ruling passion. Now I had always sided with Johnson, till I loved Violetta, and then I felt the full force of the "*Ruling* Passion:—isn't it odd? How's this? thought I—only an exception to the general rule. Pope certainly irradiated a glow-worm with sun-beams; Johnson did not mean that it was a *not being*, as the logicians say, or a nonentity, as you and I would say, reader. *But*—that it was *only* a glow-worm.

"Do you think," said I, "Welford"—I turned round—he was gone; Caroline was gone too! I looked out of the window, they were walking—arm in arm, in the garden. Very rude, thought I, to leave me in so uncereemonious a manner; that fellow's head is so full of that girl, he thinks of nothing else. Paper and pens were on the table. I sat down to write—an essay on *folly*; and began, unconsciously, "*O Violetta!*" fell into long train of reflections upon the *sweet* subject: and was quite involved in

a reverie upon *Violetta and Valentines*; when Tunzey entering, bawled out as he came in, "Marmaduke." "*Violetta and Valentines*," bawled I, unpremeditatedly, as loud. "Are you mad?" said he, (we had to survey a field;) "Where's the chain?" said he. "You *broke* it," thought I; and it was so sweet a chain; every link lovely. A *sigh*, a *tear*, a *frown*, a *smile*, a *blush*, and a—*kiss*, formed one length of the chain, which wound round my heart, and linked my thoughts together,—what delicious captivity!

A *Sigh's* a whisper of the heart,
When some secret in its keeping,
(Which mars its waking and its sleeping,)
It fears, yet labours, to impart.
For, O that secret is its toy:
Nursling of grief, tho' still half-twin to joy.

A *Tear's* the herald-gem of grief,
Which—when the heart surcharg'd, o'erflowing,
In a dissolving swoon is going—
Gushes complaint, and gives relief.
Then ceases grief her keen annoy;
A balmy-sweet libation 'tis to joy.

A *Frown's* the low'ring of the mind ;
 A cloud of tempest-charg'd disdaining ;
 The heart's defiance ; oft a feigning ;
 An April-sky cloud ; wanton blind,
 Which wary fondness will employ,
 Lest hope, too quickly blest, too lightly value joy.

A *Smile's* the lovely radiance of the soul ;
 Like spring, all-exquisite and genial, beaming ;
 A ray of Paradise : light of love's dreaming ;
 Speaking with dimpled sweetness ; to control
 The fear too sensitive ; destroy
 All that shall sport with hope ; then sweetly
 welcome joy.

A *Blush* is, when inflam'd the heart,
 Its angry atmosphere's reflection ;
 Or, playful lightning of affection,
 Such as do summer eves impart ;
 Too soft, too transient, to annoy,—
 Or, 'tis the bloomy richness of ingenuous joy.

A *Kiss*—can it's identity be given ?
 It is the amplitude of sweetness,
 'Tis the soul's blessing, joy's completeness :
 'Tis music, magic : and a moment's heav'n.
 'Tis peace, 'tis plenty : love without alloy,
 'Tis, from the lip of truth, a sweeter thing
 than joy.

Yet—there are sighs of despair ; tears of anguish ; smiles of derision ; frowns of kindness ; blushes of shame ; and kisses of deceit—isn't it odd ?

CHAP. XII.

My father and old Welford came up to town, to see *how the lads went on*. There was feasting, and frolicking ; and —every thing but business minded, the few days they staid.

“ What ’s the best news in London ? ” said my father at dinner one day. “ *Provisions are falling,* ” ha—ah ! said Tunzey. “ *It’s term-time,* ” said Skein : “ *There’s a new opera,* ” said Mrs. Tunzey. “ *There’s a tax upon bachelors,* ” said Miss Skein, [There was in those days—*pity it was ever taken off,* ” says Miss Everbloom.] “ *There’s a new fashioned bonnet come out,* ” said Caroline. “ *One shall come in, for I’ll present you one,* ” said—no—*thought* Bob, I saw it in his looks. “ *How plentiful*

violets are," said I. Old Welford grinned to himself, and winked to his son, and then said to him, (for me to hear,—I suppose,) "Do you know, Bob, there be some talk of Miss Valentine marrying a *barrow* knight." "Marmaduke," said Tunzey, "will you have a *quietus*?" offering me a glass of brandy after my fish; "I have had one already," thought I, but I was out of spirits, so I drank it. "Yes," said my father, "Sir Lionel Lovel made princely proposals. Old Valentine could not prudently decline them, and Violetta has too much good sense to slight so advantageous an offer." "She has accepted it then," thought I. "What's the play to-night," called out Mrs. Tunzey; "Love's labour lost," answered I. Young Welford and Caroline looked at me, together, and then at each other. "Wine, round," said Tunzey, "and let's drink Lady Lovel." "Lady Lovel," exclaimed I, emphatically, my heart revolted; my whole

nervous system was in league with my heart; the organs of deglutition were in compact' with the nervous system. The Madeira was as likely to reach the place it came from, as the place to which it was meant to go. "Bless me," said Caroline, "Marmaduke's choking." Old Welford slapped my back—I escaped choking. "There was a *fly* in the glass," said I, "A *gad* fly," said Bob. "Dear me," said Mrs. Tunzey, "there is something in the glass—I do believe its an *ant*." "I was choked by your *cousin*," thought I.

"By-the-by," said Mrs. Tunzey, "Mr. Tunzey has had a handsome proposal made him for Caroline." Caroline blushed, and Old Welford, asking his son to fill his glass, he filled it, (looking at Caroline instead of at the bottle,) out of the nearest glass vehicle at hand: his father, who was talking to mine, took the glass, inattentively; and, having drank about half the contents, sputtered

away as much as I had done ; and I returned his slaps on the back with interest. “ What’s in the glass now ? ” said Tunzey. “ Vi—vi—vinegar, by gums,” said old Welford, and tossed off a bumper of brandy. Bob begged pardon, and in his confusion, *battered* Miss Skein’s greens, from the anchovy sauce boat. “ Young man,” said the old maid, “ you are more *piquant* upon me than is agreeable.” “ O come,” said Skein, “ you are *sharp* enough upon every body else. I’m afraid Bob’s in love,” continued he, turning to old Welford, “ for the other day he began a deed, I was employed to draw for a *female* benefit society, with “ *Know all MEN by these presents.*” “ I hope not,” answered old Welford, there be more in the wind than he thinks for.” “ He seems troubled with the wind,—beg pardon, ladies,”—said Tunzey ; and indeed he appeared labouring under some *internal* ailment, and had recourse to brandy. “ I’ll give

you an old toast," said Skein, "the S's M's, and the M's happy, you 'll drink that?" turning to his sister; "yes," she said, "provided you don't include *me* among your S's." "Why," retorted he, "you are but a *crooked* concern, though none of the *serpentine* breed, I must allow; excuse me, I must have my joke, you know." "And *keep it to yourself*, too," said she. The servant announced *Mr. Goldworthy*, and Tunzey bustled out to introduce him. "A gentleman worth a *plum*," said Mrs. Tunzey. Old Welford's features exhibited a preparation of contemplative respect. My father's did not alter; he never considered the *gold*, but the quality of the gingerbread it *gilt*. Mrs. Tunzey looked delighted. Skein said to his sister, "Make up to him, Etty." Etty turned up her nose; Caroline helped young Bob to some "bleeding hearts,"—cherries, ladies,— "Bob thinks them superfluous," thought I. Tunzey ushered in Mr. Goldworthy,

who paid his respects in a more modest manner than I should have expected from a young man worth 100,000 pounds. He was the *pink of fashion*; a mixture of the courtier and the coxcomb. “*Hope, I disturb nobody?*” he simpered; which, to me, in such a case, always implies, *the introduction of a person of my consequence must put every body in a bustle*. Every body was in a bustle, and, whether by accident or design, I know not, he was seated by *Caroline*. Old Welford staring at him “*with all his eyes*,” Mrs. Tunzey most *delightfully* officious about him.—My father scrutinizing him to discover if the *plum* were palatable.

“I am proud of this honour, sir,” said Tunzey. “Oh, dont mention it,” simpered Mr. G., (implying—*how mortified I should have been if you had not mentioned it*.)—“Red, or white wine, sir?” said Tunzey; “Whi—y (*prettily* drawling,) I—I—I think I’ll mix them—and make *matrimony* of it, as I have the honour to

drink the ladies." Mrs. Tunzey was quite tickled with his *wit*, and giggled approbation, with " I 'm sure the ladies are proud of the compliment." " Not I," *looked* Miss Skein. Caroline was looking at the *bleeding* hearts; and Welford having handed her a *plate* of *plums*, she said peevishly, " you know I don't like 'em." Mr. Goldworthy simpering, begged the honour of assisting her to wine, adding, " Perhaps *you* prefer *matrimony* ! " with an affected laugh. " It depends upon who offers it, sir," she replied, rather *miff*,—he looked rather *miff* too ; Mrs. T. very grave ; Tunzey almost as if another marrow-pudding had fallen. " It won't do," looked my father. " The girl 's a fool," looked old Welford. " A writ of error," looked Skein. " Bravo, girl," looked Miss Skein : Bob, looked very angry ; I—I thought of Sir Lionel. The ladies withdrew, " They manage these things better in France," as Yorick says,

“ This bottle's the sun of our table”—

“ may be very well in its way—but, for my part, I had rather that sun were put out than *put out* so many brilliant *constellations*—after dinner.”

In France, the ladies continue—the French are proverbial for politeness.

While the *sun* went its revolution, Tunzey and Goldworthy were engaged, whenever decency would allow, in a deep *confab*. Perhaps Goldworthy wanted a field surveyed, or a house erected; indeed Tunzey's looks implied that he was already, mentally, *surveying his fields*; and *designing* the erection of a *family-house*. Our general conversation I can tell you nothing about; I asked young Welford, but he could tell no more than I; we were both lost—in a fog, I suppose—for I no more *saw* the company than I heard them—at times. My father once asked me when the Parliament met—I

started, and said "Valentine's day;"—
Isn't it odd? We were called to tea and
coffee—six times—and then—went!—
"They manage these things better in
France." "So, ladies," said Tunzey (mean-
ing to be very witty, as he entered the
drawing-room,) "while we were at the
bottle, you were in your *cups*, ha, ah!"
"Telling fortunes, I dare say," said
Goldworthy. "You've hit it," replied
Mrs. T., "but we sha'n't tell you what
they were; only there's to be a wedding
somewhere. "The sooner the better,"
returned the gentleman, "and who
would not be proud to be the happy
man?" looking languishingly at Caro-
line, with his hand on his breast, so that
his diamond broach was the more con-
spicuous, as it was neighboured by a
flaming diamond ring. "The wedding
was in *my* cup," spitefully said Miss
Skein;—"I wish you joy, madam," re-
turned Goldworthy, "hope to have the
honour of—*giving you away!*"—"The

escape would be delightful," returned Miss Skein, to the great embarrassment of the gentleman ; who, however, tittered it off. In short, Mr. G. *made so much* love all the evening to Caroline, that what all suspected before, was now confirmed ; that the advantageous offer had proceeded from him. We broke up, not quite so pleasantly as we met ; and my father and old Welford left town the next morning.

CHAP. XIII.

“ To-morrow's *Valentine's* day,” said I. A valentine of a most peculiar nature was brought by a livery servant, directed and delivered to Caroline, who opened it in her mother's presence. Instead of paper, it was white satin; in the centre was a *ruby heart*, set round with diamonds; and a necklace, earrings, and bracelets, *en suite*, were affixed to, and disposed upon, the *satin*, round the heart in a fanciful manner, to form the border, and decorations of the valentine. Cupids, and darts, and altars, and doves, and true lovers' knots, and other nonsenses, were *painted* in appropriate places, and the residue was filled up with rhyme, possessing as little reason as *such poetry* generally

does possess. "Bless me, how valuable!" said Mrs. Tunzey, "and how gallant! it must have come from Mr. Goldworthy; he has the spirit of a prince; ah! child, you are in luck, if any body ever was; here, my dear," to Tunzey, who entered, "see what a *valentine* Caroline has received." "Ha—ah!" said Tunzey, "it's a *feast* of *delicious* things."

Caroline seemed to have no *appetite*. Mr. Goldworthy was announced, and Caroline left the room; leaving the valentine upon the table. What passed when Goldworthy entered I don't know, for I left the room, too; went out upon Tunzey's business, and when I returned, saw that Caroline had been crying.

"Parents have flinty hearts,"

flashed across my mind; for I could have no notion of any other cause for her tears, than Goldworthy—"she refused the valentine no doubt, thought

I—and—I wonder if Violetta would refuse such a one from Sir Lionel."

In the evening young Welford came, as *usual*, with tickets for the play ; Mrs. Tunzey was out ; Miss Tunzey was not at home ; Bob seemed *abroad* too, I was both abroad and at home—there seemed something like cross purposes in Caroline's going out when she knew Welford was coming ; and Mrs. Tunzey being denied to *every* body, till *after* he was gone : Bob and I went to the play together ; the entertainment—no—beg pardon, it was no *entertainment* to us—we were both so—I *don't know how*—ish—the play, then, was *Lover's Vows*, and the farce, the *Devil to Pay* ; isn't it odd ?—we seated ourselves in a back seat, and Caroline and Violetta, you may be sure, engrossed all our conversation—I told him the circumstance of the valentine—he sighed—the box-door opened, and two dashing young men, seeing the box full, blocked up the door, talking toge-

ther in a tone calculated to interrupt our attention to the performance ; and a style which appeared particularly to annoy two young ladies, who sat before us, with a youth about twelve. Welford and I were both in the humour to become knights-errant to beauty in distress—indeed we were out of humour enough to quarrel with any body. “ I’ll thank you to shut the door, Gentlemen,” said Welford, tartly ; “ He—y ? ” said one of them, with an impudent stare. “ I’ll thank you to shut the door,” said I, peremptorily—“ O—h ! ” replied he, with a peculiar emphasis, and *easy* tone. “ The box is full,” replied I, “ and you annoy the ladies,” “ O—h ! ” replied the puppy—Bob and I are in the *watch-house*, reader : “ and the *gentlemen* ? ” O—h ! Lord Frimble and Sir *Lionel Lovel*—“ *Sir Lionel Lovel* ? ” Even so—their rank procured them liberation immediately. Bob and I wrote to our masters ; they were both out ; and our

letters were not opened till one in the morning; they had been to a party together; and they thought a night's lodging where we were would tame our spirits a little—so they resolved to visit us early in the morning.

“How came the affair to end in the watch-house?” — “I’ll tell you. “O—h!” replied the puppy; “Don’t be impertinent,” cried I; they both burst into a horse-laugh; I was just going to drive them from the door, when several gentlemen called, “Box keeper, shut the door and keep out intruders,” and they walked, laughing, away; one of the gentlemen saying, when they were gone, “They are Lord Frimble, and Sir Lionel Lovel”—“I’ll not lose sight of *him*,” thought I, and was going out, when two young men, who sat on the seat with Welford and me, removing, their places were immediately supplied by the titled coxcombs, Sir L. saying, “there’s room now my lord;” and then

he called out impudently ; “ *Box keeper, shut the door and keep out intruders.*”

“ So, it’s Sir Lionel,” said I to Welford ;

“ I wish t’ other was Goldworthy,” said he, “ for I see we shall have a *set-too* before the night’s over.” They began to be very troublesome to the young ladies before us ; who looked round, with an interesting distress, which asked protection. “ Gentlemen,” said I, “ unless you desist from interrupting these ladies” — “ Wha—at ?” said one of them, I didn’t know which, *then*—“ We shall be under the necessity of interfering ;” “ O—h ?” said the other as before ; the farce was just over—the young ladies and the boy, hurried out, not without an attempt made by his lordship and his companion, to obstruct them ; but Bob and I conducted them to the lobby, and offered our services to protect them home, which they declined, and hurried away ; the two titled coxcombs left the Box, and posted after the girls : we followed ;

they had overtaken them, and were rudely forcing themselves into their company, when we came up; our offer of protection was repeated, and accepted by the terrified fair ones; and my lord and Sir Lionel followed us, talking about Quixotes, and distressed damsels; and the one said to the other, "Lionel, which do you take for Sancho Pança of these two?" "*Cuss* me," said Sir L. (whom I *now* ascertained,) "if I know; the fellow who told me not to be impertinent seems the most vulgar."

We stopped at the door to which we were directed; saw the ladies safely in; received their thanks; and then joined his Lordship and Sir Lionel, who stopped for us.—"Now, gentlemen," said Welford, "as we have disposed of the ladies, it's time to dispose of you."—"O—h!" said Sir Lionel.—"Who the devil are you?" said my Lord.—"*Gentlemen*," replied I; "and I wish we could say the same of you."—"O—h!"

repeated Sir Lionel.—“*Fi—ne !*” said my Lord, drawlingly—“ your cards, if you please”—he and Sir L. each offering one.—Welford and I were not fashionable enough to carry cards. “ We have none about us,” answered I ; “ nor is there any occasion for postponing what shall certainly be settled on the spot.”—“ Ay, on the spot,” cried a mob who had collected.—“ A ring ! a ring ! fair play and a ring !”—“*O—h !*” said Sir Lionel, coolly,—“ *Fi—ne !*” said my Lord,—and they put themselves into boxing attitudes ; for they were both more athletic than Bob and I, and appeared to presume upon it ; but presumption generally meets with a check ; and my Lord soon lay in the kennel, through the prowess of Welford ; while Sir Lionel got as good a thrashing as I could possibly give him in so short a time ; for the guardians of the night appearing, the business concluded, as I have before related. Bob and I passed

no pleasant night; though I was not sorry I had thrashed Sir Lionel; and Bob *was* sorry that my Lord had not been Goldworthy. Early in the morning came Tunzey and Skein—both looking *very* angry,—and I remarked that Tunzey scarcely spoke to Welford. “Young man,” said Tunzey to me, “I must have no more of this—it won’t do.”—

“My dear Sir,” said I, “we were at the theatre: two impertinent coxcombs behaved in a very gross manner to two unprotected females; and had you been in my situation, and such a brute had intruded unmanly conduct upon a modest unprotected girl, what would you have done?”—“Knocked him down, to be sure.”—“That’s just what I did,” said I.—“O,” said he, “if that’s all, why it’s worth lying in the watch-house for having had the pleasure of doing it—Give your hand; you’re the son of your father, I see—and who was the fellow?” “Sir Lionel Lovel,” said I, with tri-

umph.—“ I’m sorry for it,” said he.—
“ Sorry ?” said I.—“ Not sorry that you
knocked him down ; but that Cousin
Valentine is likely to have such a hus-
band—such a match is white bait—
Ha—ah ! and rancid butter—Bah !”

Welford had received the approval of
Skein ; and we set off to the magistrate,
where the *other gentlemen* soon after
made their appearance. The watch-
men made their complaint, that we had
been very riotous, and would not dis-
perse, notwithstanding their commands
and entreaties. One had his coat torn ;
another lost his hat ; and a third had
been knocked down. Welford and I
told our story : and when the magistrate
inquired, who *we* were (the *titles* he was
in possession of—), and it was under-
stood that I was articled to a surveyor,
and Bob to a lawyer. Sir Lionel said,
“ O—h !” my Lord, “ *Fi—ne !*” The
magistrate observed, that *rank* was no

distinction in cases where the laws were violated ; and as our opponents were the original aggressors, and the cause of the whole ; and as *they* had *maltreated* the watchmen, *we* having only been refractory,—that *they* must satisfy the watchmen, and all parties pay *their* fees. “ *O—h !*” said Sir L.—“ *Fi—ne !*” said my Lord. The watchmen made their demand, and were paid ; and Sir L. and my Lord sauntered out together ; while our party returned each to their homes, where I received the praise of Mrs. Tunzey for my spirited behaviour ; as did Welford those of Miss Skein. Caroline, I found had gone in the country for a day or two, to a friend who had sometime before invited her ; and three days passed without Welford’s calling on us ; while I was so busily employed with Tunzey, in finishing some plans of importance, that I had not an opportunity of stirring out. I observed, when-

ever I "*wondered* Welford had not called," to Mrs. T., she turned the conversation to some other subject, or said nothing.—Isn't it odd?—"There's something in the wind," said I.—

CHAP. XIV.



I *saw* something in the wind as I sat in the office—a paper descended from an upper window; and fluttered—fluttered—like the heart of expectation; till at length, it reached the ground; from which my curiosity induced me to raise it: it was part of a letter, or, rather, the copy of a letter, in the hand-writing of Caroline; left carelessly, I supposed, upon the window and forgotten; no matter, I secured it: and read all that the *irregularly torn* fragments contained, as follows:—

De Ro ert
I scarce kn
it is useless to pers
for the wishes of my
what you will think
c ricious, to ex

Ah, there it is, said I, Goldworthy is certainly chosen, and my poor friend dismissed—I saw through it in a moment; isn't it odd?—I made up the deficiency in *fancy*, as subjoined:—

“ Dear Robert,

I scarce kn|ow how to tell you that it is useless to pers|evere in your suit; for the wishes of my|parents forbid it: what you will think|of a conduct so capricious, to ex|cuse which I don't know how,” must have followed, thought I, for how could she excuse it?

It is as I thought, said I, Caroline has consented to receive Goldworthy as a suitor; and having broken the ice to Welford, has *broken the neck* of the business (a common phrase, reader,) by going out of town; to avoid him, and receive his rival in the country. Shall I show it to him? *yes*:—second thoughts are best—*no*:—but—nonsense, why trouble

my head about it; when he has the original? and if by any unaccountable circumstance, he has not, why should *I* be the “*good-natured friend*” officiously to wound him?

Did you never discover, reader, that bad tidings have *wings*—good tidings *tight shoes*?—it certainly must be so; the one arrives so quickly, the other lags so tardily—then your “*good-natured friends*” are so anxious to let you know the bad in preference to the good:—Why?—it must be, because it gives them an opportunity to exercise that beautiful Christian virtue *pity*—it is so *kind* in them. It is said that the best cure for the sting or bite of a scorpion, is to crush the venomous reptile upon the wound. Now the haste which these *friends* make to be the first to inform you of any *reverse*; and in its *full* force—for when you know the *worst*, and nothing is left to conjecture, you are the better prepared to resist it—now ill-

natured, *uncharitable*, people will be apt to say, that their haste to tell you that which is bad, is the infliction of the scorpion's sting—but, allowing this—is not their kind commiseration and pity crushing the scorpion upon the wound? To be sure, it is *said* also, that the remedy is not *infallible*—but what remedy is? and you must not illiberally fancy their little aggravations of circumstances arise from any wish to torture your feelings—O dear, no—they arise from the pious wish to exercise your fortitude (as you will have full occasion for it in their company, at any rate,) by trying your patience.

Is it friendly to keep a man in the dark when you can bring him light?—No,—but when that light is only meant to make the darkness *visible*, or to stream upon *weak* eyes, I would pause—I determined not to shew it to Welford. I saw him at Skein's the fourth evening—
“ I thought you lay under an interdic-

tion as well as myself," said he,—“ How do you mean?” said I,—“ I have received (said he) an intimation from the Tunzeys, through Mr. Skein, that they have discovered the attachment existing between Caroline and me; and as it is totally contradictory to their wishes and her welfare, they requested, at present, for my own sake as well as Caroline's, I would forego my visits.” “ And you thought I was *requested* not to visit *you*,” said I. “ Why, no, not seriously (said he); but I thought you would have called, not seeing *me*.” I satisfied him on that particular, and he said, “ Have you heard any thing of Violetta?” “ No,” said I.—Mr. Fubbs walked into the office! “ Is Mr. Skein here, gentlemen?” said he, in a stately manner; “ The wig and the ditch,” thought I, “ How d'ye do, Mr. Fubbs?” said I,—“ Pretty well, thank ye, sir,”—half-grumbled he.—Welford called Skein—then he and I left them together, and wandered, dull

enough, upon the banks of the New River—"to drown ourselves?"—we *did not* drown ourselves.

"Men have died from time to time, but not for love," says Shakspeare,—yet it is *odd* what strange effects amorous vexations produce. I knew a man who, whenever he quarrelled with his *angel*, ate double the quantity he did at any other time. There are many who *double* their potations; but commend me to the lover who, whenever he quarrelled with his mistress, always made love to her maid; whom he made believe that he only sought her mistress's company to have an opportunity of seeing *her*; however, at last, *both* the ladies began to have "*an idea*," (as Ennui says,) and the lover another; viz., of being found out, which he was; each *lady* forgave the gentleman; for each thought *she* was the real favourite; but they never forgave each other.—Isn't it odd?

Welford and I strolled along the banks

of the New River, fully prepared to—*fish*; and *what did you catch?*—*cold*;—on our return home we saw Fubbs coming towards us;—“Love is madness,”—then all lovers must be madmen—all madmen are fond of mischief.—“There’s Fubbs,” said I; “Let’s play him a trick,” said Welford,—“*How d’ye do again, sir?*” said we,—“Had any sport?” said he: he was an excellent angler, and took great pride in it; “No. Will you like to try this stream, as it is still light; I know you’re a good hand at the fly,” said I,—“With all my heart,” said he, flattered by the compliment. He took Welford’s rod, and I threw in on the opposite side of the stream (having crossed a bridge about one hundred yards below us). Fubbs, as was his custom, gathered some dock-leaves and put them in his hat, to receive the fish he caught; by this means his wig was deprived of its covering, which favoured my mischievous intention. I kept throw-

ing about, and casting in, awkwardly. He called out "Marmaduke, I always told you, you was too awkward for an angler, you don't cast in properly." At this instant I had so managed, that my hook (I had purposely put on a very large one) caught in his wig; and, instantly it was sailing "adown the lucid stream." Rage. seized him, and, he stooping to draw his wig towards him with his rod, over-reached himself, and his footing being lost, he accompanied his wig. It was serious now; I plunged headlong in, and by the assistance of Welford, got him out. *More* than apology was necessary; but necessity alone induced him to appear a *little* pacified for the moment: we took him to a house of entertainment near; the landlord of which I knew; he was an intimate acquaintance of Tunzey's; and he accommodated Fubbs and me with clothes; while ours, with the fatal wig, were put

to a large fire in the kitchen to dry. I ordered a hot supper, and plenty of rum toddy ; and, as the lateness of the hour might prevent the return of Fubbs and me to town, Bob went off ; promising to apprize Tunzey of the matter (for, tell him the real truth, he always made the best of an *accident* for you), and to inform them at the inn where Fubbs put up, that he would not return that night. When Bob went, I again apologized to Fubbs ; promised to repair all the damage his clothes and wig had sustained, and make him all the amends in my power ; but he sat sulky and sullen, till after the third glass of toddy, which I mixed in my best manner ; and a famous supper (I had bid the landlord not spare the cost,) coming in, his heart began to relent ; his features to relax ; he pulled off the night-cap they had lent him ; rubbed his bald pate (a custom he had when *coming too*, or when the little

black dog was departing,) and said—"Ah, boy; *this is no joke*;"—"Then let me give you this *merry* thought," said I; after having put a leg and two wings of a beautiful capon upon his plate; for he was a Tunzey at feeding. I plied the toddy; as he grew dry, he grew warm; as he grew warmer he grew hungry; as he ate he grew thirsty; as he drank he grew mellow; as he grew mellow, he grew merry—Merry heart bears no malice—we were friends—Is it odd?—at length, in the fullness of his heart, he said, "Ah, Marmaduke, you have played me many tricks; but I could repair them—I could bear jokes better than I can now, for fortune has played me a trick I cannot repair. "I don't know how it was, I never thought he looked amiable before; but he was afflicted; and when the heart is afflicted, the features to those who *have* hearts—I hope I had one—have always something

in them irresistibly attractive. “My dear sir,” said I, “are your misfortunes such, that my father or I can assist you in? you may depend upon my zeal, and of my father’s good will.” He looked grave—“Marmaduke,” said he, *school’s up*—the *Moderns* have ejected the *Ancients*—a competitor opposed me; who taught every thing on a new plan (this was the earliest introduction of the Lancasterian plan). I ridiculed it; and taught on in the good old way, till I had not a boy left to teach. His mode was cheap and expeditious; but, if the parents paid little, the boys learnt little: yet it was shewy and imposing: mankind love to be imposed upon, and my old neighbours were like the rest of mankind; under one pretence or other they quarrelled with me successively; and consigned their children to the care of my rival. I never profited sufficiently to “guard against a rainy day,” and so broke up as well as

the boys ; I was in debt, my landlord, who patronised my rival, seized for rent ; I applied in my dilemma to a few of my oldest acquaintance : they were all very sorry, and advised me to settle with my landlord by all means : I said I had *no* means : and asked them to *lend* : some said they wanted to borrow themselves ; others neither borrowed nor lent : and others promised to lend when I had paid off old scores. The auctioneer's hammer knocked my goods down, and me up : I left the neighbourhood, and here I am, trying to begin life again ; and a trying task it is." " Did you go to my father, or Welford, or Valentine ?" said I, " Valentine is grown proud," said he, " Welford is *not* liberal, and your father had gone farther into the country." My father kept me plentifully in pocket, I was no prodigal ; I had a twenty pound note then in my pocket-book—I placed

it instantly before him; he looked at it, then at *me*; tears started in his eyes: "You are the only human being who has befriended me," said he. "Wouldn't Skein?" said I, "He was a stranger to me," said he, "I could not ask him: and I only called on him about some law business for a neighbour." "I will write to my father," said I, "I will speak to Tunzey; I will speak to Skein; we'll see if we can't get you a school in London." I couldn't describe either his gratitude or his joy; he returned next morning to his inn with a cheerful heart: and I to Tunzey's with a satisfied mind: the two greatest blessings in nature.

I caught *cold*, as I told you, which occasioned me to confine myself at home for two or three evenings, during which I amused myself with commencing a *sort of description of London*: and you will find nothing like it in any pre-

ceding description ; to prove which, I shall give you—*only a few—extracts* from it ; so do not cry “ pish ! ” like my father.

CHAP. XV.

“ LONDON,” observed I, in my description, is the *emporium* for *every thing*, good, bad, or indifferent; and the *centre of attraction* for *every body*; worthy, worthless, or inconsiderable. It is certainly *not* the centre of *gravity*, though dulness is conspicuous enough; nor is it, positively, the region of *taste*, though it is the court of fashion. London is a convenient place for all ranks and conditions; those who have large fortunes may spend them; those who have small ones extend them; and those who have broken ones mend them; those who have none may get credit; and those who can't get credit may sponge upon courtesy.

Those who will work can eat; and those who will not, may *impose* upon charity; and those who had rather *starve* than exert themselves any way, *may*; nobody will hinder them; for London is the region of liberty; where every one does as he pleases; please or displease who it may.

Here many people's carriages roll upon other people's wheels: many dress themselves in other people's clothes: and more plume themselves with the feathers out of other people's caps. London is the best place in the world for a poor gentleman; he may visit, without the expense of being visited; know every body, without being known; see, without being seen; and hear—though, perhaps, without being heard in turn; unless he commence reformer, in *any* way, immaterial *how*; then, every body will hear him, satisfied that he is right; whether they do or do not understand him, or he understand him.

self, *n'importe*, as the French say. A fashionable exterior, and a complaisant manner, make you company for every body ; for nobody (so long as you trouble nobody,) knows who, or what you are ; and nobody cares, whether you live in a square or an alley ; in a house of your own, or a garret belonging to somebody else ; whether you buy your beef by the stone, or your bacon by the rasher : burn wax *fours*, or *eighteens*, tallow ; only keep your own counsel, and never plead poverty ; which is the *only* crime here ; and which, though it be *sometimes* pitied, is never pardoned. If you be wise, people will wonder at you : if you be not, *look* wise, and they will wonder the more.

Notoriety is the “ universal passion,” here : hence, he who aspires to be eminent, must become notorious : *how* is of no consequence ; as long as you acquire popularity in some manner ; and the sooner you acquire it, the better ;

as you are sure not to keep it long ; but still, when you have lost your position, you can make yourself conspicuous by driving others from theirs; only do something to be talked about.

In London, as to company, there are three degrees of comparison—*Good*, *BETTER*, *BEST*. *Good* company consists of fine jolly fellows ; devilish clever fellows ; monstrous hearty fellows ; and the best fellows in the world. *Better* company is not *quite* so *good*—isn't it odd ? The *Best* company is the *worst*—to describe ; being the most incongruous and incomprehensible. It is found at church, for form's sake ; at court, for fashion's sake ; at places of public amusement, for exhibition's sake ; and at watering-places, for idleness's sake : I shall not recommend it for example's sake : but dismiss it—"for *pity's sake* ?"—don't be scandalous ; that is so prevalent a propensity all over the kingdom, I need

not remark that it is a London propensity.

There is another class of company, which you may call *extra-best* (as tradesmen do in their descriptive bills); it is composed from all ranks and conditions, though its numbers are not *incalculable*. Most people *claim* to be members of it; the qualifications for it are piety, virtue, and good sense.

The MOTHER CHURCH is an excellent parent, with undutiful children: the *chapels* are her relations; and, *consequently*, take great liberties with her: and, while they are free, won't let her be easy. The PALACE, HOUSE OF PEERS, and COMMONS' HOUSE, form a *triangle*: may no fashionable innovations—improvements—beg pardon—alter their *equilateral* position.

THE ARTS OF LAW any body may
of the COURT OF EQUITY few
: the BANK will set a man on

his legs; and the HERALD'S COLLEGE supply him with arms. The COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS is a *grave* society: and APOTHECARIES' HALL a manufactory of *stuff*: the OPERA HOUSE is an Italian warehouse: the THEATRES ROYAL, manufactories of *puffs*: and the MINOR THEATRES *major* concerns. EXETER 'CHANGE exhibits lions and tigers: and the STOCK EXCHANGE bulls and bears.

In London, money commands, and *interest* counsels: *wisdom* preaches; *wit* rallies; *egotism* rails; and *fashion* laughs; while *knavery* thrives, and *honesty*—— “*starves?*” — not always—*roguery* gets his deserts *sometimes*, and *honesty* *his* very often. Much is said of the *Vox Populi*, which is *rather* out of tune; but, as Latin is not the *vulgar* tongue, this term is confounded with the *Fæx Populi*, which is, properly speaking, an impost, chargeable on the *sewers' rate*.

In London every body minds the business of every body else, in preference

to their own: consequently nobody's business goes right.

So much for London, at present: as we proceed reader, I shall, with your permission, elucidate my subjects by occasional, trifling, extracts from this *elaborate* and erudite work.

CHAP. XVI.

EXCLUSIVELY of writing my description of London, I wrote to my father, concerning Fubbs ; and had a serious conversation with Tunzey and Skein, upon the same subject : I also contemplated an expedient to convey a letter to Violetta ; in effecting which design I conceived Fubbs would be an eligible and able assistant ; then, I altered my mind ; considering that, as no positive declaration had taken place on my part : nor any particular encouragement been given me on hers, I was not justified in interfering with her father's arrangements for her future establishment ; and again,

i. ~~ever~~ ~~she~~ had felt affection for me, the ~~sympathetic~~ ~~alliance~~ offered her might have ~~altered~~ her mind, and a letter from me ~~would~~ be returned; I therefore determined, as all wise children should—if ~~their~~ parents be reasonable, sensible, and affectionate—to open my mind to my mother; and ask her opinion, and advice. I wrote, and in a few days received the following answer from her:

“ MY DEAR BOY :

I thought it my duty, and for your interest, upon so serious an occasion, to show your letter to your father; who is a *true* father, and considers the happiness of his children in the way a *christian* father should. He, as well as myself, has an high opinion of Violette; but he thinks, *with me*, that you are both too young to judge of what is most essential to your happiness; and that precipitancy, therefore, at all times to be condemned, cannot in your case

be too much reprobated; he is highly pleased at your filial confidence in your parents; desires me to thank you for it; and bids me say, that, as no actual explanation has taken place between you and Violetta, you would not be justified in commencing a clandestine correspondence with her, were she inclined to encourage it; particularly when her father, who is the natural judge of what is best for his child's welfare, has set his heart upon her union with Sir Lionel Lovel; who is openly received as her suitor. Violetta we seldom see; and when we do, she appears reserved and unhappy. Wait, my dear boy, the event of time, and the operations of Providence; and do not, by any inconsiderate action, plunge, probably, her as well as yourself into a dilemma, which may make you both miserable for life. Your father bids me say, also, that he will attend to Fubbs's case. Poor man, we always respected him;

his *first* falling off originated in his strong attachment to toddy, his pertinacity about the ancients, and his fondness for playing tricks. Accept, my dear boy, our joint love and blessing, with regards to the Tunzeys and Skeins, and believe me ever

Your affectionate, and

proud mother,

JANE MERRYWHISTLE."

Notwithstanding I could not allow either of us to be too young to judge for ourselves in *such matters*, I felt convinced that this was just advice; but it did not please me, as nothing does which accords not with our inclinations. Yet, I could not reconcile my mind to disobeying it; and therefore, with a deep sigh, I locked the letter in my desk; and resolved to wait the event of time and circumstance, with as much patience as I could, which said patience

was like the *truth* in newspaper puffs—
not much—

“Newspaper’ puffs,” (*said I in my description of London,*) “are literary legerdemain tricks—you as much wonder, at his commencement, *what* the conjuror is going to perform, as you do, at the conclusion, at *how* he could contrive to bring his design so adroitly about. A paragraph, commencing with an aphorism from *Bacon*, concludes with a reference to where you may buy the best *ham*: and “Lord Chesterfield’s Advice to his Son” is identified with the advice of a *quack*: *Frederick the Great* is made to recommend *Russia oil*; and *Doctor Johnson* a new *method of waltzing*! and, though incongruity is so glaringly connected with them, so adroitly are some of them constructed that you are led insensibly on, till, when you expect to arrive at a pertinent point, you are stopt by an *impertinent* pun. But my readers must have had too much

experience to be imposed upon in future by such insidious methods; and when they meet with a paragraph commencing with "*Charles of Sweden, when among the Turks, &c.*," or, some such specious bait, not to turn away from it as abruptly as we will now turn from the subject wholly, with a simple "*Caveat Emptor*," or, let all concerned be upon their guard.

Tunzey proposed to try his interest among his great friends to get Fubbs a place—a *place*—"When I give away a place," said Louis XIV., "I make hundreds discontented and one ungrateful;" and certainly an accurate observation of human nature will prove the truth of this remark,—"'tis true, 'tis pity! pity 'tis, 'tis true!"—*places* are the universal *desiderata*; and there is no place more *profitable* than *Ave-Maria Lane*, where you may be gratified by purchasing from G. and W. B. Whittaker the extraordinary new publication—Isn't it odd?

Caroline, when she came home, appeared in very good spirits, and Goldworthy was a constant visiter; her behaviour to him was not *very* flattering; but sufficiently so as to give him some reason to suppose his assiduities were not considered impertinent. To do him justice, he appeared to seek her for herself alone; proposed a very handsome settlement, and the match seemed to be entirely settled, with the exception of fixing the wedding-day.

Welford was gone into the country upon some business for Skein, and I was glad of it; as I could not be questioned upon the unpleasant subject of Caroline's behaviour. I was politely reserved to her myself, at which she seemed not in the least astonished; but imputing it, no doubt, to the real motive, behaved just in the same manner to me.

One evening I walked out to indulge

in reflections upon " the vanity of human wishes," when, to make an inquiry, I knocked at the door of a decent house, a short way out of town, which was decorated by a board inscribed—

A Day School for Young
Gentlemen, and an Evening
School for Young *Ladies*.

By *Erasmus Fubbs*.

Isn't it odd ?

In short, reader, my father and Tunzey had supplied him with temporary loans, which I knew they would not be precipitate in recalling ; and these, with the addition of the twenty pounds I had given him, had enabled him to furnish the house in question, in a plain manner, and he had opened a school ; Tunzey, Skein, Welford and I, having exerted ourselves in recommending him ;

and procuring him scholars enough to start with ; and he was *grateful*—isn't it odd ? —Yet, is there more gratitude in the world than we are willing to allow—said *I in my description of London*:—but our demands upon those from whom it is due, are so enormous that human capability cannot always satisfy them ; and we are apt, sometimes, to connect with gratitude, servility ; and a complete resignation of the will of another to our own ; and how *ungrateful* is he who disappoints us ! Fubbs was grateful ; and proved it by making proper use of the assistance afforded him ; and mentioning his opinions when in opposition to ours with the honest frankness of a man, who thinks too highly of the character of his benefactor to suppose him accessible by adulation. “ Fubbs,” said I, “ will you go a fishing ? ” “ With all my heart,” said Fubbs, “ but not in my *best* wig, I warrant you ; ” so changing his wig, and getting his rods, away we

marched. On our road we were attracted by a horse, in a curricie, being restive, which ended, just as we reached it, by the curricie being overturned, and the gentleman, and his servant, (as Fubbs called it,) *made free of the road*. The servant jumped up, but the gentleman did not ; so Fubbs and I raised him ; he was a little stunned, but soon came too.

“ Glad you’re safe, Sir,” said Fubbs, “ O—h !” said—*Sir Lionel !* in his usual drawling tone, and vacant manner ;— “ *Fine,*” thought I ; when he caught my countenance. “ I know you somewhere,” said he,—“ Very possibly,” said I,—“ O—h !” said he : he sat down upon the bank, and Fubbs assisted the servant in *putting things to rights*. “ The curricie’s *disked,*” said Sir Lionel, and then continued with, “ Old gentleman, (to Fubbs,) where can we get a chaise ?” —“ Don’t know, *young gentleman,*” said Fubbs, — “ O—h !” said Sir Lionel. “ Lead the cattle on, Tom,” continued he

to his servant, "and send me a chaise from the first place you come to; I shall stop here till you return, for I'm *queer* in the off leg." The servant bowed, proceeded with the shattered vehicle and horses; and we sat down by Sir Lionel; with whom I determined to get into conversation. "I've been thinking who you are," said he to me.—"I wonder you don't recollect," said I,—"O—h!" said he, "*Fine!*" said I.—"I know you now," said he—"You're the surveyor's clerk; I was in *prime* order that evening; but I like you because you had *pluck* about you;—"O—h!" said I.—"You're *queer*," said he,—"A surveyor's not a *very* vulgar thing; and if you was the surveyor, instead of his clerk, I think I might venture to have a pop at you, for there's something like *gig* about you,—"I am a *gentleman's* son, Sir Lionel," said I,—"And a gentleman too," said Fubbs;—"A gentleman surveyor's son, I suppose," said Sir

Lionel,—“ No, *Mister*,” said Fubbs angrily, “ he’s the only son of Marmaduke Merrywhistle, Esq., of ——” “ O—h!” said the baronet,—“ I dined with him t’other day; he talked about the *Moderns*, and drank like an *Ancient*;—it’s lucky—there’s my card.” “ Sir Lionel,” said I,—“ let me first ask you the question, where did you dine with my father?” “ At his neighbour Valentine’s; whom I suppose you know.” “ He has a beautiful daughter,” said Fubbs. “ O—h!” said Sir Lionel, “ yes, she has good points; she’ll make a *row* when she *comes out*”—“ You have pretensions to her?” said I.—“ Do *you* dispute them?” said he,—“ I have the honour to know Miss Valentine,” I replied, “ and have from infancy been honoured with her acquaintance; and I shall not stand by, and hear her talked of with so little delicacy,”—“ O—h!” drawled he, and then asked if *I* had any pretensions. I replied, “ I should not *presume*”—“ I

‘should think not,” said he, interrupting me. “ Sir,” said I, *your* presumption, in interrupting me, is only equalled by—” “ Your impertinence,” said he, “ in wanting all the *prate* to yourself—your card.”—“ I carry no cards,” said I, “ you know who I am, and—there,” writing my address on the back of a letter; and tossing it at him. “ O—h !” said he, putting it in his pocket; and his servant coming up with a chaise, assisted him in, and they drove off.

“ If I understand this right,” said Fubbs, “ we shall have a duel.”—“ I suppose so,” said I,—“ It gets late,” said Fubbs, “ we had better not begin fishing to-night.” I agreed with him, for I was not much in the humour;—a duel was a thing serious enough of itself; the reflection that it might come to my father’s ears, who never would allow that any circumstances whatever justified a duel; also, that fighting about Violetta would, if it came to her father’s

knowledge, (and no doubt Sir Lionel would spread it, if he gained the advantage, for his own credit,) make public the secret my father and mother had enjoined me to keep; and the consequences to Violetta it was impossible to foresee; then her delicacy could not bear the idea of public notice, though even when the case would redound to her honour.—I went home quite out of spirits, and wished for Welford's return.

“*Duelling*, (I said, in my description of London,) is as fashionable here as in France. It is prohibited by law: declaimed against by moral writers; made necessary by the code of honour; and stands in complete opposition to the religion of the country—yes, duelling is the fashion. Law has loop-holes; moral writers are considered *heavy* writers, but have no *weight* except what is imputed to their writings. The code of *honour*, which allows you to do any thing with impunity but leave a gam-

bling debt unpaid, or refuse a challenge, is imperative ; and the law of religion is only considered binding on Sundays ; and no further then, but as it obliges us to shut up our shops, and go to church—the first of which obligations would be as much infringed as the second, did not the law of the land fix the bar on the shutters. The query is, may a real Christian fight a duel? the answer is *no*—may a *man of honour*? he *must*.—*Query*—Is a mere man of honour then a Christian?—what a question!”

I had written this, and yet I had signified myself ready to accept a challenge ; yet, if I refused it, I should be debarred entering a certain part of society.—*Query*? Was it worth entering? Would Violetta think the better of me? No—I knew she would not. Would the most estimable part of society think the better of me?—No, I knew they would not. If I fell who would be benefited? Nobody. Who would be agonized?—

All who were dear to me. If my antagonist fell what should I gain?—Nothing. Not *Violetta*?—No, I knew her opinion upon the subject; she was not *too young* to be a Christian. What should I lose?—*Violetta*, and my peace of mind. Who would require “my brother’s blood, crying from the ground,” at my hand?—God.

False Honour connected himself with False Shame, and their issue was the first Duellist. Real Honour fell in love with Modesty, and the issue of their marriage was a Peace-maker.

I went to bed miserable, as does every man whose mind is at variance with his Maker; I condemned my rashness; I had temerity enough to brave the Deity, but not fortitude sufficient to obey him—Isn’t it odd?—I did not sleep that night; a gentleman had called on me, delivered a challenge—I had accepted it; and chosen Fubbs for my second, that no one else should be acquainted with it.

We were on the spot by five the next morning ; Sir Lionel and his friend were as punctual. I trembled at the name of coward ; yet I trembled not at the Divine anger.—I determined not to fire ; but received Sir Lionel's without returning it. " I have convinced you," said I, " Sir Lionel, that I can stand fire—I have risked my own life in obedience to the laws of honour ; I shall not put yours in jeopardy in obedience to the laws of God," and I fired in the air. " O—h !" said Sir Lionel.—" Are you satisfied ?" said I—" Inquire if my second is," said he—" Is it your intention, sir," said the second, "*again* to receive Sir Lionel's fire without returning it ?"—" *Yes, sir !*"—" You cannot so act in contempt of Sir Lionel ?"—" No, sir,"—" Sir Lionel," said he, " to fire again would, in my opinion, be inadmissible." " O—h !" said Sir Lionel ; bowed politely ; and, taking his friend by the arm, sauntered off to the carriage ;

while Fubbs and I, returning their salute, bustled over the fields to town, that I might get home at the same time I usually did after my morning walks. As I went along I reviewed my conduct; and my joy at my escape could not counteract my shame that I had—done wrong, reader—gloss it over as you please. Men will call me brave, said I—and honourable—but—I will never fight a duel again.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN I got home I found the house in a bustle ; Caroline was missing ! her bed had not been slept in, but she had lain down upon it ; her chamber-window, which looked into the garden, was open ; all Goldworthy's presents were found in a packet on her table, with a letter to her father and mother, expressing " her aversion to Goldworthy, which, she said, they well knew ; that life without happiness was a living death ; and that desperation had occasioned her taking the step she had, as the only escape from a hateful wedding, so soon intended to be celebrated ; and

to which she had never consented.' Tunzey was quite subdued with sorrow. Mrs. Tunzey gave way to rage, which, exploding in words, prevented worse effects.

They both said (what I imagined, but said nothing,) that she was gone off with Welford. Tunzey and I posted off to Skein's, and found that Welford, who had arrived from the country at three in the morning, was fast asleep in bed—Isn't it odd? Tunzey was confounded by the circumstance; and the whole day was spent in fruitless conjectures, and as fruitless searches and inquiries. Tunzey sent an advertisement to the papers, relative to Caroline's elopement, with a description of her person, and a reward for her restoration; while a friend went the same morning, post after her to Gretna Green. The same evening I went to Skein's and met Welford; he seemed as ignorant of the matter as I did; and, also, extremely

affected; and shewed me a letter which had arrived from his father in his absence; which informed him, that he had made a matrimonial bargain for him with the daughter of a very rich farmer, an old school-fellow of his own; and desiring him, as soon as he could obtain leave, to go down to be introduced to his bride elect (whom he described as a paragon of *domestic* perfection), and to declare himself in form.—“ I know her,” said Bob, “ and I *cannot* marry her.”—Now the word *cannot* was (whether by accident or design it is impossible for me to say,) emphasized so strongly, and enunciated with so peculiar a tone, that, I candidly confess, I thought he *was* married; yet I could not reconcile the notion with present appearances; and I did not conceive myself entitled to press him farther on such a subject, if his friendship did not induce him to put sufficient confidence in me, for him to acknowledge it. Tunzey had, certainly,

put the *question* to him, and his answer was (to me) equivocal. “ Sir, when appearances *against* me are sufficient to justify suspicion, I shall answer such a question as you have put; but, as they are not, I do not acknowledge your claim to put it; you forbade me your house; I owe you no satisfaction; and I will not suffer my conduct to be impeached;”—and he turned away—isn't it odd?

The next morning when Tunzey was looking over the newspaper, to discover his advertisement, he stopped short—stared at me—and cried, “ So, so, so, how long have you been a 'squire?” I stared in return; and he put the paper into my hand, referring to a paragraph which ran thus—

“ Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, an affair of honour took place in ——— fields, between Sir L—n—l L—o—l and M. M—r—y—w—s—le, Esq., jun. A young lady in ———shire is said to have been the

cause of the quarrel—it terminated honourably and happily.”

I coloured—’twas in vain to deny it—and I expressed myself much mortified at the exposure.

“ You’ve been a fool once,” said he, “ be so no more—what honour is there in a parcel of hot-brained fellows shooting at each other ; without considering whose hearts they may wring, or whose reputations they expose ? Fathers and mothers, sir, *have* feelings (he appeared much agitated here), but those children who wantonly agitate them have none : and he who supposes he proves his love for a young and delicate female, by exposing her to the scandalous gossiping of sour old maids and sneering demi-reps ; to the impertinent curiosity of shameless rakes, and senseless coxcombs ; may talk about the passion ; but far from feeling it, he never knew what it meant.” Then he walked out of the office, without making one *culinary*

simile, whereby I knew he *felt* what he said—and *so—did—I*.

My duel was the subject in our circle for *nine days*, and was then forgotten.

Every wonder in London, (*said I in my description*,) lasts nine days: and *nine* appears to be a kind of cabalistic number, in which much virtue is centred.

There are nine worthies—not worthy of *exact* imitation. There are nine *muses* for the poets: nine *lives*, as well as nine *tails*, for a cat: nine *peas in a shell*, for a sweetheart: nine *pins* for idlers; nine *elms* for a rural retreat: and nine *tailors* for a man. Then squinting people are said to look *nine ways* for Sunday. “that must be at the seven dials,” said Mr. Tirlogh O’Rourke: and as he will shortly commence an active part in these memoirs, allow me to finish his *life*—I mean his biography.

We left off at the adoption of O’Rourke by O’Shaugnessy—and, now to account for it, I will copy from his manuscript.

I should have before observed that the *vulgar Irish idioms* in O'Rourke's memoirs were used by himself in the MS., and he frequently affected them in jocular conversation.

" I was playing by the door-way of the mud cabin, when Mr. Thady O'Shaughnessy was passing by, with his fine gold-headed cane in his hand to assist his dignity ; he dropped it, and the pig, with his usual politeness, was beginning to pick his teeth with it, when, " behave yourself," said I, " and *lave* the gentleman's cane to walk on quietly, without your interference, and bad manners to you : " but the *crater* didn't understand that so well as he did the *taste* of a thump I gave him with the best end of a broomstick : when he resigned the cane, and I handed it to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who seemed mightily *plased* with the bow I made him, and said, " Who's child are you, you little spalpeen ? " " Nobody's, an plase your honour," said

I, “ I havn’t had father or mother to my back since they died, saving the parish nurse, and she ’s rather shy of the provender.” He was delighted with my *swate* simplicity, and *bewitching* archness, and *axed* me “ would I be his boy ? ” “ You may say that, your honour,” said I—(by *rason* that every body knew the heart of O’Shaughnessy.) No sooner said than done—he settled the affair with the parish, and I became a *moveable* of his own mansion, which was the family one : and of which one *wing* had taken its flight ; and the other had been plucked of its feathers :—yet the body was left a fixture, and there was a sound *heart* in it—and I became a *liver* in it too—if I may be so wicked as to pun. He drossed me as *nate* as a shamrock, and sent me to school. I took my *larning* surprisingly ; but no wonder ; I’d been so used to see my nurse *take* every thing that came in her way, I couldn’t help copying her in some respect ; but the

every thing she took was *only* in the *drinkable* and *digestible* way: and Mr. O'Grady, my schoolmaster said I *digested larning* as an ostrich did linch pins, and that I 'd come to be a domine—I came to be a *drummer*!—by *rason* that I 'listed; and I 'll tell you why—I lived merrily enough, so long as Thady lived; which was five years, and then the *wake* was made for him: he left me all he had, and he couldn't *lave* more—or *less*; for when his funeral was paid, and the *sticks* sold by virtue of an execution in the house when he died; and his aunt Biddy's legacy had gone to somebody else; there was just as much *remain* for me, as enabled me to walk into the wide world, not as naked as I was born, but as pennyless. I offered to teach the younger twigs in O'Grady's school the junior branches of *larning*: he was *agraable*, I was always *agraable*, and so it was a bargain. I fagged hard, fared hard, and slept hard,—and hard enough it was to

get through. One day I heard a drum and fife beating a tatoos: I was always fond of music and ran out—and in too; for I ran out to a listing party, and into a trap they set for me,—they wanted drummer boys—I wanted every thing but hard work: the blood of my father was in me, and my heart panted for glory. I *bate* a march, and went off with them to the East Indies, among the Pundits and palanquins; but as I wasn't the one, and had no call to the other, I *bate* roll-calls, and reveilles, tatoos, marches and—*another drummer-boy*; and I got more than a bone to my back for that: but, to make me amends, the drum-major found I could write, and what was better, that he could *rade* my writing; which was more than every body could say of his own, and so he made me his secretary; and I got such reputation for writing, that I wrote letters for all the company who couldn't, to their fathers, and mothers, and wives, and sweethearts in

England, and Ireland, and—any where else ; till at last I got to be secretary to the captain—*embraced* the drum, and *embraced* the lucky opportunity. The captain was very kind to me ; and I wouldn't be behindhand with any body. I served him faithfully, and nursed him in his last illness, which was a mortal wound he got in an engagement. I made his will for him, crying all the time—and *most* when I wrote in my *own* name for a legacy ; I couldn't afford to lose him—nor could the army ; but—they fired over his grave !—and cried over it too—for he was a good soldier, a good man, and a good christian—and what epitaph can say more ? I had saved money enough to buy my discharge : I did buy it : and went back to dear Ireland—O, the darling ! O'Grady was dead, nurse was dead ; every body I respected was dead *except*—no matter who—I 'll die myself one day, thought I. I was never idle, and so began trading in a small way, in

pigs and other cattle; I 'carried my pigs to a good market;' and never made a bull with my cows. I married, by *rason* that Norah O'Grady, the school-master's daughter never would let me alone when I was her father's usher: and took on so when I went away, it had nearly taken her off; I often wrote to her—how could I ~~help~~ it? I visited her when I came back—~~she~~ was *own* maid to a lady, who had no other maid but herself, saving the footboy. "Norah, said I, "did you think you'd lost me?" She *looked* at me—may be you don't know how; and its impossible to tell you. I soon made her her own mistress. Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke began to be people of consideration. Fortune smiled upon us: and more than fortune—two beautiful babes, as like me as they could stare: and as like Norah as they could behave—and she was *behaviour* itself, you may say that. We came over to England, and I turned wine-merchant:

by rason, I suppose, of the early knowledge I got in *whiskey* laving a smack of the brogue upon me. Whiskey bothered my nurse : wine bothered *me* : and left me upon the *lees*; for I became a bankrupt! and Norah—Oh! Norah!—*I never pass a certain church-yard* without a sigh! I became a *widow* with two children : and they now sleep with all their fathers, but me—sweet must their sleep be! for Norah was an angel : and they were her counterparts ; they 're all angels now, but myself—I'm a stock-broker ; and how came I to be one? My friend Tunzey held out the hand of friendship to me, when every body else put theirs in their pockets; and—kept them there. I was sure there was Irish blood in his veins.; and discovered that his wife's grandmother was an Irishman—don't start, I meant grandfather: but the *ould* gentleman was quite an old woman when he died. Tunzey put me on my legs, till I went alone; my friend

Skein's law, which he somehow contrives to practise by the gospel, set my matters on a proper footing; and between the two, from not having a leg to stand on, little grief would come to him who could get into my shoes—long be the time first! stocks are at *par* at present: and I hope I'm in the *long* annuities. From that time to this, Tunzey Skein, and I, have been both all three intimate friends and sworn brothers.

I'm now a bachelor at large: and should I ever take my degrees, shall be a bachelor of *law*, for——”

He had left the *MS.* imperfect: but there is “more than meets the eye” in a *dash*. “In London,” (*said I, in my description,*) a *dash* means——” but every body knows what a dash is in London: though every body may not suspect that O'Rourke's dash meant he was then paying his addresses to Miss Esther Skein: the result of which shall be disclosed at a convenient season.

CHAP. XVIII.

I ACQUAINTED my readers that Tunzey despatched a friend to Gretna Green, supposing Caroline had proceeded thither—he returned, without tidings: but I made a discovery, which proved, what I have often since proved, that nothing is more erroneous than the conjectures of prejudice; such as were mine in regard to the fragment of Caroline's letter, (which I mentioned in a former part of this history,) the real character of which I ascertained, through the maid-servant accidentally finding another fragment of the writing behind

the chimney board in Caroline's room; which, with the dust, she brought down into the kitchen, where I happened to be: the hand-writing caught my eye: I secured it, and compared it with the one in my possession: they fitted exactly, and read thus—

I scarce know what to determine; but it is useless to perplex your mind so: we must decide, for the wishes of my parents grow imperious; let me know what you will think of doing — I affect to be capricious, to excuse my procrastinating the day, to them—but—

here it was deficient.

From the purport of this letter, I could not but suspect that Welford was not so ignorant of her flight as he pretended to be; but, as he was so reserved, and it was an unpleasant subject, I determined to be as silent upon it as himself. The circumstance of the

duel paragraph chagrined me as much as how to account for its appearing in the paper perplexed me—I could only impute it to Sir Lionel's vanity—*vanity*—one of the most mischievous torments of the human race; as well as one of the most contemptible.

I received a letter from my father; the paragraph had found its way into the *country* papers: and had been read by all the neighbourhood: my father was very angry: Valentine both proud of, and vexed at it.—Violetta—not a word was said about her. My father's letter was in the same spirit as Tunzey's observation upon the circumstance—“ I'd give the world,” said I, “ to know what were Violetta's feelings.”—“ I'd *give the world,*” and *not for worlds,*” (said I in my description,) are favourite phrases in London, where hyperbole is the predominant—and mean just as much as, “ *yours, faithfully,*” at the con-

clusion of most letters ; or, the modesty of a parliamentary candidate's address ; or " all articles sold at this shop, warranted,"—" Neat as imported,"—" Genuine *home brewed* beer," &c. &c. &c. &c.

Welford received another summons to the country ; and obeyed it : and during his absence, I met, at a coffee-house, one morning, Goldworthy : he was very shy at first, but we soon fell into conversation. He inquired very earnestly whether Tunzey had heard any thing of Caroline : and declared, ill as he conceived himself to have been treated, he would do any thing in his power for her happiness ; for he had really loved her.— " I may appear a coxcomb, Mr. Merry-whistle," said he, " but a man's heart must not be judged by his dress : I am no changeling in principle, and I trust my principles are correct. I would last week have *given the world* for Caroline : now, much as I loved her, *worlds* would not induce me to marry her, if I could

have her: and *that* your own honour and sense of delicacy, must incline you readily to believe: but, if I can be of any service to the family and to her, by assisting in an endeavour to discover her, they may command my services: for her happiness is very dear to me, I assure you: and I *will* prove her sincere friend when, where, and however, I *can*, or am allowed to be."

"*I will*,"—how confidently a man worth 100,000*l.* speaks—isn't it odd?

While we were talking, *O'Rourke*, who was Goldworthy's broker, joined us. The price of the day on the Stock Exchange, naturally, became the topic of conversation: and the comparative characters of specie and paper currency a subject of discussion.

Goldworthy held that a Bank of England note, since an Act of Parliament had made it a legal tender, which could not be refused, possessed, intrinsically, the same value as coin.

O'Rourke said, "Paper was only *promise*; while specie was *payment*; a promise *made* might be broken; but a payment *made* couldn't be broken; unless it was made in two *halves*: "Cash," said I, "is *substance*; credit is *sound*."—

Says *Credit* to *Cash*, "I your equal am found,"

Says *Cash*, "I'm the *fiddle*, you're only the *sound*."

"But," says *Credit*, "the sound the essential must be,"

Replied *Cash*, "after all 'tis mere *fiddle-de-dee*."

I left Goldworthy and O'Rourke in the *stocks*—settling bargains for *time*; and happy will it be if all *bargains* of *time* stand good in *eternity*. On my return home I found a letter from Welford;—he had been introduced to his *bride elect*, but he did not say much about her; leaving the whole account till he met me:—*Violetta*, he said, it was generally believed, was to be married in a short time: he had seen *Sir Lionel* (who did not seem *very* much pleased with meeting him,) at a country assembly.

Violetta, and her father and mother were there; and Violetta danced with Sir Lionel ;” a suffocating sensation seized me at this information—perhaps it was the *rising of the lights*—yet the prospect before me was dark—perhaps, at that instant, my truant heart, returning, flew in at my mouth, and going down my throat in a hurry, went the wrong way. Welford said, he had been very particular in his inquiries, and he had learned that, at the *same* assembly Violetta first met Sir Lionel ; at the *same* assembly they first danced together ; at the *same* assembly she captivated him ; and now, at the *same* assembly, she danced with him again. “ Yet—(I exclaimed mentally,) he was never whipped for her : he never encountered a mad bull for her : he never fell out of the window for her :”—I was in a passion again, and in a pet (all know what lovers’ pets are,)—went to my cabinet—took out the *pieces of*

glass I had treasured so long, and which her lips—those false lips—no, no—no, not false; for she never *said* any thing flattering to *me*—except *that* GOOD NIGHT! when we walked home together—but then she was almost a child—yet she twined the violet with the primrose, and wore them in her bosom *after* that; and her *eyes*—yes—*they* flattered me: they *assured* me; they—deceived me—I dashed the pieces of glass on the floor; stamped on them; and then threw them out of the window. It was childish: but the lover who never played the fool, never loved—at least, so ardently as I did—perhaps, love so ardent is folly—extremes are all folly. I returned to the letter—Welford said, the duel made a great noise; and that Violetta had been very indignant about it: her father seemed to pride himself upon it; as it gave his daughter great consequence among most people, and made her envied by many—

but—(added he,)—"I could plainly see, *pitied* by some; and those the very people whose esteem was to her the most valuable." My father had been *extremely* uneasy about it; and there had been a coolness between him and Valentine in consequence of it; while my mother was upon terms of mere politeness with Violetta. "Violetta (continued he) seems to act under restraint: I cannot say her heart is *not* in this marriage; but, if it is, I don't envy the man who is to be the master of it; nor is the marriage yet *positively* fixed: it had been fixed and was off again, in consequence of Violetta having been taken ill. Old nurse Sheepshanks (who is very hearty, old as she is, and is become quite necessary to your mother,) whispered me that, "*she knew something; what she dared not say*: but, she had not been a nurse so many years not to know when people were *really* ill."—Hope returned to me—I ran into the garden,

and seeing three or four pieces of glass lying, caught them up, and kissed them over and over again—carried them up into my chamber; laid them before me on the table, and, O, with what rapture I gazed on them—*she* had *kissed* them—*when*, heaven knows, for on joining, and looking intently at them, I found written on them, with a diamond, E. Fubbs! recollected that Fubbs, one day, had cut his name on the office window, (which looked into the garden,) when trying if a small stone, in a ring, was a diamond; that the said window had been broken, and mended two days previous; and those pieces of glass had been scattered, and left by the glazier: I recollected, also, that I had thrown the pieces of glass out of the front window, into the street; whereas, in my confusion of delight, when seeking to recover them, I had rushed through the first door I came to, which was a back one, and opened into the garden: this

was all amazingly silly, you will say, reader, but what follies do not enthusiasts commit? I was so delighted at the idea of Violetta's shamming ill to avoid the wedding, I imparted the whole to Fubbs; and told him the ludicrous story of the broken glass; which not only excited his mirth very strongly, but occasioned my eliciting a secret from him, which he inadvertently betrayed, viz., that *he* sent the paragraph concerning the duel to a Sunday paper, which he knew was read in the village where Violetta resided; and from that paper it was transferred into the town papers. His zeal for me had occasioned this: he conceived that a knowledge of my having fought Sir Lionel, for her, coming to the ears of Violetta, would advance my interest with her, and lead to results the most favourable to my wishes; and the exposition of it in town did not enter into his mind; if it had, probably,

it would not have prevented the act, so determined was he that Violetta, and all the village, should know it.

I remonstrated with him on the folly of the act.—“Nonsense,” said he, “it has effected what I wanted, and that’s enough—*Letty* knew you loved her before you left her; the duel proves *how* you have loved her *after*; and her shamming ill ought to prove to you that—we *ancients* are paramount to you *moderns* in tactics at all times.” I really began to be a little of his opinion, and forgave the act for the sake of the *supposed* effect. I re-perused Welford’s letter: and found a postscript that I had overlooked, in which he informed me that, “he had taken care to whisper Sir Lionel’s conduct at the theatre through the assembly-room; in consequence of which, before the evening was over, the baronet did not appear to attract so much respect and curiosity as he did at its commencement. I forgot

to say that I went into the street, when I discovered my mistake about the glass; but the fragments of the *real* pane were all—all gone!—it can't be odd.

But my joy at the circumstances related in Welford's letter, was checked by the reflection that, the marriage was only postponed, not broken off; and that, I was not *certain* I possessed an interest in her heart.—“Interest,” (*said I, in my description of London,*) is the grand impulse of action, and its characters are multifarious, and nefarious. Simple interest; compound interest; and usurious interest—which latter is, properly, *simple* interest, for none but *simpletons* will give it—yes, the necessitous—and he who thus imposes upon necessity, may assure himself he has but little interest where he ought to have most. Interest governs all—great, middling, and little; indeed, *little* men are great calculators of interest.” “What interest,” said I, “is equal to an interest

in Violetta's heart?" yet my interest there was equivocal; like an interest in the funds, which, fluctuating with every rumour, is like a nervous pulse, varying with every change of the atmosphere.

"An interest in the heart of a virtuous, lovely woman, is worth all the stock in the alley,"—said O'Rourke.

"*Women?*" said Tunzey, "Women are venison and sweet sauce, ha—ah!—but—*girls*—girls are—that *lamb's* tainted, Mistress Tunzey, and I had set my heart on *that* lamb—bah!" But let me now advert to *other* lovers.

O'Rourke had made formal proposals to Miss Skein, who actually began to be tired of the title *Miss*, when,—though

"Time *hadn't* thinned *her* flowing hair,"

He had *tarnished* it a little; and she, having found her brother easy to please, began to think *another* might be equally so; and, O'Rourke being goodnature

and pleasantry identified, she took him fairly at his word—"Will I be married to you?" said he—"Won't you?" said she. The knot was tied; and, if not, what young folks call a *true lover's knot*, it was a knot tied by reason, and tightened by friendship; "which is more frequently a *gordian knot*, than the other," said Skein.—I thought no knot like *the other*, but I suppose, I was *too young* (as my mother said) to decide.

The day being fixed for the wedding, it was settled to keep it at Richmond, in a pleasant, private, manner; the company were,—Skein, to give the lady away; Tunzey and I, bridesmen; Mrs. Tunzey and a cousin of Miss Skein's, bridesmaids; with Fubbs as Hymen, to lead the way. I haven't mentioned the bride and bridegroom, because any of my readers would lay ten to one they were there; nor Welford, because he being out of town, I lay twenty to one he was not there.

The day came—the ceremony took place ; and, after that, we mounted our vehicles, and spanked off for the Star and Garter at Richmond. The Star being allusive to the *shine* we cut, and the Garter to *throwing the stocking*. “ *Lard bless me,*” once said Nurse Sheepshanks, “ all the good old customs are done away: there’s no such thing at a wedding now as posset and throwing the stocking.”—“ Pish !” said my father; “ shut the door.”

Tunzey’s incessant *ha-ahs!* of pleasure testified the sumptuous character of our dinner. Jokes upon the bride and bridegroom were cracked as pleasantly as bottles to their health. Laughter was the order of the day ; and as puns raise that oftener than wit, we had more wit than to neglect them. I remarked that “ the wedding ring was a *ring-fence* for happiness.” O’Rourke said, “ he had been at *ring’s-end* once :” (alluding to a place in Ireland and the

death of his first wife: and if the point of his joke required explanation, he only stood in the same predicament with many who make more pretensions to wit—and are allowed them).

Skein said, “ he had been at *Grave’s End* on the same errand.” Tunzey said, “ his *turtle* was left.”—Fubbs observed, “ He had learnt the lesson of matrimony; but having long lost the book, for which he had a great regard, he could never be induced to venture a new edition,”—“ Was it one of the *ancients*?” said I—“ No,” said he, “ a *modern*: and that accounts for a *short life*.” Tunzey toasted “ *The Bride and Bridegroom*” with—a *speech*—as follows:

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ I rise, not like the price of provisions, to appal you: but like a *beautiful edifice*—(he *looked, in figure and proportion, like the Mansion House*)—a *beautiful edifice* to delight you—I have partaken

of the good things—*ha-ah!*—provided from the *larder of law* (looking at Skein) and the buttery of brokerage—(looking at O'Rourke)—in gratitude for which I must perform a duty—like a grace after dinner; and I trust with more sincerity than most graces are said: which duty I rise to perform; like an architectural column raised for the commemoration of a happy alliance. I drink the health of the new-married couple: may their days be the season of marrow and fatness: may their horn—” “Dont be after blowing your *horn here*,” said O'Rourke.

“The horn of plenty—” continued Tunzey, “may it be exalted in their habitation: and may young O'Rourke's abound like a brood of *chickens*, *ha-ah!*” “*Heaven forbid!*” spontaneously exclaimed Mrs. O'Rourke.”—The toast was drank with nine huzzas; Tunzey sat down, and O'Rourke rose.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ The head of an Irishman is always bothered by the bumping of his heart, when he pledges Friendship at the call of Gratitude. The *beautiful* edifice that arose just now like a *grace*, or rather a *grampus*, has drank marrow and fatness, in a bumper of as neat cordial-ity, as ever was tipped over the tongue of Friendship's toast-master:—but when he henpecks us with his chickens, would he make a poultry-shop of us? and then blowing his horn is as like bad news as stocks falling.—Mrs. O'Rourke and myself, however, impute it to his ignorance—of every feeling that is in discordance with benevolence and good nature.—Having got thus far without a bull, and determined to shew you that an Irishman can go through a speech without one, I return you our united thanks; simple, but sincere: and wish you all long life; and, through it, may the sun

of joy shine upon you by day, and be the moonlight of repose to you by night."—The festivities of the day over, we returned to town.

CHAP. XIX.

WELFORD, two days after this wedding arrived in town from his visit to his native place; where, my readers may recollect, he went to be introduced to his bride elect.

I asked him, if his marriage was agreed upon?—He said, “not *exactly*.”—Had he proposed in form?—No, but his father had.”—Had he protested against that proposal?—“Not *exactly*.”—Had he at all countenanced it? “Not *exactly*.”—What *had* he done?—I couldn’t discover *exactly*—is n’t it odd?—I pressed him no more—there’s no getting at the milk of the cocoa-nut till you have perforated the shell;—he was impervious.

—About Violetta I heard more : as *my* happiness was at stake there, he was communicative enough. He told me that, “ the impression made upon Violetta by his representation of the character of Sir Lionel made her dislike him more than before.” “ She had then a previous dislike to him?” I inquired. “ Nurse Sheepshanks said so,” he replied. “ Was she good authority?” I asked.—He rejoined, “ As good authority as could be procured, when Violetta was not only incommunicative, but reserved.” I wished for better authority. “ I procured,” said he, “ a *primrose* and a *violet*. I twined them together when at the ball; and, at a moment when she was sitting by herself, I dropped them, unobserved by every one, in her lap, while her head was averted: and I withdrew to where I could observe, unnoticed by her. Upon seeing them she started, and hastily concealed them: yet appeared to be fainting; the assiduities of

the company prevented it—but she availed herself of the plea of indisposition to dance no more. Once, while Sir Lionel was dancing with another partner, I observed her steal the flowers from their concealment; gaze earnestly on them; and—I thought she sighed.—At this moment our eyes met: she blushed very deeply: the flowers disappeared: she soon left the ball-room, and I never saw her, but at a distance, during the remainder of my stay.

“She loves me!” cried I. I was enraptured.

“Don’t be too sure,” said he,—I was agonized.—“There is *hope*,” continued he,—I was tranquillized,—“but not *certainty*,” concluded he,—I was cautioned; at least, I felt something at my heart like a red-hot iron. “Wait with patience,” was his advice—patience?—my mother said that; but she was not in love;—Welford was; yet how could I tell that—he *had* been; but Caroline

was gone—if he were not privy to her absence, doubt must have diminished his affection, through the mystery attached to her departure; and if they were married—impossible it should be so—I began to suspect my friend of dissingenuousness; it mortified me. I disclosed my mind to Fubbs, one day.—“ I’ll draw him out,” said Fubbs.

“ *Drawing out*,” said I, in my description, “ is an art practised not only in London, but everywhere else: and means, getting at people’s secrets, or their money; maugre their shutting their mouths, or buttoning up their pockets: sometimes the operator acts like a *filch*, and sometimes like a *cork-screw*. The opposition strive to *draw out* the ministry: knaves draw out fools; and the cunning the careless. Some when endeavouring to *draw out*, get drawn in; so professors of this art should be perfect before they practise.”

O’Rourke having to make a country excursion, upon business, asked me to

accompany him; and as Tunzey agreed to my absence a short time, I consented. We travelled in his gig; crammed with boxes, into the bargain, like the judge's chariot—would you like to hear that story? it was one of Nurse Sheepshanks's,—may be, she put it in rhyme, too.

There was a judge at *nisi-prius*,
Who ne'er from common sense felt bias,
Nisi, law cause could shew:

For law, some say, I know not whence,
Can *rule* or *o'er-rule* common sense,
As *equity* can shew.

To justice's complete content,
This learned judge the circuit went,
To ~~non-suit~~ captious strife.
Judges, for state, *alone* should ride,
Yet, since but *one* are spouse and bride,
He oft-times took his wife.

It chanc'd my lady—not that she
Was weakly prone to vanity—
She lov'd, as ladies do,
Smartness: but all for purpose wise,
Lovely to look in Hubby's eyes.—
As, lady, practise you.

Hence in the chariot would be plac'd
 Band-boxes, fill'd with gear of taste,
 Till almost smother'd, he
 Cried "Madam, such things might be put
 In private, *coram nobis* ; but
Non coram judice."

"To pack them in the trunk behind,"
 Said she, "destruction they would find,
 They're caps."—"What then?" quo' he.
 No rule of court can practice shew,
 That judges, who on circuit go,
 Should go thus cap-a-pied.

One time, though she for leave applied,
 He vow'd no box with him should ride,
 Though many a plea she found.
 Resolv'd no longer to be fool'd,
 He every point and plea o'errat'd,
 And turn'd my lady round.

They rode along, with little chat ;
 She, fretting, he, revolving, sat ;
 When, in a corner, lo !
 Against a box, while stretching out
 His legs, to ease some twinge of gout,
 His lordship kick'd his toe.

"What's this?" he cried, and looking down,
 He saw a band-box ;—(from the town

They sought, 'twas miles a score);
 " *Hah! hah!* cried he, the window dropp'd,
We'll clear the court," and out he popp'd
 The *box*, and said no more.

While nothing said his lady gay;
 (She thought 'twas little use to say);
 Which caus'd him some surprise.
 At length the carriage set them down,
 By sound of trumpet, in the town
 Where held was the assize.

The judge, as he to church must go,
 Put on his scarlet, *comme il faut*;
 And look'd importance big.
 "Humphrey," said he, "'tis getting late;
 We mustn't make the parson wait—
 Run, Humphrey, fetch my wig."

Then Humphrey, like true serving man,
 That instant for the *jasey* ran;
 But fortune deals in sport:
 Mov'd ev'ry package small and big,
Non est inventus was the wig,
 In full *contempt of court*.

"A horse! a horse!" cried *Richard rex*—
 "A wig! a wig!" the judge: "'twould vex
 A saint, this law's delay,"
 When Humphrey cried—(a comic prig)—

"Without a *rule* your worship's wig
Has *travers'd* Term to-day."

"Not find my wig?" the judge, and star'd;
Foam'd at the mouth, his eye-balls glar'd;
When in came *sword* and *mace*.

"Wil't please your *lordship* to proceed?
All's ready now, and we will lead,
As is our proper place."

"Proceed?" then he, "I cannot budge;
Without a wig what is a judge?
My wig! my wig!" he cries;
And cried his wife, with glad retort,
"Why, when your *lordship* clear'd the court,
You clear'd the wig likewise."

The judge, *nonsuited*, said—but what
He said *deponent knoweth not*:

And what he *did*'s not certain.
But *mace* to budge deem'd this his cue,
And *sword*, to *shield* himself, withdrew,
And Humphrey drew—the curtain.

Isn't it odd?

But the tale is *said* to be founded in
fact. In my *description* I wrote—

"In London they *say—anything—*
and do anything—anything comes up;

anything goes down: people run after *anything*—and after all there's *nothing* in anything they say, do, or run after, but—killing time."

O'Rourke and I jogged on very pleasantly: and there is more real happiness found in jogging on through life, than restless enthusiasm ever finds in all its galloppings, and flights: it is the pace of temperance, and with temperance the virtues travel. The tortoise reached the goal before the hare, who scudded, and frisked, and doubled, and turned, and—lost the race.

We jogged on very pleasantly: the country looked beautiful: the verdure was fresh as the face of cheerfulness: the inartificial blossoms of nature embroidered the emerald carpets: the smoke curling up from among the thickets, like the careless indicator of comfort, inviting the traveller to the social scene. The birds around us were pouring forth the mingled melodies of joy: the brooks murmuring praise; and

the silently-winding stream, lacing the meadow with its liquid silver, unostentatiously transfused freshness and fertility; while the tall trees, waving their full-crowned heads, with clustering grandeur, formed the *acme* to such a climax of magnificence, that the heart which could not expand to awful admiration at the scene, must have been incapable of any sensation like real joy; and unsusceptible of anything like rational happiness.—Dare I so soon again trespass in rhyme?—but my mind was rapt, my heart was full; and I wrote—

A HYMN.

To a christian reader it needs no apology; to an anti-christian one I will make none: to the mere critic I would say, look to the intention, and if it be common sense, dictated by common gratitude, it will be received where criticism itself may, perhaps, have something to fear.

HYMN.

I.

In early morn my God I trace,
 When ev'ry herb and flower,
 Adorn'd with freshness, fragrance, grace,
 In blooming owns his power.

II.

And flocks and herds, by instinct led
 On healthful herbs to graze,
 Obedient follow, and are fed ;
 And, by obedience praise.

III.

And birds pour out a grateful theme,
 A tribute to his name :
 And bubbling rills praise whisp'ring seem,
 Which rushing falls proclaim.

IV.

While man goes forth to till the earth ;
 And, smiling views the scene :
 His happy smiles are holy mirth,
 And glad Eucharists mean.

V.

At soft-eyed eve my God I see,
 When all invites repose :
 As watchman beetle warns the bee
 His daily toil to close.

VI.

And flowers shut up, and songsters cease;
While flocks 'do ruminatē:
And man ensures domestic peace,
Where love and comfort wait.

VII.

And there's a pleasing stillness round;
Joy in mute rapture stays—
"Expressive silence" oft to sound
Is paramount in praise.

VIII.

And when the moon, with silver sheen,
Rides through the azure height,
O! here again my God is seen,
Beaming soft grace o'er night.

IX.

And then, the dulcet nightingale
Laments, the bard maintains:
No, 'tis sweet meditation's tale
She pours along the plains.

X.

And now, man breathes, with grateful themes,
The universal pray'r:
Then lull'd in sleep sees Heaven in dreams;
For, still my God is there,

We drove down a most lovely valley, just as the moon, majestic eye of night, shed a sweet influence over the humble scene—but, *why* humble? Could the most splendid drawing-room of the proudest mansion present to the reflective mind a scene half so beautiful: half so sweet; half so gratifying as this lovely vale, “redolent of grace,” and exquisite in freshness?—in the *first*, satiety palls; here satisfaction reposed: in that *enmi* pines; in *this*, happiness inhaled health.

What tiara looks so sparkling as yon bunch of blossoms gemmed with dew, spangled by the moon-beams? what carpet so beautiful or so grateful, as the flower-embroidered verdure beneath our feet? what canopy like the azure vault which arches over our heads, studded with the flaming diamonds, topazes, sapphires, and rubies of the empyrean treasury?—“Nature

will prevail"—Art must "hide her diminished head."

"Is Terence in the way?" said O'Rourke. "Yes, sir," said a beautiful girl about seventeen or eighteen—and she called Terence, by the title of "*father*."—Terence came—"All's right, sir," said he; "and what'll I do with the horse and *shay*?" "Drive it to the inn," said O'Rourke.—We got out; Terence got in; drove off: and we entered the cottage; which, I discovered, was larger than its exterior promised. It was substantially furnished: that is, with oaken chairs and tables.

"A varnished clock that clicked behind the door;" two or three good cupboards: well stocked; a brick floor, with a large matted covering: a good-sized fire-place—with a cheerful blaze; for the evenings were cool: and—I found we were expected—a cloth as "*white as a curd*," was spread on a large round table,

and furnished with something better than cottage fare; a large pitcher of ale; and mugs to drink it from. A good-looking woman about forty (the wife of Terence) received us, as the mistress of a house should, with nothing but smiles; O'Rourke shook her heartily by the hand; and I found they were old acquaintances. "Come, Marmaduke," said he, "take that arm-chair ~~aside~~ the fire;" while he seated himself in the other, and said to the woman, "Now, Judy, you ~~crack~~, fill us a mug of ale a-piece, to ~~wash the ride out of our mouths~~."—"Sure, and I won't be long about it," said Judy: the mug was at my mouth in a minute: and the ale disappeared in a twinkling. "Fait, and you were dry indeed, sir," said Judy, "try again."—"Again and again," said O'Rourke, "but first for some supper—are the beds aired?"—"Sure and they are," said Judy—"is it Judy O'Shaughnessy would put Mr. O'Rourke into a

damp bed, without it was aired?"—I wondered at his sending the gig away: and wondered how beds could be found here, when I saw no convenience for so many sleeping: though the place *was* larger than it promised—but as I heard the beds were aired, I naturally concluded that there were beds to air: so I sat down, without asking questions, to an excellent supper; and, being very hungry, ate very heartily. After supper we plied the ale—sitting in a semicircle—round the fire—that delight to a pleasant being. O'Rourke and I sat next to the fire, each at an extremity; Mrs. O'Shaugnessy (the *name* gave me suspicions) next to O'Rourke; Terence had returned of course, or it could not have happened that he sat next to me: and the rosy *Kathleen* sat in the centre. I don't know that we were as *merry as grigs*, because I never could ascertain whether grigs are merry or no—but we were as merry as good fare, good

humour, and good company, could make any reasonable set of people. We sung songs round, and drank round, till O'Rourke fell fast asleep—in the middle of a pretty Irish ballad Kathleen was singing, most sweetly and pathetically—and her father observing O'Rourke nodding gave her an expressive look—she stopped short.—“What a pity,” said I, “let her go on.”—“Go on, sir,” said Terence, “and wake Mr. O'Rourke?—arra! she'd never forgive herself”—and they all three looked at O'Rourke, and watched him, with such honest benignity, that I could not but enjoy, without interrupting, the silence that reigned: and my *suspensions* increased. At length O'Rourke waked, shook himself, and said, “I forgot where I was; but I don't forget where I must be: so, Terence, get your *castor*, lad, and we'll be off.”—“I'll do it in the motion, sir,” said Terence: and went for his hat.—“Terence and I,” said O'Rourke, “have

a little business to settle a short distance from here: and if I don't do it to-night it will break in upon our pleasure to-morrow: besides, my limbs are cramped with riding all day, and a walk before bed-time will make me sleep the sounder—so you'll excuse me for half an hour."

I offered to accompany him; but putting his hands on my shoulders, as I was rising, he forced me back into my chair, and said, "Stay where you are; we don't want you, and an Irish ditty from Kathleen will be pleasanter than wading through the dirty lane we are going to." To have persisted would have been impertinent, and I loved Irish ditties:—"and Kathleen's company?"—be *asey*, now. They went, and after Kathleen had, *by her mother's desire*, sung another song; her mother said she'd "go and put all straight," and left Kathleen and me together.—I wish it was Violetta," thought I; I soon found

Kathleen much more sensible than I expected; and discovered that she had a pretty library of select books, and such as I should have supposed above her comprehension; and, moreover, the *gift of Mr. O'Rourke*: and I found also that there were *more gifts* from Mr. O'Rourke in the cottage, than the library,—I couldn't *help* having suspicions—Kathleen was a very pretty, nay, lovely girl; and actually reminded me of Vio-letta—pray, don't have *your* suspicions, Sir, or Ma'am, or Miss—she was—in short, just the sort of girl that makes the inside of a cottage preferable to the inside of an imperial palace, without such a one; we talked very familiarly, for she was innocence and *naïveté* itself; polished life had not given her mistrust; nor dogmatic trammels formality; neither had cottage rearing given her rusticity; nor an humble sphere of life servile timidity—she was what the best women are, modest without bash-

fulness; delicate without affectation; and conscious of the dignity of her sex, whilst totally devoid of its pride. "*Pride? pride? who expects pride—ay, or dignity—in a cottager?*" I neither expected the one nor the other, but was agreeably disappointed in discovering the latter of them, isn't it odd? Our conversation was long, and grew very interesting—" *Indeed? where was her mother?*" not in the sitting room, I assure you; and the time passed so sweetly — ay, *sweetly*; don't look so wise—I didn't want Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to interrupt us. "*You didn't? suppose Violetta had been in a corner, and listened?*" She would have been as well pleased as I was.—"*And, pray, what did you talk about?*" "In London, (wrote I in my description) curiosity is—*anything* but courteous; and assumption—anything but candid. Do you suppose I should tell you all that I said to a pretty girl like Kathleen, in such a situ-

ation? not that I need blush for it, so soften that sardonic grin—no—he who who could have said to such a girl as Kathleen any thing he or she should have blushed *at*, and *for*, must have been too mean to have apprehended dignity; too brutish to have appreciated delicacy, and too depraved to have found a charm in modesty. What we talked about you shall know, but the proper time is not yet arrived: and—hist!—here comes Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. “I've looked at the beds, Kathleen; they're as swate as a whisp of hay, and as dry as a bone, so they are—they're soft beds, sir, and you'll sleep sound as the parson's horse on a Sunday night.” “And why the *parson's* horse?” said I. “Sure sir,” said she, “our parson's horse does a whole weck's work in that one day, in respect of three *sarmons* he preaches, and the miles he goes.”—Now whether she meant that the horse or his rider preached is not quite

apparent from the construction, or *prosodial arrangement*, as Fubbs would say, of her speech ; but as my own grandfather, Mr. Pulpithack, was similarly situated, and as I know *he* preached and not his horse, I naturally concluded in *this* case that the horse did only the locomotive part of the *work*. O'Rourke and Terence returned ; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who left the room as they came in, returned, with another "*jorum of nappy* ;" and I'll assure you the two travellers did justice to it ; after which we went *ALL sober* to bed ; and I—dreamt of Kathleen all night,—wasn't it odd ?

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ISN'T IT ODD?

ISN'T IT ODD?

BY MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

"——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"—HORACE.

VOL. II.



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ISN'T IT QDD?



CHAPTER I.

IN the morning I was awakened by as pretty a concert of *sharps in alt* as you ever heard, executed by a flock of sparrows, who were either making love, or calling one another names; which, it was impossible for me to distinguish; and, upon my starting up in bed, a bright sun, darting in at my window discovered to me, through the white¹ drapery the shadow of what, when I drew

the curtain, I found to be honeysuckles which luxuriantly curled round the diamond-paned casement; *that* I soon opened, and was greeted with one of the loveliest prospects I ever saw.

“Heavens! (said, I in my description of London,) what do people lose by lying in bed on a summer’s morning?—yet, I forgot—about London, from our chamber windows, we see nothing but the old wall of a house behind us; or the uniform, formal, and starched appearance of a row, or street, of houses before us—all the *green* to be seen being green rails, or green shutters—or the *yellow*-stained foliage of two or three sickly geraniums, in pots, on the ledge of the window; with a pale-looking monthly rose tree; or an aloe, three inches by two and a half, in a pot not much bigger—an aloe! a Patagonian flower; a vegetable may-pole; which is said to blow only once in a century—or, perhaps, *opposite*, three or four tall, taper, dusty

poplars; deigning us a stiff bow now and then, when the breeze works; merely to convince us they are not artificial; while they serve to screen the house from the little portion of sweet air which *does* find its way into a narrow street; and thus render free and wholesome inspiration, and respiration, the more difficult—or there may be a *small* attempt at a garden; like a specimen from Flora's pattern card; just big enough to make one wish for more, but too small for either show or use. Yet are the beauties of the country often lost upon those who are born and die among them—isn't it odd?—no—variety seems to be the desideratum of life; and *'toujours perdrix* pleases nobody, and no where.

When I went down stairs, I stepped into a small flower-garden behind the cottage, where Kathleen was busied in contriving to shelter some beautiful hyacinths from the withering heat of a

powerful sun. The circumstance brought to my recollection the death of Hyacinthus by the hand of Apollo, as related by Ovid; and I found Kathleen knew the story; for upon asking her if she knew who Hyacinthus was, she replied, the beautiful boy whom Apollo killed by carelessly throwing a quoit.

“That is the fabulous account,” said I,—“Solve the riddle then,” said she,—I did—

Thro’ a *quoit* thrown by *Phæbus*, (says Ovid,) ill done!

Hyacinthus was robb’d of his breath:

The fact is, while playing too long in the sun,

A *coup de soleil* was his death.

• A *coup d’œil*, (for she gave me such a fascinating look,) might have been my death, if a bed of violets and primroses had not caught my eye—isn’t it odd?—Did I begin, *probably*, you may ask, to contemplate a *something*, in case Violetta married Sir Lionel?—I admire your sagacity, but can only answer, that I con-

templated nothing *future*—I contemplated Kathleen; I contemplated the violet and primrose bank. Had I never known Violetta, Kathleen had been irresistible; but I did know Violetta, and Kathleen was ——, certainly *one* of the loveliest girls I ever saw—I loved Violetta, I admired Kathleen, and—your supposed question shall only be answered by the sequel of my history. “Anticipation,” said O’Rourke one day, “is taking time by the nose instead of the forelock;”—and what can be so ill-mannered?

“Love (said I, in my description of London,) is here a *polytheism*—the *Antients* (as Fubbs would say,) had but *one* God of Love: *we* have *many*: but all called *Cupids*—and all equally blind. Love at court is identified with ceremony, here; in the country excited by matrimony: and love in the city, by any *other* money. But to describe all the varieties of love would be tiresome, and unacceptable; as nobody cares

twopence for any kind of love save that in which he or she is engaged. Love is a troublesome little fellow—I wish he would recollect the advice his mother gave him ; according to Anacreon,

Love pluck'd a rose,
While a bee on it hung;
The theft to expose,
The bee Cupid stung :
Love ran off to Venus, and piteous his cry,
" O save me, I'm wounded, dear mother, I die."

Plucking a flower,
A thing call'd a bee,
A serpent in power,
Was hid in the tree,
My finger he stung ; in such anguish am I,
O, save me, " I'm fainting, dear mother, I die."

Venus, with smiles,
Heard Cupid complain :
Replying, " Your wiles
Are repaid by your pain.
How many you sting, when your darts you let fly."
Still Cupid kept crying—" Dear mother, I die."

"If such a small sting,"
Said she, "give such smart,
What anguish must spring
From a wound in the heart!

Then, let the bee's warning a lesson supply,
And think, ere you shoot, of "*Dear mother, I die.*"

Cupid, like most young people to whom you give advice, listened to his mother's—and troubled his head no farther; but shot away, as cockney sportsmen do; more solicitous about the sport than the nature of the game,—from that day to this: or, at least, we say so.

We were all seated at a breakfast *à la fourchette*, as the French say—which is, after all, a proper English breakfast; not for the *refined*, I grant—but is all *refinement* we call so? is not some part of it rather *attenuation*?—a coarse cloth gets *attenuated* by long wear: but *thinness* is not *fineness*.

We were seated at breakfast; and O'Rourke planned a day's pleasure for us: yet—I don't know why—I was

uneasy throughout that day; the way in which we spent it I cannot at this moment detail—it would not be taking time by the *forelock*: and, as the gig is now at the door (being the second day at noon,) to take us to town, and O'Rourke bawling for me with all his might—though I am only bidding Kathleen good-bye—I can't be rude enough to keep him waiting—we're in London.

CHAP. II.



I LEARNED that Tunzey had received a letter from an unknown hand relative to his daughter: and it came out that, from the same unknown hand, he had received one on the same subject some time previous—" *The contents?*"—How eager you are!—"People here, (wrote I, in my description of London,) are always in a hurry; maugre the old common-place proverb—" *Most haste, &c.*"—the fact is, Tunzey did not let me know the contents of the letter; and it was only through a slip of Mrs. T.'s tongue that I discovered he had received any; indeed, Tunzey, in regard

to his daughter, began to observe a total silence: and it was impossible to tell from his manner, what passed in his mind about her. Mrs. T. *did*, sometimes, speak of her: but a look from him, when he heard her soon checked her: and when he *did not* hear her she soon stopped of her own accord. I called on Fubbs—"Well," said I, "did you *draw Welford out*?—" "Not *exactly*," replied he, laughing—"there's a secret somehow, and somewhere; but as to the how and where, why it's neither here nor there: I can't discover it any where; but he has had another letter from his Father—Sir Lionel has put up for member of the county."

"O—h!" said I. "Valentine," continued he, "advocates him with all his power: and your father is as strenuous on the part of the rival candidate: so that the coolness which existed between your two fathers before, is now a downright frost." "Unlucky!" said I, "and Vio-

letta—" Wears," said he, " Sir Lionel's colour at her breast."—" *O—o—oh!*" exclaimed I—it was more of a groan than a sigh; you won't think that odd. Welford came in—" Ah, Bob," said I, " you have had a letter from your father?"—" Yes," said he, " I *have* indeed!"—" Is your doom fixed then?" inquired I.—" No one," replied he, " shall fix that but myself—yet—it is fixed," and he sat down *very* disconsolately—then, assuming a smile, said, " Never mind; all's for the best." " Women are perplexing creatures," said Fubbs; " Helen fired Troy, and"——" Mrs. Wiggins has burnt the goose to a cinder, Sir," said a school-boy who came in—" Who's Mrs. Wiggins?" Fubb's old housekeeper, who was out, gossiping, when Fubbs sent the aforesaid boy to see how the goose-roasting went on; for he was a gormandizer of geese.—" The — she has?" said Fubbs. Now, people who set their hearts upon their appetites,

will be surprised into naughty words; Fubbs ran into the kitchen, and Welford and I walked away; leaving Fubbs and Mrs. Wiggins to settle about the goose as well as they could. On our way our respective affairs employed our conversation; he confirmed all Fubbs had said about Violetta; and observed that he was extremely puzzled about her conduct; but still he thought I ought not to despair; there were mysteries about women, he said, *which time alone could explain*; and which, (from the general purity of the sex, whatever might be inferred from partial instances to the contrary,) were generally explained more satisfactorily than appearances promised." " *There's mystery about you, (thinks I,) time will shew that, too,*"—we were obliged to part. I pursued my way to O'Rourke's alone—and having mentioned O'Rourke, and the mention of him making my *suspensions* at the cottage recur to my mind, I cannot choose

a better opportunity to explain them to my reader; and how I discovered they were true.

I knew O'Rourke had an ample heart: and (perhaps it was because he never had the gout,) there was nothing like contraction about his *fingers*: then his purse *strings* were never *drawn*; *perhaps*, because he carried a steel purse which fastened with a *snap*—but the snap—from being often called into action, I suppose—was not *very* secure; and would sometimes come *unlocked* in his pocket; particularly when the sight of distress acted like an electrical shock upon him; which it *sometimes* did; for, as I have told you, he was a singular man—in such a case, the shock shaking every thing in his pockets, then would the lock of his purse forego the little tenacity it possessed; and his hand—from the shock, *observe*—involuntarily entering his pocket, the money which was shook out of the purse popped as

naturally into his hand, as into any other place; and as he never kept his hands long in his pocket, (like some others, of whom I have remarked,) out again it soon came; and the golden prisoners in it, as prisoners do when they can, escaped—isn't it odd? *Where* they escaped to must be conjectured; for he was so ashamed of the little guard he kept upon them, that he preserved the very circumstance even of their escape to himself; so it was not at all likely that any body else should arrive at a knowledge of their retreat. From this knowledge of O'Rourke, when I observed mystery about the cottage, a place I had never before heard of—heard the name of O'Shaughnessy: saw the *library*, and such other things as I hinted at,—many—all the gifts of O'Rourke; saw the attention paid him; the *look of benignity* I mentioned; recalled the—all about Thady O'Shaughnessy—and—*et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*—I began

shrewdly to suspect that Terence, and his wife, and their lovely daughter, were actually the objects of O'Rourke's bounty; and the *memorabilia* of his gratitude—I learnt that all this *was* the case, from Kathleen—now our conversation's out—isn't it odd?—Listen—

O'Rourke, soon after he had, in his own phrase, “*carried his pigs to a good market,*” by accident discovered Terence, and his wife, and a chubby girl, in a cabin, in the North of Ireland, as little incumbered with furniture as food. He, being very thirsty, and no house near, but this said cabin by the road-side, stopped his horse and asked for a drink of butter-milk; of which he was very fond—they had nothing but water; which the mistress of the cabin brought him in an instant, with—“*Fait, your honour, I wish it was wine for your sake; but, by rason that Terence had no work these three weeks, we are out of butter-milk, excepting a drop, which*

your honour would not let us take from the child Katty, the comfort there, by *reason* of her *tinder* age; which would be wanting support." O'Rourke, first drank the water and then asked to rest himself; and, without waiting for an answer, or listening to it while given, he alighted: tied his horse to a tree stump, and walked into the cabin; looked round with a sigh: and sat down with——little Katty on his lap—for Katty fell in *love at first sight* with him: and at *second sight* with the *tinpenny token* he slipped into her hand. "And so, (said he) Terence,—and that's your husband, I suppose—has been out of work three weeks?" "You may say that, your honour, (said she,) he has no *asey* time of it, any way: and sure he's my husband, as Father Troy and every body else knows who married us together; but never did I see such times since I became the wife of Terence O'Shaughnessy." "Fait, and he must

get into work then, any way," said O'Rourke (*starting at the name*). "Any way, or any other way," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "is the very way we're bothered to find out—and how will he get into it?" "May be we'll find that out," said O'Rourke, "for the name of O'Shaughnessy sounds musically to my ears." "May be you knew somebody of the name (*said she*) who comes across your mind *wid* the sweets of remembrance?" "May be, I did," said he—in short, Terence coming in, he discovered that he was a first cousin of Thady's, who had "seen better days," and had been reduced by misfortune to the lowest ebb of distress; found also, by inquiry, that he was honest as he was poor, and as grateful as he was honest; so, in gratitude to Thady, he found out the way to put him in work: and——comfort—and when he came to England, brought Terence, Judy, and Kathleen, with him; Terence was em-

ployed by him in the wine trade: and when O'Rourke became a bankrupt, Terence stuck to him as a grateful Irishman—or any man—does, “*back and edge, like a hur,*”—as O'Rourke said—there was no shaking him off. O'Rourke was once ill—seriously so—Terence was always at his bed-side; gave him his medicine; and always tasted it first to know if it was right;—“I'll die; Terence,” one day, said O'Rourke,—“Sarah the dead man was ever like you, sir,” said Terence. “The doctor,” said O'Rourke, “don't like me.”—“And Sarah the bit of him I like,” said Terence, “he may know very well about doctoring, but curing a man's another thing—Judy's got a *recipe* for a fever: by *naton* that ould O'Gallaghan, the '*poticary*' at Munster, gave it her; there was never a sick *crater* that took it, kill or cure, but it carried 'em thro'; O'Gallaghan was no friend to physic; nor physic to him: for he starved by it in Munster; and

never took any till his last illness, which saved him the trouble of taking any more : for they tucked him in under the ground floor ; where there was'nt one of his patients lying to reproach him : and pleasant will his getting up be—but I'll run to Judy directly, and be back in a jiffy—och ! it's a delight ! it cured poor Judy after three doctors had kilt her over and over again, any way ;"—and off he went : returning in about half an hour with a blue mug, smoking from its contents ; and filling a rummer, begged O'Rourke to drink it off.—O'Rourke hadn't much inclination to talk, little power to remonstrate, and less strength to resist : and whether he thought one *stuff* was as good as another ; or thought nothing could save him ; or didn't like to hurt the poor fellow's anxious feelings ; or, whether Terence poured it down his throat by force, or by stratagem, O'Rourke scarcely knew which, but down it went ; all O'Rourke

recollected was a sensation like sudden drunkenness: he was soon overpowered by sleep; and waked, after reposing sixteen hours,—

“Dissolved into a dew”—

and when the doctor came, expecting to find him *off his books*, he found to his utter surprise, that he had *turned over a new leaf*: and was settling with Terence whether he should have a *chop* or a *chicken* for dinner.—isn't it odd? “A chop or a chicken?” said the doctor,—“are you mad?”—“Only a little frisky,” said Terence, “by *rason* of O'Gallaghan's broth; a comfortable taste of which I gave him, saving your presence, without *axing*; because there was no more time for *trifling*.” The doctor looked offended; looked at the remains of the dose; seemed ignorant of its nature; shook his head; felt the patient's pulse; looked at his tongue; and then—like an honest man, frankly declared that the potion, whatever it was, had ef-

fectured what he had not been enabled to do; though "*certainly* (he said) the last medicine he had sent had assisted." But unfortunately for the truth of his assertion, Terence had, to use his own words, "walked it out of the window," when he determined upon persuading O'Rourke to take O'Gallaghan's broth. The doctor ordered O'Rourke to do every thing to promote the sudorific effect the potion had produced; forbade him any thing but slops, till he saw him again: and departed.

Now, as nothing is more gloomy than a sick room, we'll get out of it as fast as we can—O'Rourke recovered. Some time before he married Miss Skein, he bought the cottage *we* have visited, and possessing other property near the spot, he settled Terence in the cottage, as overseer of his tenements; and cultivator of his *grounds, &c. &c.* And having taken a great fancy to Kathleen, from some reason or other, he gave her a

good education, meaning, as he had no children, to make her his heiress; and if he married, and had issue, to leave her a fair proportion with his own. Her time was divided between her parents, and a *Mrs. James*; an elderly lady who had kept the boarding-school, where Kathleen *had been placed*; but who had retired; and, from affection for her, had entreated Kathleen, with O'Rourke's leave, to become her companion; promising O'Rourke she should not lose by it; and, when I was at the cottage, it was one of the seasons of Kathleen's visit to Terence and Judy; who were as comfortably off as any two reasonable beings could wish.

CHAP. III.

I AM at my father's: his express desire, my own vehement inclination, and Tunzey's hearty compliance, occasioned my leaving London, and flying to the arms of my dear, dear, parents; who were overjoyed to see me; and astonished at my having grown so much above the notch made on the door-frame in the parlour, before I left them; forgetting to take into their account the time which had passed over my head; and that—"All weeds grow apace:"—isn't it odd? Now for a budget of news.—It was soon buzzed about that I had arrived; old Welford

was at my father's within two hours after my arrival: shook my hand—almost off—and whispered in my ear that, “Violetta was at home: just returned from an excursion of pleasure with her father”—*and Sir Lionel?* thought I, who, I knew by the London papers, had lost his election. I dared not say a word about it, lest it should bring on the subject of the duel: and, to my astonishment, my father did not once advert to that; nor to any thing that could at all tend to make the Valentines the subject of conversation—wasn't it odd? He, my mother, and old Welford, all inquired in a most friendly manner, after Fubbs; and were much gratified at learning his comfortable situation: old Welford invited me to his house, and told me that I should see Bob's wife, that *was* to be. The first night on which you arrive after a long journey, at your native scenes, after some years' absence, is so devoted to

congratulation upon congratulation; question upon question; attention upon attention; and solicitation upon solicitation; that, (tired with your journey, and the sound of the coach-wheels still in your ears, assisting to add to the confusion occasioned in your pericranium) through the whirl of welcome, and the rapidity of reply, it proves delightfully tiresome—a dozen talking to you at once; and you having to talk to a dozen at a time, generally makes you anxious for bed: where I was glad to go as early as I could; to be left to my own meditations—I forgot to say Nurse Sheepshanks—none of the neighbours being in possession of O’Gallaghan’s broth—was—dead and buried.

Peace to her manes! He who can think of his good old nurse with indifference, may be polished, but is not quite civilized—or humanized, if you will. She is a kind of second mother:

and where her care is devoted to you, *not* under the roof of your parents, she is often, if not generally, the best mother of the two.

“ In London, (said I, in my description,) mothers put their children out to nurse, to prevent *trouble*—preserve their *shapes*—and participate more largely in *pleasure*: isn't it odd? What are the consequences?—The child, with other milk, imbibes other affections: and though nature be strong, custom is *second* nature; and is a powerful creator of attachment. Is the preservation of *form* worthy the sacrifice of *tenderness*? or can any pleasure equal, perhaps the sweetest satisfaction in nature, watching the opening of the infant mind, and directing the progress of its affections? adding to the honour of giving it birth, the felicity of giving it bias; and nurturing in it that affection to which the mother must look for comfort, when life itself is a trouble to her; when her shape is withered by

time, and her zest for pleasure is satiated. However, thanks to natural affection, the mothers who thus act are comparatively *few*; fashion has not yet obtained its apparent *acme*—destroying the most sacred ties of human obligation.”

I was delighted at being shewn to the *best* bed-room: not because it *was* the best;—*any* chamber in my dear father and mother's house was the *best* to me;—*but*, because the windows fronted the window of that in which I knew Violetta slept—or rather, used to sleep.—I might see Violetta—“*Certainly not; the curtain would be closed.*”—You are very tantalizing, Miss Everbloom: but it was a muslin curtain; and as she would, at any rate, not go to bed in the dark, I might see her shadow through it; which—heigho!—thought I, may be all of her left to me. But I had assured myself, from old Welford, that she was not married,

while every body wondered at it; wasn't it odd? I am now sitting at my window, watching—"For what?"—Don't tease me. The window curtain in her room is closed—I see a faint glimmer through the muslin—ha! there's a candle—and—a shadow—yet it seems larger than Violetta's.—Nonsense! shadows enlarge uncommonly. Pray, Miss, did you never see the shadow of your own nose on the wall, when you sat between that and the candle?—some how so—

and, though it looked so preposterous, and yours is so exquisitely formed, still you never for an instant doubted but that it was actually the shadow of your own nose. Then might I not rationally suppose it was Violetta's shadow? though big enough for that of her fat aunt, Mrs. Wagstaff.—But the shadow grew less—"Grew less! how can a thing grow less?"—"Look in Dr. Johnson; for do you suppose with that delightful shadow before me, I can stop to answer questions?—no—be quiet—that's a woman's shadow I swear; there's the form of her head-dress; and it's impossible to mistake a man's nightcap, which is always *conical*, for a woman's.—*Looking at the shadow* I sat, a full half hour; and should have sat all night, but that the shadow vanished, with the extinguishing of the light, in so short a space as a brief half-hour! during which, I gazed and sighed—and gazed—and said, "O!

Violetta! how does that outline of thy lovely form agitate my soul!" I never discovered the real beauty of the black profiles exhibited in the shop-windows in London, till then: once her profile turned, and I saw—" *her lovely nose?*"—No, the shadow of it: and—nothing could be so long, but the sigh I then heaved, because I could not see the substance of the shadow of all that I thought celestial on earth—" *Kathleen?*"—I never thought of her an instant—" *nor dreamt of her?*"—no; my dreams were full of Violets and Valentines: to be sure, Sir Lionel packed his impertinent *nose* among them—but it was no reality—a "dreamy shadow." An hour *after* the shadow disappeared, I sat gazing on the window: till at last I had courage enough to go *despondingly* to bed. I sprang out of bed the moment I 'woke in the morning, and placed myself at the window again, with the hope, when

she rose, and had dressed herself, to see the envious muslin cloud that hid my heart's hope from my gaze, withdrawn; and that her lovely face, like the first heavenly beaming of morning would break upon my enraptured sight—heigho!

Imagine me sitting at the window two hours and a half before I saw the curtain agitated—when you agitate a muslin curtain it shakes all together sensitively, as it were, through the fineness of its texture; not moving like a thick Harrateen curtain, like woven wood:—suppose me the muslin curtain, and then suppose how I was agitated all over when it was agitated—that *dear hand!* thought I—the curtain *was* drawn—how my heart beat!—“She *approaches*,” cried I, *diddering*, as nurse used to say; which is not shivering, but *quivering*, like some singer's *shake*:—it was drawn; but I saw not who drew

it. I shall see her, said I: my frame thrilled—I saw!—I saw!—“*What?*”—As I live, the red nose and conical night-cap of OLD VALENTINE!!!—isn't it odd? Horrification! paralysation! petrification! the visage of a gorgon would have been as grateful to my sight. He saw me, and dropped the curtain instantly: I was a gorgon to him. I determined to endeavour to repair my misfortune, by going round the house to try if I could not catch a glimpse of Violetta at one of the back windows.

“What's that which goes round the house, and round the house, and peeps in at the window?” Little Miss Patty, just look into your riddle-book, and see if I am right. “O,” says Miss Patty, “I know what that is—the sun.” Reader, I was the sun; for what the sun does that did I—I peeped; ay, and—paid for peeping, too: for seeing a window open, I drew near, as secretly

and as cautiously as I could, that I might not be surprised: when at the instant I approached the *outside* of the window, somebody approached the *inside*; and I was greeted with the discharge of a large bowl of sour whey, accompanied by no small quantum of curd, full in my face. I saw nothing; but heard the hoarse voice of Mrs. Wagstaff, Valentine's sister, and *chargé des affaires*, begging my pardon, and protesting she did not see me—I heard Violetta's voice, too.

When music, heavenly maid, was young,

She must have had just such a voice as Violetta. To hear her, and not stay to see her was—*distraction*!—(the regular phrase of all lovers)—but could I stay? would you have staid, to let your *dear* witness your dishonour?—My eyes were like dead stars drowned in the *milky whey*:—my mouth was as full as

my heart—I never could bear curds and whey since—my previously prettily-arranged *frill*, drooped, pensively,

Impearl'd with the dew.

and—in short, the whole front of me was one mass of curds and whey.—I saw not Violetta—but—she saw me—and—burst into a loud laugh.—Rage! madness!! distraction!!! I staid to hear no more: and just as I had *cleared* my vision, it was greeted with a second sight of the *gorgon*—who was—whether he had seen and suspected me, or not, I can't tell—*going round the house*, too.—He was the *sun*: and went round fearlessly; I was *Phaeton*, and was punished for my rashness: It was fortunate *he* didn't laugh; he wasn't his daughter: and it would have been dangerous.—“Your people, sir,” said I, “are very unceremonious.”—“I should be sorry, sir,” said he (struggling with all his might to stifle a laugh) “that any of my people should have been

so to *young* Mr. Merrywhistle.”—Mrs. Wagstaff was out now: and protested she was ignorant of my being at the window.—“ At the window?” said Valentine ; “ I am sorry for the circumstance, sir; but good seldom comes of *prying*.”—“ You must prove I was prying, sir,” said I. “ before you take the liberty of charging me with it.” For if the whey *cooled my courage*, it inflamed my blood—as cold water, drank when you are hot, cools you but to throw you into a fever. Valentine only answered by abusing Mrs. Wagstaff for her deficiency of care. “ Many people here (said I, in my description, &c.), when they are angry with those who are out of their power, avenge themselves upon those who are in it.” I knew, however, I had brought the mischief upon myself. I was conscious I *had* pryed: was in the humour to have knocked anybody down who crossed me: but it was not quite *comme il faut* to knock down Violetta’s father;

ISN'T IT ODD?

with ~~an~~ inclination, too slight for a bow, I passed on: slid into my father's house, up into my chamber, changed *myself* as quickly as I could; went instinctively to the window: and saw Violetta at the *very* window which she *broke* when she saw me falling out of mine: and though she turned her head, as if she did not mean to look at me, she stood as if she meant I *should* look at her—and—she threw up the sash, and put out—a small pot of primroses—shut down the sash and vanished without appearing conscious that I was in being, much less at the opposite window—Isn't it odd?—"Had you thrown up the sash?"—No—I had not satisfied myself that her laugh was not that of scorn, till the primroses were put out: and then—it was too late—she was gone.

At breakfast I was teased with inquiries: I say teased, because every thing teased me that did not relate to Violetta;—I excused myself by saying I

had not got over my *last night's* fatigue: and that I would be more communicative at dinner. The curd and whey joke got wind among Valentine's servants: Valentine's servants told other servants: they others, and so on: and of course from the kitchens it got into the parlours; and before dinner it was half over the place. "You have been insulted by that *Valentine*," said my father. "An accident," replied I: and I related the circumstance—"exactly as it was?"—not exactly—"a *white fib*?"—No; I acknowledged going towards the window, but did not say *why*. My father might suppose I peeped in to catch a glimpse of a fine mirror, which hung there—or at Valentine's portrait in a gorgeous frame—"or *Violetta's*, which hung beside it?—Isn't it odd?" Don't cross question; it is the fundamental point of the British law, that no man is to convict himself. His *ludship* has overruled the question. "What do you suppose your father thought?"—My father had

been in love himself—will that satisfy you?—“ *But he called it nonsense.*”—White fib; white fib.—I wandered into the fields, having escaped from my father, because I saw his anger was rising: and I wished him to cool upon it.—I approached the *old* stile, over which I fell into the ditch: for that was the stile that led into the *bull* field.—Every thing alters—the *old* stile was a *new* stile, and the ditch was dried up. I sat on the stile—the primrose bank was in the prospective—indeed—very near the foreground. I could observe it, through a bush which hid any one sitting upon the stile from the observation of any one who *might* be sitting on the primrose-bank.—“ Who *was* sitting there?” Nobody—but soon came a female, and—“ sat there?”—No—went another way—it was—“ *Violetta?*” No—Mrs. Wagstaff. At length—was it accident? was it design? came—*Violetta*. She stopped, and gazed on the bank—I stepped

from the stile—she looked forward, as if her thoughts recurred to the bull,—saw me—I stepped forward—she vanished round the hedge, which parted, and left a communication between the two fields. “*She must mean me to approach,*” thought I; “*this is love’s decoy.*”—I ran, or rather flew, turned the corner bush, and came in full contact with—Mrs. Wagstaff! I looked as sour as the whey tasted: “Dear me, Mr. Marmaduke,” said she, “you almost knocked me down.”—“I beg pardon,” said I, “I didn’t see you.”—“Now then,” says she, “you may believe I didn’t see you this morning”—and pointing with her cane to a clump of bushes—and winking significantly—she passed me through the opening, whispering as she passed.—“I know she’ll scold me.”—I was surprised and delighted—I actually kissed her hand—and went, with a trembling heart towards the bushes; I was fearful even of my footsteps sounding on the

unechoing grass.—I scarcely dared breathe—Violetta was unconscious of my being so near, and peeped out of her concealment. Our eyes met—I saw her turn pale in an instant—she staggered: I flew forward—she lay fainting in my arms.—“*Sir Lionel has lost his direction, thought you?*”—No—I thought—nothing. I felt I wanted support myself—when—I pressed her lips for the first time.—She recovered—Mrs. Wagstaff was with us at the instant.—“Here’s my brother,” said she, “he has not seen us—you must part.”—We only looked—I forced my way through a hedge: brambles were straws opposed to my arms: but my head came in contact with the stump of a pollard oak in the next field, concealed by the hedge: I was stunned by the blow; and for a moment forgot where I was: but upon recovering, found myself lying in a quagmire, and my father looking at me.

“ I’m born to be unfortunate,” said I, in the inconsiderateness of vexation—
“ I’m born to be unfortunate.”—“ To be a fool, you mean,” said my father. It was polite : but as *Sin* says, in *Wild Oats*, “ Musn’t *lather*, feyther.”—
“ Why, your face is all over scratches,” said he.—“ And my heart too,” thought I.—
“ What possessed you to force your way through the hedge?” said he.—“ A whim,” said I.—“ Pish !” said he ; and looking through the hedge, he caught a glimpse of Valentine, Violetta, and Mrs. Wagstaff.—“ Pray,” said he, “ have you been speaking to Violetta ?” —“ No,” said I.—
I had not.—“ I should hope,” continued he, “ her being perpetually in company with your avowed rival, her father’s acknowledged choice, and, apparently her own, would prevent such a folly. You look impatient : but Violetta has played the coquette too much in public with Sir Lionel to have any regard for you ; and you cannot stoop,

I should imagine, to rank *second* in her train to the man you called out on her account as an *equal*." I made no answer; I could not—"I would have said *amen*, but *amen* stuck in my throat." And why would I have said *amen*? Because, I began to think if she had a regard for me, she had sullied it by a public denial of it—and yet—what had just passed reconciled every thing—yet, perhaps it was—I could'nt tell what. "People," (wrote I in my Description of London,) "run their heads against posts: and then wonder how they came broken."

I appeared in this interview with Violetta to have run my head against a post, and I wondered what was the matter with it—it ached so—I was so giddy. I had no business, after hearing about her dancing and jigging with my rival, and wearing his colours—and laughing at the figure I cut when I was "a whey-faced loon,"—to think of her;

yet—the primrose-pot at the window—
her gazing on the primrose-bank—
hiding herself from me, and fainting
in my arms: were they not apologies?
“I will,” said I, “see her, put the ques-
tion, make her explain, and know my
fate.”—But I *said it to myself*.

CHAP. IV.

I WENT to old Welford's: and was introduced to Mrs. *Bob* that *was* to be; so Welford always named her—she certainly might be very eligible to marry, being rich; but not to fall in love with, as *I* thought—but, as love and marriage are not invariably connected, that might be of no consequence: at least the old man thought so.

“ In London,” (wrote I, in my description,) “ and elsewhere, they say ‘ marry first, and love afterwards.’—This is Marriage drawing a bill for Time upon Love: who accepts, and nineteen times in twenty dishonours it: and poor Matri-

mony is left in the lurch; or, *afterwards*, being an indefinite date, he never acknowledges the bill due, and refuses payment till it is: and either way the drawer is disappointed.”—There is a stupid story of a man who gave an ignorant person a bill, and made it due, not on a specified day of any month, but on a named *saint's* day not in the calendar: the holder having the cheat pointed out to him, went to a lawyer for advice, who counselled him to present it on ALL SAINTS' DAY: “*but how does this apply to the subject in question?*” Love *afterwards* is *All Saints' Day*, which is seldom *sanc-tified* but in the calendar.

Old Welford, having projected a *fête*, had asked all his neighbours: and particularly my *father and Valentine*, hoping to effect a reconciliation.—Both were there—and *both* their families: that is, father and mother and I, on *our* part; father and daughter and Mrs. Wagstaff, on *their* part.—I was afraid I should

dance no dance but *St. Vitus's* that night. To the astonishment of everybody, old Welford, who insisted upon being master of the ceremonies, matched Valentine with my mother, my father with Mrs. Wagstaff, and me with *Violetta*: all stared—yet all seemed glad.—I don't know how it was, but my father didn't seem displeased; he had not to dance with Valentine: and Valentine, not having to dance with my father, seemed proud of being paired with my mother.—“But, sir—such *old* folks *dance*.”—“Every body in London,” (wrote I, in my description), “do as they please.”—Everybody did as they pleased here; and London fashions always preponderate in the country. Besides, sir, my father had been a great dancer in his youth—ladies *always* are (with a few exceptions, and my mother was not one) and “people
 O’Gallaghan as
 proved him go

perfectly cured.”—Besides, a dance among friends, dear sir, is not like a dance at Almack’s, Willis’s, &c. &c. &c. &c., where there are *critics* in *dancing*: there were *none* here—only critics in goodwill, who never looked at the *feet* but the *faces* of the dancers. We stood up—I met Violetta—our *hands joined*!—judge of my feelings. Valentine didn’t seem to relish it: but the eyes of all his neighbours were upon him: and he did not know how to express his disinclination. The dance began—the dance went on—the dance was finished; and at the conclusion—my father and Valentine were sitting in chat!—my mother with Mrs. W,—and I with Violetta—*isn’t it odd?*

“Dancing” (wrote I, in my Description of London,) “is the best remedy imaginable against the spleen; and if the ministry and opposition would but get at it pell-mell, dancing together with as much spirit as they do pell-mell at

disputing in the house, they'd soon be all of a mind."—I sat by Violetta—and we conversed—in broken sentences—as I write. I had prepared myself, and was resolved, if possible, to ascertain the real state of her heart.

"My dear Miss," said I—"Si~~~~ir?" said she.—(N. B. ~~~~ indicates fluttering, or bashfulness, or tremulous apprehension).—I replied, "My dear Miss, I have heard"———"Nonsense." said my father very loudly to Valentine, at the instant; and Violetta said to *me*, casting down her eyes—"I apprehend your meaning; and your father has answered your question." "Dear Violetta," rejoined I, (with a thousand ~~~~~s), "tell me—pray—is the *question*, or what I have heard, *nonsense*?" "Yes, sir," said Violetta.

Reader, have you never asked a bashful young lady whether she preferred *this* or *that*, and she answered you, "*Yes, sir*:" which left you, as to

information, just where you was? Such was Violetta's reply. I had put two distinct points to her, in total opposition to each other, and she answered, "Yes:" to which could her answer apply? ANGELIC Violetta," said I—[You remark my *climacterical* mode, I hope?]—"ANGELIC Violetta," said I, "discriminate—is Sir Lionel"—"Ejected, I tell you," said Valentine, as loudly to my father as he had spoken to Valentine; they were in the heat of argument. "Will *that* answer do?" said Violetta: and turned away to talk to Miss Martin:—isn't it odd? A second dance took place; previous to which, some spiteful creature said, "Do we change partners?" I bawled peevishly, "No—no;" many tittered, some smiled, and Violetta blushed; but dropped her hand into mine; as much as to say, "don't let me go." And, as if she *had* said so, I said to her, "Never!" "What?" said she. —"Part

with my"—I was going to say "my dear Violetta."—I *looked* it: and the soft pressure I intruded upon her hand *said* it.—She blushed—I ventured to say, "My dear Violetta!" *afterwards*—and she said, "What? Marmaduke," in a manner as if she had not heard "*my dear*"—but she had not called me by my *name* before—wasn't it odd?

We didn't change partners—Old Welford said, "We are all best as we *be*"—for he was dancing with the rich widow, whose farm adjoined his own, and whom he was "sweet upon;" and he, (to use his own phrase for dancing,) "*shook a leg*" hard enough to shake it out of his stocking.

Our *first* dance began bashfully: and ended bravely—our *second*, was "*all alive* at"—*somewhere*; I forget *where*: but I am sure we were all alive at Old Welford's. We *kissed our partners* when it was over; a thing of course, in the country—Lucky Marmaduke! "Sen-

sible people in *the country*, always kiss their partners after a dance," (wrote I,) it isn't fashionable in London: though *walking* is—isn't it odd?"

We were now to change partners. "Heigho!"—said I, as Violetta and I parted: she falteringly whispered—"You shall know all—good-bye"—and she *half* returned the pressure of my hand—wasn't this an *acme*?

"She came to very speedily and conveniently."—Your card, sir.

"But could you digest all this, knowing what you did?"

Your card, sir.

"In short, were you so easily gulled?"

YOUR CARD, sir.

"Patience, and shuffle the cards—had she not coquetted shamefully with Sir Lionel?"

Did she not say she would explain?

"Well, play your cards how you will—we shall see what COLOUR turns up trumps."

Not Sir Lionel's, for a thousand pounds.—"In London, (said I in my

description,) people settle every thing by a wager; and *done* and *done*, goes round till somebody is sure to be *done* at last: while the *long odds* bring many to *short commons*." The story of the waiter dropping down in a fit, and the company laying wagers whether he was dead or no; and refusing entrance to a medical man, lest one side should lose by his interference; and then in the true spirit of buckism, ordering him, in case death was the consequence, to be "put down to the bill," is well known; and is an appropriate specimen of *settling by bet* in London—"Is it true?" If every historian were obliged to vouch for the truth of all he publishes, who'd be an historian?

We changed partners: I had Mrs. Bob: but throughout the dance, I kept looking so perpetually every way that Violetta went, my neck was stiff all the next day. I might have

been dancing with an Indian squaw, for any thing I knew to the contrary; for I never looked at my partner, but with vacant eyes; for speculating upon her was out of the question: and so absorbed was I with the thoughts of Violetta, that at the close of the dance, I actually said—(addressed to Mrs. Bob,) “My dear angel, shall I get you some lemonade?” but was instantly brought to my senses, by hearing in a hoarse tone, “No, then; I’d rather have a drop o’ hale: I’m not fond of your rot-gut stuff.” I was brought to my senses, with a witness; when I recollected I had to kiss my partner—“And what did you do?—What a gentleman ought; kissed her. If I had not taste enough to think her handsome, I had too much feeling to let her know I thought so. Yes, sir, I kissed her three times over: it satisfied her; and if you an’t satisfied, go and kiss her yourself—and

then—I never liked onions, for my part.

Old Welford's dancing and gallantry made such an impression upon the widow, that their marriage was actually settled that night—"would somebody else's were," thought I.—

Suddenly—Sir *Lionel Lovel* was announced! Through Valentine, he had frequently *honoured* the village assemblies: and a title, without either honesty or talent, is an approved introduction in town as well as in country—*isn't it odd?*—But consider the *honour*—"consider the fright," as the Hackney-coachman said to Tunzey, when the latter objected to the fare: asked: indeed, whenever he called a coach, the coachman always looked at his springs before he would venture to take him. Old Welford appeared not to consider the honour so much as the interruption. Valentine pulled up, and

looked grand ; my father and mother never altered their looks on such occasions ; the rest of the company had their eyes fixed upon Violetta and me ; and they seemed to express pity. Violetta shrunk from observation ; I was much chagrined, and somewhat disconcerted ; but evinced neither. The baronet entered—in *boots and spurs*—(O—h ! thought I—) sauntered in : shook hands with Valentine ; nodded to Old Welford ; half nodded to several others, and not at all to my father : looked round for Violetta, (to whom her father was beckoning in vain,) and though he did not see *her*, he *did* see me ; and involuntarily exclaimed, “ O—h ! ”—but, as we had fought, etiquette demanded a polite bow, which was given, and returned. My father’s eye fixed upon me, to see how I would behave. Sir Lionel, having at last discovered Violetta, *made his way* through the company

to her; and addressing her with, "My dear creature, I must have the honour of going down a dance with you:" and calling out "Welford, my good fellow, order them to strike up again," he led, or rather forced, Violetta, in spite of her remonstrances, to the head of those couples who were arranging themselves; (her partner relinquishing her to ~~him~~ who was expected to marry her;) he apologized for his boots; and had just called a dance, when Violetta burst into tears: and said she *could dance no more*. "O—h!" said the Baronet, and reluctantly conducted her again to her seat: her father scowling at her; and Mrs. Wagstaff scowling as angrily at the Baronet: the rest of the company tittering. The Baronet was a little disconcerted; but it was not his way to *appear* so, long; and therefore, turning to Mrs. Bob, who was standing alone (as his entering had diverted my attention from her) he

said, "Come, you must dance with me." "I never *dances* with *boots*," said she, "and *must's* for your master:" and she immediately came and gave me her hand. "O—h!" said he,—"*Fine!*" thought I, while he, putting the best face on he could, said—"I shall stand out this time," and taking Valentine on one side, they sat down, engaging in a *confab* together, while we danced—and they drank—and by the time the dance was over, Sir Lionel began to be *fresh*—or *tipsy*, or *cut*, or any thing else you may please to call it.

He now proved very troublesome to the ladies; I was sitting near Violetta, which brought him towards the spot: but I, to prevent any unpleasantness to Violetta, engaged in conversation with Miss Martin; whom he addressed in a manner I could not suffer to pass unnoticed; and I said loudly: Sir Lionel Lovell, I never *suffer* any lady to be interrupted, who is honouring me with

her conversation.” „ “I beg the *lady's* pardon,” said he sneeringly.—“ Yes,” said Old Welford, who was very indignant, “ and if he begged all the company's pardon, it would only be proper: he *have* disturbed and insulted 'em all; though he were not *ared*; and I say it, though I be in my own house, and I be bound to affront nobody; but, dang it, that gentleman do beat all I ever came near; and I've said it, though he *be* a *barrow knight*.” —“ O—h!” said Sir Lionel, and, walking down the room, with affected *nonchalance*, he beckoned me; and taking Valentine by the arm, went out of the room. I was following, when Violetta, forgetting apparently every thing but a sense of the danger she conceived I was in, caught my hand, and, with tears in her eyes, said, “ Don't go, Marmaduke.” All eyes were upon my father; who said “ Go.” —“ O, they'll fight, they'll fight,” cried several voices.—“ Pish!” said my father; and

led me out of the room—my *eyes* were certainly out the *last*. We found Sir Lionel and Valentine in the hall: “Am I,” said the baronet, to me, “to consider your attack as a studied affront upon my honour?” “You may consider it as what you please,” said I,—“O—h!” said he, “*Your card then*”—offering his. “Young Sir,” said my father to him, “do you imagine, after having insulted a room full of females, you possess sufficient claim to honour, to entitle you to demand *any* satisfaction for being reprehended in your rudeness?”

“I addressed myself to your son, sir,” said Sir Lionel, “and shan’t submit to be schooled by his father,”—(to me,) “You are in possession of my requisition, sir,”—*holding out his card*.—“Sir Lionel, (said I,) when your conduct is that of a gentleman, you *may* be entitled to ask, what is called, gentlemanly satisfaction; but I do not at present consider myself liable to be re-

quired to defend conduct which resulted from an *ungentlemanly* offence, on your part; offered to a lady, honouring me with her conversation; and if there be any justification for duelling, upon a principle of honour, that principle can never be pleaded by those who live in a shameless violation of decency; nor by those on whose existence the happiness of others depend."

"O—h!" said he, "then I shall post you."—"Sir Lionel," said I, "if you dare take a liberty with my name, now or in future, wherever you may be, I will find you, and inflict the chastisement due from a man, to one who can degrade that character." "Devilish fine," said he, "but I can't hold parley with a poltron." I *had* convinced him I could stand fire; but had not convinced him I *could not stand* insolence,—I knocked him down,—I could not avoid it—"save him right," said a sturdy farmer (who had entered, and with my father, pre-

vented Valentine's interference,) he's big enough to take his own part; and if he can't do that, let *un* tak' a *licking*, for his want o' manners, I say."—Sir Lionel, who rose *rather* more slowly than he fell, said " *Cuss* me, but this is peculiar. I shall not retaliate by imitating the blackguard, and you must meet me, or resign all claim to the character of a gentleman, or a man of courage."—" I challenge you *now*," said I, " to a proper exertion of courage—follow me," and I rushed across the way, for a noise outside the house, and screams of persons in distress, occasioned the hall door to be opened; and we beheld a house, in which were several small children, in flames—I rushed in—but saw *Sir Lionel* no more—I returned from the house, with an infant in my arms, and my coat and hair on fire; I threw the infant on some loose straw, and jumped into the horse-pond—the children were all saved by the farmers

and rustics, at the risk of their own lives; although not one of them would have fought a duel. I did not leave the spot till assured all were safe; and then I ran home. My father, who had offered his services to the family, soon followed me, with a child on each arm; his gallantry not allowing my mother to carry either, lest she should spoil her paduasoy.

CHAP. V.

WHEN my father and mother reached home, the infants were soothed with sweetmeats, and put to bed; and I, having previously summoned the doctor, went to bed as quickly as I could; and fell into so sound a sleep, through fatigue and flurry that I didn't dream even of Violetta all night—isn't it odd? Three days I was obliged to keep in the house; was under the necessity of having my head shaved, my hair had been so burned; but my father's hair-dresser, being adroit in his business, made me a wig in imitation of my natural hair, so cleverly, that the difference was not perceptible. I had the mort-

fication to hear that Valentine, early the next morning, took Violetta—*where*, no one knew—not even Mrs. Wagstaff; who came over to see how I was; and came to my bed-side; for, the first day, I lay in bed, by the doctor's order. She told me Violetta could not write, she was removed so suddenly; but that she *herself* would, before I went, explain *all the riddle* about Sir Lionel and Violetta; and gave me before she left me a purse, made of very small beads, constructed for me by Violetta; the beads were of different colours; and on each side were introduced a *violet and primrose twined together*—the frame work to which the lock was attached, was gold; engraved with a cipher *M. and V.*—and in it was a *gold seal, device a primrose and violet entwined*—and a *small locket, with a lock of her hair*—all which she had been preparing from the time she heard I was coming—for—she well knew how I loved her; though I little knew how

she loved me. How I *gazed* at these presents, and how I *kissed* them, and how I *talked* to them, I shall not say—but leave all *young* lovers to guess, from *experience*—she was mine—that is—her heart was—but she was gone: should I ever see her more?—I got well; and my term for returning to town came. Two days before my departure, I saw Mrs. Wagstaff; and heard the promised detail—which I shall give in substance, omitting all the old lady's *says she's*, and *says I's*, and *says he's*, and *says they's*, and *whereupon's*, and *whereas's*, and *you know's*, and *you see's*, &c. &c. &c., there were so many of them.

Sir Lionel and Valentine became first acquainted on the race-course at Newmarket: for Valentine was fond of sport, and was much richer than he chose to own: they *went halves*—as boys at school say—in a very considerable bet, which they won: and nothing binds friendship in this world like money. Sir Lionel

discovered that Valentine had plenty; and Valentine discovered that Sir Lionel had a good estate: and good estates being good securities, Valentine had an itching for vesting some part of his 30,000*l.*—for he had it—in such. Now, opportunely, Sir Lionel wanted money; who does not in these remarkable times?—and, in short, Valentine lent him 20,000*l.* on mortgage. Valentine fell in love with Sir Lionel's estate; and Sir Lionel fell in love with Valentine's daughter. Valentine had learned tricks on the turf, and made Sir Lionel suppose him richer than he was; for he took it in his head that his daughter would grace a title.—“Lady Lovel,” said he—to Mrs. Wagstaff—“it will be a fine thing for her: he is taken with the girl: and having spread the net, I'll lure him into it.”—The way he began was to press Sir Lionel for his money; for the mortgage was conditional: and there were conditions which Sir Lionel could not fulfil

at the proper time; and *then* to be asked for the money, with a gentle intimation of foreclosing if it was not forthcoming, was awkward—and Valentine still kept contriving to get him deeper in debt; and even borrowed money himself for that purpose. In conclusion it was settled—that Sir Lionel should marry Violetta; and Valentine (who had luckily got a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery) should add 10,000*l.* more to the money due for the mortgage as Violetta's fortune; and the baronet was to settle an income adequate to such a fortune upon her, in case of his death. Violetta, who loved her father as all good children should love their parents, was now acquainted with the circumstance: and *commanded*—to love Sir Lionel—isn't it odd? and afterwards to *honour* and *obey* him. She said, "It was possible she might be able to *obey* him—but, to *love* and *honour* him were out of the question. She was *commanded*

to do both—*forbidden* to think of anybody else—the “*fine lad*” was *nobody* now—she was threatened with the parental curse if she did not accept Sir Lionel as a suitor; and appear to do so in the face of the world. She was then, through the tyranny of her father, and the meanness of her suitor, exhibited to the public gaze as the *intended* of Sir Lionel, and forced to wear an appearance of content when her heart was almost breaking. She always *thought* I loved her: but as she never heard anything of me, and as my parents were cool to her, she doubted; and in a sullen sort of despair submitted to persecution with an appearance of resignation.—The duel first roused her to something like hope, that *I* had not forgotten her. Bob's *ruse* with the *violet* and *primrose*, and the reports he spread, increased the feeling to *actual* hope—the rest you know, reader. Their marriage was once fixed,

and postponed in consequence of Violetta's affecting illness: another time it was fixed, and Sir Lionel found a pretext for putting it off: isn't it odd? Indeed, Valentine had not penetration enough to see that all his love for Violetta was feigned: but Valentine was useful to him; and he was so much in Valentine's debt; and Valentine in debt on account of monies borrowed for Sir Lionel, that Valentine began to be afraid of losing by the bargain if he did not stick close to him: for if he foreclosed, he might get his money, but lose the match: besides the probability of being left himself to pay the monies, not only that he had borrowed for him, but the money which, by Sir Lionel's art, he had been induced to become security for: and, if the match were put off too long, he might get so implicated in Sir Lionel's affairs that the alliance would turn out a *baulk* instead of a

benefit: hence he began to be seriously uneasy; and to repent his intimacy with Sir L.: especially after the election business had not only dipped deeply into Valentine's purse, but had lost him his popularity with his neighbours. Thus stood affairs when I returned home. I acquainted my father and mother with the whole I had heard; told them all that had passed between Violetta and me; shewed them the purse and seal and locket; and discovered that they knew the substance of all I had heard long before; that they loved Violetta, for they plainly saw she was sacrificing her heart at the shrine of Duty: and would have been proud of such a daughter-in-law. Moreover, my father said the *moderns* could produce as many such daughters as the *ancients*; let Fubbs say what he would—but, as they despaired of my ever having her, they wished to nip in the bud what appeared to them

a fruitless hope—an useless passion; and therefore gave me no encouragement. “And now, my boy,” said my father, act like a man of honour,—that is, a christian; and a man of discretion; and that is, of common sense—in regard to Violetta; and I leave you to yourself—your happiness shall be mine—you are to marry, not I—I pleased *myself*; you have my free will to *please yourself*; and if you get Violetta, I have no doubt but you will be as happy as your father has been, and is.”—My mother wiped a tear of joy from her eyes—we all three wiped *many*, when we parted—but, as my time with Tunzey was nearly out, I was soon to return and settle with them, and be *architect and surveyor-general to the whole country*—isn't it odd? I went melancholy to bed that night: and sat in my room looking at the candle—there was a *letter* in it—from Violetta thought I—then there was

a *winding-sheet*—for *me* thought I.—Not, reader, that I believed in such nonsense: but I was *hipped*, and wrote

TO MY TAPER.

Taper, how cheery-bright thou'rt seen,
While hast'ning to decay :
Yet thy own brilliance is the mean
That wastes thy form away.

The pale, consumptive wretch, who smiles,
And hectic cheek which glows,
But mimic thee ; for each beguiles,
By brightness, latent woes.

That cheek's florescence is the *flame*
Which feeds upon the heart :
That smile *death*, with a brighter name,
The plumage of the dart.

Thou art the poet's emblem bright,
A fervid, melting, elf ;
Who, while he burns for others' light,
Unpitied—wastes himself!

Wish not that *the gods had made thee*
poetical.

In a long conversation I had with my *dear* Mrs. Wagstaff, we laid a plan about a correspondence with Violetta, should she come back—"God knows," said she, "my brother is not the same man." In fact he was fonder of St. Crispin than St. Valentine—Sir Lionel had taught him to drink: Sir Lionel had taught him to be—no better than he should be. I had now to part from my parents. Parting with friends is both bitter and sweet: 'tis bitter to leave them; but the hour of departure elicits such manifestations of affection, that these are—what there always is in Heaven's ordinances—"A present help in time of trouble."—Though the evil one scatter tares, the good angel is there sowing the good seed: and *these* take the deepest root.

This parting with friends is like a summer evening, when the sun is going down; and when, to make us as cheerful as he can, he gilds every casement;

to dazzle us by the glitter, and draw off reflection from the event of his departure, till it comes ; while he gives every object a mellow tint ; and one never looks on a mellow tint without the mind's imbibing something of its repose. Good-bye—bless you all !—All's right ! —toot ! toot ! toot !—yaeup !—I'm off for London.

CHAP. VI.

My companions in the stage were, a square-set Jew: an athletic military officer: a stout quaker: a fat gentleman; and a fat lady, with her son Neddy, about twelve years old, on her lap; or, allowed by courtesy to squeeze in on the seat—four in a row—in the dog-days too!—but, as Terence once said—from the beautiful Sterne—with a little twist of the *maning*,

“Heaven tempers the *lamb* to the *shorn wind*.”

Seven insides, and we bore it!—isn't it odd?—To be sure they were only licensed to carry *six insides*—the act not

determining whether they were to be *long* or *short sixes*—which makes a *difference* in the *diameter*—but then—“ In London (said I, in my description,) every body takes leave without license: and this was a London coach: and who ever cares a farthing for the horses?—when they are *done up*, more are to be had.” Did you never see *nine*—*Pa* and *Ma*, *Aunt Spriggins*, the two big *gawkeys*, two *middlings*, and the two *little pets*—all in the family *go-cart*?—or, on a *hot* day, the family *oven*, drawn by—*one horse*? and this is called a party of pleasure—at any rate the horse has none of the pleasure—9 to 1!—long odds!—We were all sulky at first—as *usual*: came to by degrees, as *usual*: then, all talked at once, or as we could edge a word in, as *usual*; and nonsense took its turn oftener than common sense—as *usual*—not only in a stage coach, but every where else.

The fat gentleman, pointing out to

me a *broken* and *picturesque stile*, said, punningly, that's "*Sterne's style*:"—"Where, friend, (said the quaker, looking out,) is *Sterne's style*?" "In Holborn," said Master *Neddy*." Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile too ;"—"Ah, he knows ; do'nt you, Neddy?" said his mamma, "*vy he vent all the way to Vapping von day by himself*."

"Our cattle go but slowly," said the quaker."—"The *spirit* doesn't move 'em," said the officer. —"Friend," returned the quaker, "thou art handling a weapon thou dost not understand ; and when thou appliest the shibboleth of another's creed, charity, as well as good sense, should induce thee to apply it innocently."

"I meant nothing personal, I assure you," said the officer ; "I made use of a common expression, in the same thoughtless way in which common expressions generally are used." "I perceived thou did'st," replied the quaker, "and there-

fore took the liberty to remind thee of it; the expression is used *commonly*, as thou sayest, in derision of our persuasion — yet, young friend, light allusions to sacred subjects are always rash, and never witty; and the subject in question should never be alluded to but with the utmost awe. The *Holy Spirit* is not to be *grieved* with impunity—there is *one* sin pardonless; and trifling with danger may, at last, draw us insensibly into it—excuse me, friend.”

“Certainly, sir,” modestly, said the officer, “I never saw the subject in that light before: and I thank you for the caution.”

“*What! a young military officer and not quiz the quaker?*”—Why should he? I see no more reason why a *soldier* should be a *coxcomb*, than a *parson* a *prig*; and though there are more than *quantum sufficit* of both cloths, it does not prove that the army is composed of the one, or the church of the other:

Let a fool put on a red coat, or a black coat, or—your coat (Sir Lionel's I mean,) it won't change his nature—Isn't it odd?—I don't know *any* gentleman more of a *gentleman* than a *gentleman soldier*. “Pray, sir,” said I to the Jew, supposing him deep in the alley—“There are certain associations (*wrote I, &c.*) inconsiderately indulged, and which are inveterately prevalent in London; such as identifying quackery with physic; legerdemain with law; violence and whiggism; servility and toryism; nonsense and a new play; trash and a new novel; rhyme and poetry; nobility and fashion, &c. &c. &c. &c., as well as 'Change-alley with a Jew.—“Pray, sir, (said I,) how are present affairs likely to affect the funds?” “I don't know, (replied he,) I have nothing to do *mid* de funds; and I never *'troubles* my head *mid* any *ting* but my own pusiness.”—“Every body here (*wrote I in my description of Lon-*

don,) trouble themselves about every body else's business instead of their own: and that's the reason why nobody's business goes right."—[I wrote *mentally*—"to except the Jew when I got to town."] The quaker said, "Stocks look up, friend;"—"I 'm sorry for that," said the lady, "for I *wants* to buy in, when I *gets* to *Lammun*—(with a look of importance,)—I hope they'll fall;"—"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "should you wish inconvenience to others for the sake of your own private advantage?"—"I honour thy sentiment, friend," said the quaker, apparently delighted with the opportunity to commend.—"Vell," said the *lady*, "I don't see for my part, (she had sat swelling from the time the officer addressed her,) I don't see, for my part, any harm in *wishing* the stocks down; it's all in the *vay* of trade: I *wishes* to sell, Neddy here *wishes* to buy;"—"Yes, I should like to buy some gingerbread, ma," said

Neddy, "but you *von't* give me no money." "Vat a fool the boy is," said she—"Ah, *he knows*," (thought I,)—"I *wishes* to sell, you *wishes* to buy," (to the Jew.)—"Never *wished* any ting of the kind in my life, ma'am," said the Jew;—"Pooh!" said the lady, "I only *supposes* it by way of argement: I *wishes* to sell, and *wants* the stocks *up*: you *wishes* to buy, and *wants* 'em down—all as it should be; every *von* for themselves, and God for us all, I say."—"Ma always says that," said Neddy "don't you remember, ma, how my aunt laughed *ven* you said so, *that'ere* time that you cut the *old ooman's* string shorter, to make it fit the fender you sold her, because you hadn't *von* long enough?" "Ah, *he knows*," thought I. "Eh! you little blab," said she, "but it *was* no more *nor* this, gentlemen; I *know'd* she'd come back again, and *vile* she *was* gone I got a fender the proper size; so I *s'cured* my customer: that's

all, and *vere vas* the harm of that?"—"Dids't thou not oblige her to take the fender thou procuredst in her absence, whether she liked it or no, friend?" said the *quaker*. "Dat's only a secret of trade," said the Jew. "Vell," said she, in return, "and a very good secret too: I suppose you never *buys* bad shillings, and passes 'em too"—with a swell of triumph. "Ven I *puy*s *ped* shillings," said the Jew, "I *always* does de *pest* I can *mid* 'em." "He ought to *cut* the shillings, oughtn't he, ma?" said Neddy. "To be sure," said Mamma. The Jew—"If God is for all *dem vat* *cutch de shtrings*; he's *mid* all *dey vat* doesn't *cut de* shillings." The coach door opened—"Please to remember the coachman; I go no farther." The Jew didn't *cut* the shilling here; for he gave one instantly: Mama *did*, for she gave only *sixpence*: the rest gave what was proper—the door was shut again and we proceeded.

“ I don’t like such *imposition*,” said Mamma, “ we pays our fares and that’s enough.” “ Civility, money, friend,” said the quaker, “ is necessary anywhere ; and comfort and attention must be *purchased* every where.” “ These little gratuitous expenses,” said the officer, “ are the tolls policy pays to convenience ; the horses shod with silver generally go the lightest.” “ *Vy* they never *shoes* horses with silver, Ah ! I knows,” said Neddy, *knowingly*. “ Ah, *he* knows,” said I. “ No, my dear,” said mamma, “ the gentleman only means the coachman drives better *ven* he’s *tipped*.” “ Ah, *Ma* knows,” said Neddy—Isn’t it odd ? thought I. We talked on till we stopped to dinner. Every body knows what a stage coach dinner is—*old* acquaintances and *new* wine : just time enough to say grace, pay the bill, and leave the dinner behind you ; besides something to the waiter for—*staying* out of the room—so I needn’t

describe more. I took it in my head to stop the rest of the day here, and dine decently; so I wished my companions a pleasant journey.

The officer took it into his head he'd stop too——*Ha—ah!* thought I. “A *brace* of game always,” said Tunzey, when he saw but *one* pheasant at table, and two to eat it. My companion was a sensible, and an elegant young man; a lieutenant of infantry; his name *Artherton*: we passed the remainder of the day pleasantly indeed; and next morning agreed to post it to London, that we might enjoy the luxury of a *tête-à-tête*, congenial with our feelings; without the interruption of more Neddies and their Mammās. Captain Artherton — (“Lieutenants,” said I, &c., are always captains,) had obtained two months' leave of absence from his regiment, to visit his friends in London; and was as eager to arrive there as myself; that was another reason for our posting

it; and a third reason was, Artherton wished to go by a cross road, for the pleasure of observing a prospect, which he said was the most *beautiful* he ever saw.

“About this time twelvemonth,” said he, “I was thrown from my horse, and found senseless by a cottager, who conveyed me very humanely into his house, where I stayed a week before I was again fit to travel; we shall pass the place in our way; and I shall rejoice in calling to see how my worthy hosts are, who certainly saved my life; and I have brought them a little present in my portmanteau.”

This, thought I, must be his only reason for going out of his way; and he who would not agree to go out of his way to enjoy the sweet prospect of gratitude making an offering to humanity, deserves to be doomed to travel for ever in the high road, smothered with dust, and crammed with twelve

insides. We had gone some miles out of the direct road to London, when I discovered that I knew *that* we had entered upon—"Not far from here Artherton," said I, "lives one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw."—"Indeed!" said he, looking a little *comical*,—"It was upon this very spot," said he, "I was thrown from my horse."—"Indeed?" said I—and—"if it *should* be," thought I—the driver having dropped his whip, checked his horses to recover it; and, while we were stopping, we were attracted by an exclamation—"Tender and nouns there's the both of 'em." We instantly turned towards the direction of the voice, and saw Terence O'Shaughnessy. "Come out of that," said he, "and see what there'll be in the cottage, any way." Out we jumped, ordering the driver to follow us; and amid hearty greetings with the honest Irishman, trudged along to the cottage. I observed Artherton's face brighten up as

he approached it—as *did mine* ; and I observed he was as much busied, though not in so direct a manner, in scrutinizing my looks, as I was in analyzing his—isn't it odd? I *purposely*, inquired after the inhabitants of the cottage *generally* ; and Artherton was as little *personal* in his inquiries as myself—Terence answered, as it happened, in *generals* ; and as we approached the cottage we heard an *infant* cry—at that moment I discovered—not the longitude, but something very like it; for Artherton's face was *as long as my arm*—and Terence's I could not describe—it exhibited such a mixture of vexation, and apprehension ; and was screwed up with so ludicrous a twist, I could scarcely forbear laughing—“ blood and ouns!” said he to himself; and bustled forward to enter the cottage first; but I was determined he should not; and stuck as close to him as calumny does to misfortune. We entered together, and I saw a lovely infant in Judy's lap; and a

young female, (whose face I did not see; but she had much the figure of Kathleen,) slipped out of the room—isn't it odd?—Terence, unobserved by Artherton, looked at me, and, putting his finger to his lips, taught me that he wished me to be neither curious nor communicative—I *looked* him a *satisfactory answer*, and began with “ Ah, Mrs. Shaughnessy, how d'ye do? you little expected to see me; or my companion? “ Sure and *sowl*, sir,” said she, “ and I didn't—Terence, get the gentlemen *sates*,” and she seemed as confused as her husband; who placed behind me the only chair in the room which had but *three legs*; and while Artherton was paying his respects to Judy, I was paying mine to the cottage floor. “ O, the powers! Terence,” said Judy, “ what have you been after doing?”—“ Only *flooring* me in a friendly way,” said I—“ Arrah,” said Terence, “ I'm taken so unawares, I don't know what I am about; it was

that same chair that tumbled down the little gentleman in the big wig, last night; and, when I'm bothered, if there be a wrong way of doing any thing right, Terence is the boy for it." I was soon seated firmly; and Judy said, "Here, Terence, draw the ale, while I spread the table," and popping out of the room, and returning *without* the infant, she set about the task; without inquiring whether or no we required refreshment, but—

"*Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*"

The table was spread in an instant, and we sat down; Artherton appeared to have no appetite—I had—yet we all seemed a little disconcerted—Terence tried to be comical, and made bulls purposely, to make us laugh; and we did laugh, in compliment; but with as little mirth as every body laughs who puts the visible muscles in motion merely for good manners.—"That's Kathleen's child," thought I—Artherton seemed to think

so too—"How's Kathleen?" said I, with a little embarrassment, for fear the question should in any way betray the confidence Terence had imposed on me—"Pretty well," said Terence, "she won't be at home now." "We none of us seem to be at home," thought I—Artherton stifled a sigh in the direction of my ear, as he turned round, that none might hear it. "That was a beautiful infant you had here when we came in," said he. "He's fishing," thought I; the bait wouldn't do—Terence and his wife were *odd fish*, and were shy; they were deaf to the inquiry.

The repast over, Artherton ordered the driver, (who had been regaled, as well as his horses baited,) to bring in his portmanteau: out of which he produced a *silver tankard*, ciphered TJO., and, presenting it to Terence, said, "You must add to the kindness I experienced when here last, by accepting this, as a proper receptacle for your ex-

cellent ale ; to drink the health of the worthy O'Rourke, of whom you told me." " Power of St. Patrick," said O'Shaughnessy, " *will* I be such an intruder on your generosity, Sir ?" " An indulger of my gratitude, rather," said Artherton ; and, filling the tankard from the pitcher, he raised it to his lips and gave " *O'Rourke*,"—which was drank round from the tankard ; and the ale *went down* so sweetly, the tankard *went down* after it—but not the same way. Artherton then produced a handsome gown piece, of which he requested Judy's acceptance. " O, fait now, and Captain Artherton, (said Judy,) I'm ashamed that you'd be after thinking any more of the little *sarvice* of duty we did ; and here *we'll* be robbing you for it." " Don't *mention* it," thought I.—" Wear it for my sake," said Artherton. She curtsied thanks and acceptance : and he now opened a black case, in which were a neat gold necklace, and

ear-rings, and locket, enriched by a few pearls, tastefully disposed, "These," said he, "I intended for—Kathleen,"—and he faltered a little—"she is not here, and—perhaps,"—"She won't be here for some time," said Terence. Artherton seemed not to know how to act—he could not get at what he wanted; and—something stuck in his throat when he attempted to speak—the child's *pap spoon*, perhaps, for that was missing, as well as the child; and when he entered he certainly devoured the *child and all* appertaining to it—with his eyes. "If I thought," said he, "these trifles would be accepted by Kathleen, I should consider the distinction of being so recollected by her as too honourable not to increase the gratitude which the trouble she took with me excited." Terence and Judy looked at each other, and both looked grave—"Arrah now," said Terence, "I'm bothered to acknowledge your honour's good-

ness; and to be the *manes* of refusing it; but Kathleen is the property of another, and——” “I understand you,” said Artherton, putting up the jewels—“give Captain Artherton’s compliments to her, and tell her he will ever preserve a grateful impression of her kindness;”—and turning to me—“we’d better be going,” said he; when, who should walk in but *the little man in the big wig*.—““Why, Fubbs,” said I, “is it holiday time?”—“Yes,” said he—questions and answers, why and wherefore, followed; I handed him the three-legged chair; and the chair, himself and his wig instantly made the three points of a triangle. “If school’s *up*, your’e *down*,” said I, “a proof that the modern *quadruped* is preferable to the ancient *tripod*.”—“You *won’t* be hurt, sir, I hope?” said Terence, raising him from the floor,—I officiously replacing his wig. “Hurt,” said he, “no—but the next trick he plays me, I’ll forgive him.”

“ A bargain,” said I, “ here’s too it,” drinking and presenting him the ale, with which he washed down the little ill humour he exhibited; and as he had only looked in to bid Terence farewell, before he went to the town to catch the London coach, we invited him to take a seat in the chaise with us; which, he gladly accepted, and we set off together—I, whispering to Artherton, “ We havn’t seen your *prospect* yet.”—“ It has vanished,” said he—and he didn’t speak a word for the first two miles.

CHAP. VII.

FUBBS's appearance at the cottage, I could not account for otherwise, than by referring to that mystery which appeared in every thing I observed connected with that cottage, when I was there with O'Rourke; and I conceived that Fubbs had been there on some secret commission from him: but I could get no satisfactory answer to any inquiry I made of him—wasn't it odd?—for which, (having had his pardon beforehand), I determined to take some pleasant revenge. It was *certainly* Kathleen I saw, thought I—and then the child—and then O'Rourke's mystery—

and then such a lovely girl as Kathleen in such a remote place—and the daughter of people she did not resemble—I did not know what to think—appearances—“ In London,” said I, in my description, “ people judge only by appearances ; which are nine times in ten false.—How loving that couple in company are!—bless you they’re *not at home*—how *patriotically* that member speaks—he’s *out*—and how *loyally* the other—he’s *in*—*cum multis aliis, cæteris paribus*—isn’t it odd?”

“ Appearances deceive,” thought I—“ O’Rourke’s nobleness ; Terence’s honesty ; Fubbs’s integrity ; and Kathleen’s innocence—impossible there can be anything wrong—the girl’s married—but why *still* mystery?—it’s odd, certainly ; time will shew, as Welford said.”

About six, we stopped to dine ; but we sat down to dinner not half so gaily as Artherton and I did the day before.

He concluded, as I did, that Kathleen was married: and his *prospect* had vanished. I had revolved in my mind some mode of playing Fubbs a trick: and thinking it would serve to revive Artherton's spirits, I conferred with him on the subject. To bring it about effectually, and that we might have one more pleasant evening together before we parted, I proposed our remaining at the inn till next morning; to which he agreed, and Fubbs was easily induced to acquiesce. We laid our plan before dinner, and pushed the bottle about, not forgetting the rum toddy, which our *magister* preferred to the most esteemed wines. After our wine, Artherton and I slipped out, severally, leaving Fubbs over his toddy and the Times newspaper: and strolling into the fields, we gathered a quantity of the same *tormentors* with which I formerly lined Fubbs's wig.

When we returned, the waiter told

us Fubbs was gone for a walk. I ascertained his bedroom, and, slipping into it, strewed the *hep* seeds between the sheets of his bed, and fastened packthread to the top of the clothes, which were turned down; and conveying the string under the counterpane brought it out at the foot of the bed, under the carpeting, through the doorway, leaving the end of it concealed by the passage cloth; intending when he was sufficiently tormented by the *hep* seeds, to pull the clothes with a jirk down upon the floor. *Very mischievous indeed*, you'll say, reader, as fatal consequences are sometimes produced by persons being abruptly awakened in so violent a manner: but, allow me to say, that I knew my man; that his *nerves* were never to be put into such a state of fearful agitation: and that, having been a complete trickster himself, in such cases his presence of mind never forsook him: and *he himself taught*

me this trick, though at the same time he told me he was once concerned in a similar one which had nearly proved fatal to a young person on whom it was practised.

Artherton and I, to divest Fubbs's mind of any thing like suspicion of our being at all inclined to any thing like levity, appeared all the evening not only dull, but melancholy: and Fubbs rallied us for being so. I complained of a head-ach, and Artherton retired, wishing us good night: I soon followed, and joined him in his room, which was near to that of Fubbs; whom we had the pleasure to hear not long after, ascend the stairs, enter his room, and lock the door. We listened—heard him get into bed; and waited impatiently for the effects of the tantalization the hep seeds would occasion him. We waited, eagerly listening, for half an hour; all was silent; till our ears were saluted with—Fubbs's

snoring—isn't it odd? “Is it possible,” said I, “he could sleep? Let's wake him, however: here Artherton, take the extremity of this packthread, and stand by the head of the stairs, as we must pull in that direction; and I'll pull nearer to the door—are you ready?”—“Yes”.—“Go, then, with a good jerk.”—He did—head over heels down stairs, and I after him, with about three yards of the string in our hands, which came away; for it proved, that the string had been cut, and the bed-clothes producing no resistance against us when we pulled, we both lost our balance. To make it worse, we were in the dark; for when Artherton brought out his candle, I advised him to take it back again, for fear the light should betray us: but he put it out, forgetting that when I joined him in his room, I had extinguished my candle, by letting it fall. We clearly discovered that Fubbs had detected our scheme: so

we had nothing to solace us under our disappointment, but the shame of a defeat, and the vexation of groping our way to bed in the dark. I turned the clothes down to get into bed, and at the same moment the alarm-bell affixed to the window-bar rung. I immediately slipped into Artherton's room, and told him to come with me for there were thieves at my window; and we should, probably, if we proceeded cautiously, secure them. Artherton caught up his pistols, and gave me one; we removed the bell, the bar, and the shutters, as rapidly and as quietly as we could; opened the window, and saw a parcel of cats on a house-top, who set up a general squall, as if in derision; and Artherton, vowing he would not be made a fool for nothing, fired at, and dispersed them in a moment: the noise of the pistol set the house-dogs a barking, and brought down the landlord in his shirt, (for all were in bed,) to know

what was the matter. We explained the circumstance of the alarm-bell ringing; and accompanied the landlord, two waiters and the ostler, whom the pistol and the dogs had alarmed, all over the premises and yard, to see if there were any robbers concealed; but all was safe; so we procured lights, and returned to bed.

I heard Artherton jump into bed, and at that instant two or three bells *below* rang together so violently, that he jumped up again: and down again came the landlord and the waiters: another search all over the house took place equally fruitless; and the landlord, whether or no he suspected any trick we could not divine, seemed rather sulky—perhaps our consciousness of guilt relative to Fubbs put such a thought into our heads: however, as he *said* nothing of the kind, we thought it impolite to intrude our opinions. Artherton and I, mortified at hearing Fubbs con-

tinuc to snore so comfortably, agreed to examine our beds, and discovered strings affixed to the clothes, and so artfully disposed that they had communication with all the bells in question—these we cut: and vowed vengeance on Fubbs, to whom alone we could impute the trick, executed upon his having discovered ours. Having laid our plan, we retired to our respective rooms: and I had not laid my head on the pillow an instant when I was seized with a violent fit of sneezing. I immediately divined that Fubbs had strewed the pillow-cases with hellebore; and upon examining them I found my suspicions true. I stripped off the cases, and betook myself to bed again, not without fear—but fell comfortably asleep: and, waking early, I sat up, and seizing the handle of the bell-rope, which was withinside the head-cloth, as is usual, I pulled it to summon the servant; when, instead of hearing a bell ring, I heard a sort of

clicking noise, and in an instant I was deluged by a shower-bath through the tester cloth, which was flat, and *not impervious*. I was electrified: but recovering my breath, jumped out of bed: and contriving by means of a table and chair, to surmount the tester, there I discovered *that* part of a shower-bath which contains the water, with the bell-rope very adroitly fastened to it, and released from the bell-wire to prevent its ringing.

My trunk supplied me with dry linen. I dressed as quick as I could, and tapped at Artherton's door; who let me in, and told me he had not slept a wink the whole night: for that the hep-seeds had been removed into his bed: and though he had removed the sheets, the blankets were as well supplied: and that at last he was obliged to lie upon the mattress with the counterpane and the bed-side carpets over him. How to be revenged upon Fubbs on the spot was

immediate object: we heard him still our snoring: and we were prepared to pay the landlord something handsome for any inconvenience which might result from our tricks. It is necessary to remark that our three bed-rooms were in a sort of passage detached from the staircase, so that no one came through it but who came purposely to the chambers it contained—consequently no one could observe us while carrying on our operations. We removed the shower-bath from the top of the tester; and there being a projecting beam in the ceiling over the entrance to Fubbs's room, I, recollecting that I had seen some old screws, and a gimlet in a basket in the passage of the room where we dined, slipped down, brought up the gimlet and two screws, and we introduced them by means of a pocket-knife blade into the beam: to these, by cords, we attached the shower-bath, exactly over Fubbs's door, and emptied

into it both our water-pitchers and bottles ; and fastening a cord, which had been round my trunk, to the bath, we carried the end of it into Artherton's room, which afforded us the best direction in which to pull it ; and then waited Fubbs's egress silently, like spiders watching their prey. We heard him stir—what a delightful sensation !—we conceived we heard him chuckling—Oh ! how we chuckled at the idea of our *anticipated* triumph—we heard the door unlocked—opened—heard his step—*pulled* the cord—heard the rush of the water, and heard—in a furious voice we had *never heard* before, such words of rage as I must beg to be excused mentioning : we were paralyzed—peeped, and saw a colossus of a grazier, whom I had noticed the evening before ; who was vociferating like thunder till the whole household rushed up and down the stair-case to discover the cause of such an uproar.

Artherton and I expected to be sacrificed upon the spot, the grazier was so furious; and one of Artherton's pistols being loaded, he seized it, and we walked into the passage—after the landlord, suspecting from the business of the night that we were the perpetrators of the outrage, had knocked at our doors—where before we could say a word, the grazier was lifting a large cudgel-like stick to revenge the insult he had received, when Artherton stepping back presented his pistol, and said, “Stand where you are at your peril—we do not disown what we have done: but let every one assemble below; and if we do not clear ourselves from every suspicion of having done it with an intention to injure or offend, we are ready and willing to abide every consequence which may accrue from it; and (*to the grazier*) upon my honour, sir, as a soldier, you are not the person for whom we contemplated this ludicrous punish-

ment."—The pistol, our determined manner, and gentlemanly appearance, had the effect of producing a suspension of hostilities, and we all adjourned to a room below—where our explanation commenced; the result of which satisfied every one present that Fubbs had discovered our trick; played us another: and to secure himself, had gone off in the night-coach; which accounted for the grazier having the bed he was to have slept in. The stable-boy was evidence that *the little gentleman in the large wig* had discovered the part of an old shower-bath, which had occasioned the mischief, in one of the stables, and had given the boy sixpence to take it up into his room a back way; but the boy did not tell anybody of it, as he could not suspect mischief. My bed being drenched as well as myself proved that the bath had been first *placed to my account*; and the revenge I proposed taking, while ignorant of Fubbs's escape,

appeared perfectly justifiable. The grazier, too, beginning to cool, being a good-humoured fellow; and discovering that he alone had not been *rained* upon, began to relax, and even to enjoy the joke. We proposed paying all damage incurred; and, if he stayed, to treat him with a dinner wine: and in fine that which commenced so seriously, concluded with a general laugh, at our expense, as well as the bill; which, when we paid the next morning we discovered not a small one; exclusive of remuneration to the servants: but the grazier and we parted excellent friends: and learning he was acquainted with Sir Lionel, whom he described as an "infernal scoundrel:" I obtained from him some intelligence, which I shall hereafter make known.

CHAP. VIII.

I AM at Tunzey's once more—isn't it odd, after so many hair-breadth escapes? But before I go on progressively, allow me, reader, to retrograde a little; for the purpose of fulfilling a promise I made some time since, namely, that of describing how O'Rourke and I spent one day of pleasure at the cottage—in an exactly different way to that we had planned.

O'Rourke, Kathleen, and I, went in his gig; while Terence attended us on horseback, to take charge of the gig when we were tempted, as we frequently were, to walk. I had so many opportu-

nities of talking with Kathleen this day, that, odd as it may seem, it spoiled my pleasure. I had not been to my father's then ; and I despaired of Violetta ; so here was I imbibing from the artless conversation of a beautiful and amiable girl sensations which I had not the courage to attempt to suppress, while each of them reproached me with want of fidelity to Violetta ; I was almost fascinated with Kathleen's manner ; and yet I felt as a meanness in myself every action, word, or look, from me towards her, that went beyond the bounds of common politeness : yet to have a soul, and walk with Kathleen, without experiencing feelings which made parting with her painful, was certainly impossible : and the more I tried to hide my mental embarrassment from her, the more I compromised my consistency. To make it worse, O'Rourke committed her to my care, so that I had no way of avoiding the dangerous association :

and once, while we were in the gig, he stopped, and getting out, bade me drive Kathleen gently round a point he directed his finger towards, and he would join us in an opposite direction—then he crossed a stile into a field, and I lost sight of him—I observed also that Terence had left us. On our road we came to a very steep hill—to ease the horse I got out and walked; I had not been out more than a few minutes when the horse, from a cause unaccountable at the moment, became restive, sprung forward, and when I tried to seize him, threw me down: the chaise went over me, and he was over the hill before I could rise. I was not materially hurt, still I was unable to run: and I wrung my hands in despair as I limped along, bawling for assistance, though no one was in view. At length I reached the top of the hill, and saw, to my infinite delight, the chaise stopping just below: the horse down, and Kathleen sup-

ported on the arm of a very genteel man. I dropped on my knees, and thanked Heaven ; and I should have done the same, I verily believe, in the middle of Cheapside—my heart was so full :—for I should have seen nothing, I am sure, but the picture of deliverance before me ; and the picture of gratitude was surely the best companion for it—and if these two pictures accompanied each other in *every* exhibition, it would be always worth *paying for peeping*.—Yes, I do think I should have knelt in Cheapside, I was so overcome with joy ; though it certainly is not the precise place I should have picked out of the whole map of London by choice.

Goldworthy was the gentleman ; and when I could speak, I could only say—“ *Goldworthy, God bless you!*” Kathleen, in answer to my looks, faintly said she was not hurt ; and she sat down on the trunk of a tree which lay by the roadside ; and Goldworthy recommended me

to sit by her and support her, while he looked to the horse. For a moment my thoughts reverted to a scene *something* similar, when I sat by Sir Lionel on the bank: my mind reverted to Violetta an instant—but—I was *with* Kathleen, and had been the careless cause of her danger; and I could only think of Kathleen.

A couple of peasants came up; and soon after Terence, riding from the *opposite* direction to that in which he left us. His astonishment I need not remark: the horse was so lamed, it could scarcely put one of its fore-legs to the ground; which leg was very much cut: and when we were all sufficiently collected to attend to the detail, the inquiry naturally became, how the horse fell. Goldworthy said, he saw the horse run off from a rising ground where he was walking, in a line with the spot where we then stood; he sprang into the road with a huntsman's

short leaping pole which he generally carried with him when strolling the country, as he was a thorough sportsman, though in London he appeared such a beau; he came as nearly in front of the horse as he could with safety, and, by an effort with the pole, checked the horse so effectually, that he was attempting to turn short, when Goldworthy, who was a powerful man gave him so violent a blow with the pole on the shin of the leg next to him, that the horse dropped instantly; and Goldworthy was speedily enough by the side of the chaise to catch Kathleen's clothes, and prevent the fall being fatal or dangerous; and she had, with great presence of mind, held fast by the side of the chaise. Goldworthy now very politely requested us to remove to his country-house, which he said was about a quarter of a mile distant, and the cottage was at least four miles off. Terence advised the

removal to Goldworthy's house, to whom he said, "I'll never forget this day, and this deed, sir; to the last breathing I'll be beholden to you"—he then said, he'd go for O'Rourke instantly; and proposed putting the horse he rode on, in the chaise to carry Kathleen forward; but she declared she could not venture in the chaise again: so, she leaning on Goldworthy and me, we proceeded gently on, while Terence put his own horse in the chaise, leaving the peasants, whom he knew, to conduct the wounded animal home; and he drove off for O'Rourke. On the way, Goldworthy suggested that the horse, which was naturally quiet, must have been stung in some sensitive part by a large fly very troublesome to cattle, and which species abounded in those roads.

We arrived at the *Hill House*, as Goldworthy's villa was called. It was a moderate sized building; shewy, like

its owner's mode of dressing ; but still not in opposition to taste. We were introduced to a handsome parlour, which opened into a good sized garden, judiciously laid out : and Kathleen was attended by a venerable old housekeeper, who talked much faster than she walked. "Mrs. Clackly," said he, "we will leave this young lady, who has undergone much alarm from an accident, to your care at present ; I have no doubt but you will find means of composing her agitation."

We left them, and O'Rourke and Terence soon came driving up : and if Kathleen had been O'Rourke's own child he could not have exhibited more perturbation about her : for though he seemed full of gratitude to Goldworthy, he could hardly say any thing but "Let me see her—let me see her : " and when he saw her, and saw she was safe, and had recovered her spirits, I

saw tears of joy stand in his eyes. It was natural: he had taken great pains with her education; he had—in short, he had been a father to her; and she loved him as one.

Our farther progress was over; for we were none of us in a humour to continue it: O'Rourke proposed returning to the cottage; but Goldworthy insisted we should all dine with him, in so friendly a manner, it was impossible to refuse: Terence was directed to go home with the chaise; and Goldworthy said he had a comfortable caravan at our service at night, which would take us all: indeed he discovered this day more good sense and good nature than I had thought he possessed, from former experience—" *experience makes, &c.*"—isn't it odd?

Goldworthy did every thing he could to make us pleasant, yet I was *not* pleasant: he paid a great deal of at-

tention to Kathleen—"yet you wasn't pleasant?"—no, I was not. I began to think him a fop again—"What had you to do with his attention to Kathleen?" Did you ever experience the tantalization produced by a little fly in hot weather, buzzing about your nose; while you kept whisking your hand first on one side, then on the other, over and over again, without at all defeating the little gentleman; who only frisked from the side where your hand was, to that where it was not? You are that fly, tantalizer, and my conscience (I suppose,) is my nose—"Indeed! then always follow your nose, and you'll walk straight." What, if it was turning a corner, as, perhaps, it was now?—I had one long tête-à-tête with Kathleen, while O'Rourke had another with Goldworthy—and I heard these words from O'Rourke—"I had been there when this happened. Goldworthy: "All right?" O'Rourke: "Yes."

wasn't it odd? I smell a rat, thought I—there is mystery about O'Rourke and the cottage; and—I wonder what it is—"Silly thing," said Kathleen, to a fly, who being too eager for the enjoyment of a preserve upon the table, had ventured so far into the glutinous approach to it, that he could not disengage his legs—"Silly thing, you see what comes of prying."—'Twas odd. "It gets late," said O'Rourke; "we must be going." The caravan was at the door—we are in; we're on the road—we're at the cottage. "*How quick you travel*"—'tis the age of speed—we have even *flying wagons*—isn't it odd?

As we had to breakfast early and be off, we retired to bed soon; and I did nothing but dream of Kathleen and Goldworthy. I dreamt they were married—and I didn't like it: and that Violetta came and asked me *what business it was of mine*: and then I was

glad they *were* married—and then I saw Violetta arm in arm with Sir Lionel—“*and then?*”—I tumbled out of bed, I suppose ; for, when I awoke, I found myself on the floor.

CHAP. IX.

“ IN London, (said I in my description,) it is fashionable to make overtures of marriage to one lady, while you make love to another.” Perhaps my having lived nearly five years in London had made me so *far* fashionable, in regard to Violetta and Kathleen; yet two strings to my bow was a thing I never contemplated. Kathleen, at a time when I deemed Violetta lost, gave rise to sensations in my bosom which, taking me by surprise, made a deep impression—and when I had been at my father’s, though it were injudicious—
“ In London, (said I in, &c.) people

substitute *soft* names for *hard* ones: see New London Dictionary, at *Inj.*—INJUDICIOUS—see *criminal*—CRIMINAL-obsolete; the word injudicious being substituted, which is, &c. &c. &c.;" though it were *injudicious* to encourage any equivocal sensation for Kathleen; still it was impossible for me to be insensible towards her. Observe—I loved Violetta; yet she was publicly proclaimed another's; and I had no reason to presume, at the time I am now describing, that her heart was mine; and then, she was—far away. I saw Kathleen at a critical moment for my heart, and felt for her *something* similar to what I felt for Violetta—it stole upon my meditations, and became troublesome. I *saw* Violetta *again*; danced with her, &c. &c. &c.—You know the event: I found that Violetta *had* my heart—Kathleen my sincere admiration. And whether in case Violetta be forced to marry Sir L—, I shall

make love to Kathleen, time will shew; and you shall be satisfied before you finish my history.

When I returned to Tunzey's from my father's—"So you're come back?" said Tunzey, "you looked like a fritter before you went; now you look like a marrow-pudding—ha—ah!"

"Have you heard anything of Caroline?" I *ventured*—"Mistress Tunzey is calling you," said he; "one mustn't keep ladies waiting"—and *he* waited no longer; but went out; and I *in*—to the drawing-room to Mrs. T——: compliments were the first things that passed, of course; then inquiries; and then—the answers to them; and *then*—Mrs. O'Rourke came in; and, after the usual salutations, told me my friend Bob was ill, and wished much to see me. I found him confined to his bed. "Ah! Marmaduke," said he, "I'm glad you're come; I wanted a comforter;—how's my father?" "Here's a letter for

you," said I—he read it—"So, he's going to be married?—well, may he be happy—happier than his son is"—wasn't it odd? Determining to sound him, I said, "I had the pleasure of dancing with *Mrs. Bob* that is to be, as your father calls her." "She never will be," said he with a sigh: "Oh, Marmaduke, I wish I had trusted you earlier—I *must* now—I never doubted your honour; but the honour of another was too sacred to allow me to trust any one—one excepted; and he discovered, by accident, partially, what I was afterwards obliged to confide wholly to him, from necessity;—I have been married months." "I guessed it," said I; "isn't it odd?" "It's singular," said he: "I was married to—" "Caroline?" said I. "Even so," said he. "Hear the detail before you pass any censure upon me: it is, I am afraid an unfortunate business; but it is irrevocable. You knew how I was devoted to her:

how attached she was to me. Mrs. Tunzey began to suspect it; and had seriously told Caroline so: and at the same time told her that her father had views for her of a much more eligible and distinguished nature; bidding her beware how she committed herself—heavens! I need say no more, than that, in one of those awful moments to which frailty is sometimes left exposed, for the trial of faith, or the punishment of confidence—a cry in the street interrupted him; I ran to the window: “What is it?” said he: “A thief,” said I. “You have explained,” said he; “I was the *thief*,” and he concealed his face. “I repaired the injury,” said he hastily. “O, Marmaduke, what we have both suffered is incommunicable: we dared not acknowledge our error, and ask permission to marry—besides, no time was to be lost—I got a license, as we were both of age: we met by appointment, and were married;

O'Rourke gave her away; and Mrs. O'Rourke, who is an angel, and her own maid—who was bred up with her, and is in her complete confidence—attended as witnesses. I had, knowing his honest and philanthropic nature, and his power to serve me by breaking it gradually to Tunzey, as well as from necessity, confided all to O'Rourke; he overheard us bewailing the fatal moment, and privately, upon my leaving Caroline, taxed me with it. Soon after Goldworthy's proposal was made—imagine our distress; O'Rourke had been paving the way to break it to Tunzey, when this came like a clap of thunder; and he found Tunzey's heart was so set upon the match with Goldworthy, that he conceived acknowledging our marriage would be a dangerous discovery; make Tunzey irreconcilable, and expose Caroline to the censure of a not very charitable world. He

had done all he could to dissuade Tunzey from sacrificing his daughter's hand at the expense of her happiness; but the alliance appeared so advantageous that Mrs. Tunzey was not to be turned; and Tunzey was too much dazzled to put a negative upon it. "Let Goldworthy try his fortune longer," said Tunzey, "and it will be time enough, by-and-by, for me to decide—let's see how dinner's served up, before we pronounce upon it, ha—ah!" Caroline discovered sensations that would soon have made secrecy impossible. I flew to O'Rourke in despair; "Bother," said he, "that you couldn't be asey, you blackguard; but talking's moonshine in the morning, among the daylight—I have it—tell Caroline to get a package of clothes ready, and wait my orders—that is—my gig, that'll be ready for her, when, and where, you'll know in the morning—as for yourself, stand steady

—be as ignorant about her absence, as you was regardless of her peace, and bad manners to you—don't be looking *down* upon it—if I gave you a hard name, don't let it soften your courage; look *up*, strut about, and leave me to carry you through afterwards; for the least suspicion of *you* will—blood and ouns! *get out*—here's somebody coming.”—And out he literally pushed me. The night Caroline eloped she retired to her chamber early; and had, by degrees, previously, conveyed all her clothes to O'Rourke; who spent that evening at Tunzey's; it was that previous to your duel; as you may recollect—I was in the garden ready; and, by a ladder of ropes, liberated her through the window, and took her to a place appointed by O'Rourke, where he joined her; (though you may also remember, I was supposed not to have returned from the country; I had been in town three days, *perdu*, in which time

O'Rourke and I had settled all :) I did not go home till about three in the morning, when I went in a chaise, to prevent suspicion; and as Skein had told me to take a day or two's pleasure after business, he never suspected anything."—"You're a father," said I—he looked at me with astonishment—"How did you know that?" said he, "Isn't it odd?" said I, (the matter was explained to me at once—"Kathleen is not married," thought I, "and Artherton will be happy to hear it.") I told him of Terence's cottage, and "Pray," said I, "does Mrs. Welford reside with Terence O'Shaughnessy, and his wife?" "No," said he, "with a respectable old woman in that part of the country."—"Ho," thought I, "To Mrs. Welford then went O'Rourke and Terence, the first night I went to the cottage; and to the same place did O'Rourke cross the fields when the chaise ran away with Kathleen,"—isn't it—no, it's not odd at all.

“ You are father to a beautiful boy,” said I, “ and as the boy’s in the background, rely upon me for not bringing him forward.”—“ I know your honourable nature,” said he, “ and you will from that very nature acquit me”—“ Of every thing unbecoming a man,” said I; and here Skein came in with a “ How dy’e do, Bob?” which broke up our conference; and, as too much talking was oppressive to him, I left him, and walked over to—*Erasmus Fubbs*—I saw him through the window—he did not see me—“ and now,” thinks I, “ a Rowland for an Oliver, Master Fubbs.” I went to a house of entertainment close by, to plan my stratagem; for I had digested nothing, as my effecting *any* trick would depend upon whether I got a good opportunity, and how it was to be got; I wished not be seen, nor suspected of it, if possible. I understood, accidentally through the waiter, that there was a club held at the house, of which Fubbs

was a member; that that was club-night, and also his night for being president; on this foundation I planned my trick; I went out and bought some of those trifling fireworks called crackers, which go off with reiterated bounces; and returning to the house, from a retired room, saw the members of the club assemble; and at last Fubbs, *figged* out in style and his wig full powdered: through bribing the waiter I got two crackers affixed to Fubbs' skirts and one to his wig, when he was in the chair; and to each cracker was joined a length of what the pyrotechnists call slow match, which, when lighted, does not ignite the firework immediately, but the spark takes some time in travelling up the match before it reaches the powder in the firework. The glass went round; the song went round; jokes went round; and their heads began to go round. I waited for this season of confusion, and (through a slide in the wainscot,

from the next room,) with a small wax taper, I ignited the slow match; slipped out of the house; and getting round to a window of the room, which looked into a ruinous place, I climbed up a mutilated abutment, and my eyes were even with the hole which was cut in the shutter to let in the light; in which situation I saw every thing which took place. I supposed Fubbs's health had been drank, for I heard three huzzas; and he was standing up, making a speech, when I reached my point of observation; where I had scarcely posted myself, when the cracker attached to his wig took fire—bounce! bounce! off went the wig, and began jumping about from one place to another, as the firework impelled it; the company shouting with laughter; and when Fubbs, the instant he recovered his surprise, jumped down to secure his wig, the crackers in his rear began to explode, and he capered about like a madman; the confusion it oc-

casioned producing no little mischief, in the accumulation of broken glass, &c. The noise brought up the company from below, who joined in the uproar, at Fubbs's expense, till he foamed like a mad bull; vowing vengeance against the perpetrator if he could be found; taxed every member of the club round; who individually, and altogether, assured him of their innocence; the waiter was charged with it, but the company declared (and thought) that he had not been in the room for an hour before it commenced; nor at any time long enough to have affixed the crackers; and urged the impossibility of his having been able to do it unnoticed. At last one of the company, (they all knew Fubbs to be fond of playing tricks,) suggested, waggishly, that Fubbs had affixed the crackers himself, in order by their explosion, to heighten the fun of the evening; and the conceit tickling the fancies of the rest, they began to

applaud him for projecting such a "monstrous good joke," at which he stormed ten times more.

The landlord, plainly perceiving the author would not discover himself—and suspecting some gentleman of the club—began to inquire who was to pay for the broken glass: for which the club, in return for the entertainment they had experienced, subscribed: and a spirited member, who said he wouldn't have missed the joke for a guinea; (and on whom therefore the suspicion fell, on Fubbs's part,) ordered in a bowl of punch: and, as the wig was'nt injured to *signify*, nor the coat, Fubbs at last was brought to; joined in the laugh, and joined them also in the bowl, and in drinking, in allusion to the idea started by the wag, to "*Fubbs's fancy*, and may all his undertakings *go off* as well." I then made the best of my way to a coffee-house in town where I was to meet Artherton.

We met; *I* with the *smirk* of triumph on my countenance: *he* with the sadness of defeat: I saw his disappointment about Kathleen's supposed marriage lay heavy on his heart—we called for a bottle—drank to our future merry meetings; mutually inquired how we found our respective friends; and I commenced what pleasant intelligence I had to convey, by informing him I had avenged our cause upon Fubbs, and *how*; at which he laughed heartily; but soon again his physiognomy got clouded: and then I illumined it by saying, “that was not Kathleen's child.” He seized my hand, and said, “O, my friend, you have recalled life into me—but—how do you know?” “By the best possible means in the world,” said I, “by knowing both its father and mother; but on that head ask me no more questions.” “Yet, tell me,” said he, “is she not married?” “I have no reason to believe she is,” said I. “But,”

he rejoined, "did not her father say that she was the property of another? how can I reconcile that?" "I think I can," replied I. (he) "Are you not *sure*?" said I, "She has been brought up by the Mr. O'Rourke whose health we drank: and she is also the *protegé* of a Mrs. James, who has promised to leave her some property on condition she resides with her some months in the year; and I perceive Terence considers her the property of those who provide for and protect her." "Some champagne, waiter," said he, "my dear fellow, you are my better angel; for I do think I shall go mad if I have not that girl." "But, your friends?" said I. "I have no parents," said he, mournfully; "nor any one to control me: and I shall have a handsome reversion at the death of an uncle, who is old—and, as I can then support her handsomely, I will have that girl—if I can."

I was just going to insinuate some-

thing about Goldworthy ; but conceived it was no business of mine : and now—*Teaser!*—if I had any *love* for Kathleen I had pointed out to another the way to defeat its progress, and had acted, in *that* case, honourably. We parted with an engagement to meet often : and I wandered home, out of spirits.—Isn't it odd ?

CHAP. X.



To account for my low spirits—Welford's disclosure, though my readers know I suspected his knowledge of Caroline's flight, oppressed me: my fears of the evil consequences of the discovery to Tunzey and Old Welford preponderated over my hopes of the good: then Goldworthy's being privy to Caroline's retreat—as I guessed he was from what passed between him and O'Rourke at the villa—and that retreat being near his house, gave a disagreeable twist to my conceptions—yet I knew O'Rourke to be no fool, nor did I know Goldworthy to be a rogue; but

I knew not what Bob might think of it, when he knew it—though I was ignorant of whether he might not know it. Hence, though I felt pleased that I had thrown a bar in the way of any thought I might casually indulge about Kathleen; yet I was not certain that I knew enough of Artherton to justify my giving him any encouragement to make advances to her; nor that I was acting in an honourable way towards her, in subjecting her to the propositions of any man. “Pshaw!” said my grandmother, “when love once gets into the heads of girls and boys, good-bye to every thing else.” “Pish!” said my father, “you never played at chess.”

The next morning I called on O'Rourke: and there I found Fubbs. “Pray,” said Fubbs—as if to have the first blow at our meeting—“Did you ever deal in *fireworks*?” an irresistible smile betrayed me;—“Did you ever deal in *waterworks*?” replied I, “you

might be sure I would not die in your debt:" and I told him how I managed the trick. Our several disasters were related to the great amusement of O'Rourke; who advised us, notwithstanding, to strike a balance there, and open no new account; for it might end, he observed, in some serious consequence—we assented, and shook hands upon it: but whether with sincerity, or, as politic courtiers do, with a secret determination to return to our old tricks the first opportunity, remains to be proved. Fubbs went away, and O'Rourke and I engaged in a serious conversation about Welford's affairs; of which he supposed me ignorant. It commenced in consequence of my telling him of my seeing the child and the lady at the cottage; and, at first, joking him upon it. "Get out of that, you spalpeen," said he, "and so you thought the child was mine, no doubt?" "I had long suspected *something*," said I,

“ Bob has now told me all, and I wonder you took me to the cottage, when secrecy was so necessary.” “ To break you in by degrees, my dear boy, like a wild *coul*t as you are, for you must assist us in managing the grandfather.” “ But, let me ask (I rejoined,) was it prudent to let Goldworthy into the secret; for an expression you let drop at his table convinces me he is?”— “ Pooh! he’s safe: he is only lately gone to live there, he met Caroline by accident with the bab: and I was obliged to tell him the whole—from the marriage—and told him that he was the occasion of the elopement: he wanted to do a great deal in the money way, and that; but, sarrah the *rap* any one lays down for her but these fingers: it’s my own frolic I’m engaged in, and I’ll have all the fun to myself.” “ Does Bob know of his proximity to Caroline?” “ Don’t be bothering (said he,) he’s in the dark yet—and I’ll keep him so, till

I see a fit opportunity to light the candle. Goldworthy's in town now," "and teasing me to death about—*very—serious—matters.*" "*Kathleen?*" said I.—"You're Friar Bacon's brazen-head," said he.—"Time *is*," said I.—"Ay and time *was*," said he, "and time is *past* too: for I'll talk no more about it—only that *this* isn't the time: and the time that *was* is a riddle to be expounded hereafter—good day to you;" and off he was with his usual contempt of ceremony.

"In London, (said I, in my description,) people like to have a story told as briefly as possible; without a number of intrusive remarks; especially if there be courtship in it." So, making but one remark here; I will go on with my story. *Adventures without love are caviare* to the multitude of young readers: and, as I hope to have young as well as old, I entreat they will imbibe one good

lesson from its representation here, viz., that when love is made the *business*, instead of the *balm*, of life, it always turns out a very *foolish* business; and that, whenever its operations render nugatory moral obligation the consequence is, inevitably, retributive anguish: and that, although the voice of love be the language of nature, all language to be profitable should be pure; *that is*, learned from the lips of truth and discretion; otherwise that voice which is as the harmony of a seraph, becomes the seductive *fantassia* of a siren: and here I shall introduce a hasty sketch of her whose voice was as a seraph's to me; which I took on the evening of the ball: unluckily, after I had *outlined* the face, she saw me; and popping up her fan, you see the consequence — yet the painter's veil applies here—

I acquainted my readers that I had learned from the grazier some circumstances relative to Sir Lionel; one was, that he had the art and address to draw Valentine, (whom the grazier knew,) into a snare which he expected would end in his total ruin; and that he (the grazier) had met Sir Lionel, Valentine, and a young lady, while on

his journey; and that they were going a road which he knew led towards one of Sir Lionel's country-seats. How a father could make his daughter travel without any female companion, with such a man as he knew Sir Lionel to be, though their marriage was considered certain—putting all consideration of her character, in case the marriage did not take place, out of the question—I thought *odd*. I began to be seriously alarmed about Violetta, and my feelings convinced me that whatever my attachment might have been to Kathleen, my heart was Violetta's. I was wretched, and wrote to Mrs. Wagstaff, to learn, if possible, what Violetta's situation was: and nothing could compose me till the postman delivered me a letter which I broke open, as an hungry man seizes the first morsel of bread after a long abstinence, and read

My dear young Friend,

I am sorry to say that I have no good news for you; poor Violetta is with her father at or near one of Sir Lionel's country-seats. I had a letter from my brother, saying, he should be home soon—he has tired me out; and I believe I shall very shortly leave him.

Yours to command,

E. WAGSTAFF.

By a post or two after came one from my father, who told me, “ he had heard strange news relative to Valentine, and had observed suspicious men lurking about his premises; that it was generally rumoured that Violetta and Sir Lionel were married—or—*worse*—(that was his expression,) for that she certainly was *said* (and he underscored it,) to be living in the same house with him.” I don't believe either that she is married, or—*worse*—I said to myself; and, in proportion as they described

Violetta as unworthy of my affection; that affection increased—isn't it odd?—My father remarked, “that he thought to inform me of these things was his duty; and I, he was assured, knew mine.” “I do,” said I, “as her lover to clear up her character, if it be attacked—if I can—and though my honour might forbid my union to her, *should* she be single, yet—the girl to whom I have vowed truth; who vowed truth to me—and—with such looks as an hypocrite could not assume; shall I forsake her fame, though I must forego her hand?—never—Violetta, (I exclaimed,) I loved thee ere I knew what love was: I love thee now, when I know what *madness* is; and I shall love thee when—if thou art what they would insinuate—no other will; but—I will consult Welford—no—O'Rourke.”

A few days after I was invited with Tunzey, his wife, and Skein, to dine at

O'Rourke's—we went: and Tunzey was in as high spirits as he generally was—for through his daughter's abduction his spirits were not the same as when I first knew him. A feast of delicious things it was, as Tunzey said. While at the bottle, O'Rourke asked Tunzey if he had received any more anonymous letters about his daughter: he replied, “No—it's an unpleasant subject, and I never wish to be reminded of it: she was wrong, very wrong! I would not have forced her to have married *anybody*. Now, (with a subdued voice) I care not to whom she's married; but what her state is, I know not. The letters are all enigmas; and only tell me she is well; but unhappy; and that time will acquaint me with all—bah!”—and he filled and drank a large bumper of wine. “Come, come,” said Skein, “that was not spoken from the heart, I am sure.” He replied not.—“No,” said O'Rourke, “or my old and worthy friend (taking him

by the hand) has two hearts—with one of which he is not even yet acquainted.”—“Two hearts?” said I, “he has all our hearts.”—“I feel but one heart now,” said Tunzey, “and it’s up to *here*—(putting his hand to his throat)—*ha-ah!*” but it was not the rich, fat, mellow, Falstaffian *ha-ah!* which he usually uttered: it was the effort of something like nature trying to subdue suffocation; and the tears stood in his eyes.—“Come, come, Toby,” said Skein, “you know there’s no flattery here: we all want to see you happy; and then not one of us will be unhappy. Your daughter’s absence must be a heavy weight upon your mind; but, as you have never expressed any wish to receive her should she return, may she not dread your presence? Proclaim aloud that you will receive her, and we’ll all set our wits to work to find her; but as you give us no encouragement, we have no inducement; for it would be cruelty to find

her for the sake of telling her that, which the bare apprehension of may have been the means of producing fatal effects already."—"Heaven forbid!" cried he, with another unusual *ha-ah!*—and we were called to the ladies.—During tea, a servant came in with Mrs. *Somebody's* compliments to Mrs. O'Rourke, to know how she was.—"Who's come, Sally?" said Mrs. O'Rourke.—"The woman, ma'am, who comes sometimes with the fine child."—O, has she that fine baby with her now?"—"Yes, ma'am."—"Bring it up then; and, Mrs. Tunzey, you shall see the finest child of its age you ever saw."—"I wish you had just such another of your own," said Skein.—"Go along, you fool," said she, patting him—not *very* hard. The door opened, and in came—it couldn't be Judy O'Shaughnessy, because the nurse and I didn't exchange a word.—"There! Mrs. Tunzey," says Mrs. O'Rourke; "come,

nurse, give it to me:" and she took it, and placed it in Mrs. Tunzey's arms, who passed compliments enough upon it, and kissed it—while a tear fell on its face as it looked up, smiling; which seemed to say, "I had a child of my own once." Tunzey (certainly much agitated) was looking over his wife's shoulder at the child, (his arm resting on her chair, and his hand dropped down over her breast,) and surveying it very intently; when the little innocent, (as such little innocents do sometimes,) clasped his finger in its chubby hand, and was drawing it to his mouth, as infants do—"to rub their gums," Nurse Sheepshanks used to say—when he heaved a sigh, which all understood, though none appeared to notice it; and Skein (unwisely I apprehended, for I trembled at the time) asked O'Rourke when he had done any stock last for Goldworthy; and Tunzey unexpectedly exclaimed, "Curse the fellow! I

wish I'd never heard of him ;" then he walked out of the room, overcome — Mrs. Tunzey was deploring the same thing ; but said " Such an indulgent father as he was ! I do not think if ever I do see Caroline again I can forgive her for the misery she has caused her father ;" and at the same minute the child pulling her necklace, she said, kissing it—" Oh ! you're a pack of sweet, sweet torments ;" then gave it to the nurse ; from whom O'Rourke took it, and began an Irish song to it ; when Skein, joking him, said, " Why, O'Rourke, it's so much like you, I shouldn't wonder if it should turn out one of your own ; and that you're imposing it on my sister as the child of somebody else."—" Sarrah, the bit," said O'Rourke, " is it Judy?"—(as recollecting himself, suddenly,)—" Nurse, I mane."—" There, there," cried I, " that slip of the tongue tells us that nurse and he are old acquaintance."—" Upon my

word, Mr. O'Rourke," said his wife, "if I thought it could be possible."—"You wouldn't refuse to receive such a sweet cratur," said he, putting it to her; and she kissed it.—"Why," said Mrs. Tunzey, "it would do anybody credit; and if—he! he! he!—my old man had brought me home such a one, I know what I should say to *him*; but I don't know what I should say to such as thee, little darling," (to the child): and Tunzey re-entered. We had heard him pacing the adjoining room—all were in great good humour; and Tunzey's face had cleared up. O'Rourke now said, "Tunzey, they have been bantering me, and betting me the child's mine; and Mrs. Tunzey vows, *tunder and nouns*, what she'd do to you, if you brought her home such a one; and upon my honour, now I look at it, it's very much like you."—"Well, I declare," said Mrs. O'Rourke, there's Tunzey's mouth."—"Ha-ah!" said O'Rourke, "and his

wicked look too.”—“ Why I declare, Tunzey,” said Mrs. T. looking intently at it, “ it is something like your mouth.” That accounts,” said Tunzey, “ for your kissing it so often—ha-ah!” and then we all laughed as hearty as we could, with “ Bravo, Tunzey!” — “ Well,” said O’Rourke, “ what say you now, Mrs. Tunzey, my darling? as we’ve brought the fact home to your husband, the cratur; will you rescue the boy according to promise?” and he put the child in her lap.—“ It’s impossible to refuse such a sweet creature,” said she, “ but it must be owned first, (looking archly at Tunzey) that I may have my revenge out in scolding.”—“ I’ll own it,” said Tunzey, in a tone so serious that Mrs. Tunzey, starting, had certainly let the child fall, if Mrs. O’Rourke had not taken it. “ I have expected this,” continued Tunzey. “ I heard in yon room a step of anxiety—I heard a

sob of misery—I heard a voice—give me some brandy”—it was on the table with the coffee—I gave him some instantly, and he drank it, while all eyes were rivetted on him—Mrs. Tunzey thunderstruck. “A voice—Oh! how dear to me!” resumed he, “bring, bring her to me, and if she is but married I forgive her.” Mrs. Tunzey screamed: O’Rourke was out of the room in an instant; in another Caroline was—in her father’s arms, and soon in her mother’s. *Judy* cried like a child. Draw the veil over it. “*People in London, (wrote I) have feelings as well as people anywhere else.*”

Much was done; but much was yet to do. Tunzey and his wife said little, but held Caroline between them—a hand in each; while O’Rourke danced about the room with the child; and at a convenient moment popped it into *Judy’s* arms, and popped her out of the room; then, equally afraid of questions being asked which might defeat the remainder of

his plan, the servant coming in, and speaking to him, he took Caroline by the hand, and said, "Fait and sowl, you must be packing, for that great cratur of yours is kicking up Paddy's delight for the whiskey-bottle:" and he whisked her out of the room also, before Tunzey and his wife could prevent him; and then he unfolded in a very adroit manner *every* thing that had occurred—excused the steps he had adopted by the imperative obligation upon one friend to save the family honour and the children of another: laid the *error* which had happened to their own indiscreet permission of Welford's presence at all times and in all places with Caroline, (which he made worse than it was). "Nobody knows of the *slip* but ourselves," said he, "and the sooner a slip's recovered the better; nothing remains to hinder us being happy, but the determination in ourselves to continue miserable; and as

there can't be a soul of us so truly out of our senses as to determine *that*, why there's an end of sorrow; and, (*very seriously*) my dear Tunzey, (taking his hand,) and my dear madam, (taking her's) we have, none of *us* three, *very many* days to enjoy happiness here; and as there is but one way of acting to enjoy it hereafter, I needn't say that while, with your present affectionate feelings, I congratulate you most warmly upon the share of *both* the states of happiness you must enjoy; I'm sure you'll thank me most cordially for giving you an opportunity of doing what you've both been so long wishing to effect, but didn't before see your way clearly how to set about it."

All was forgiven—and never went happier hearts home: Tunzey uttered "Ha-ah!" as we returned, frequently; and Mrs. Tunzey did nothing but talk about the "sweet little infant." "Ha-ah!" said Tunzey; while I could not feel

**my own misery, on account of Violetta,
through the pleasurable sensations I felt
for the joy of others.**

CHAP. XI.

THE next day it was settled that they should all dine at Tunzey's, as Bob was sufficiently recovered to join them.

At Tunzey's all were happy ; all were delighted, or rather transported with joy. Fubbs wrote an *epithalamium* on the day: I should have inserted it here, but he said his pride differed from that of the generality ; for as every body else seemed ambitious of appearing in print, he wished, as the ancients always considered the voice of the million censure, to retain *his* poetical effusions in manuscript for the perusal of the select few ; by this means, he said, though he should

procure a less number of readers, the number of critics would be proportionably reduced ; and his sleep would be as much less disturbed by the barkings of pedantry, envy, ignorance, and ill-nature. “ You don’t mean to apply those terms to all critics,” said I.—“ I apply to *no critics*” said he ; “ *they* are but few—but to their myriads of imitators I apply it ; arrogating to themselves the power to draw the bow of Ulysses, when they are only fit to draw the “ *long bow, or—small beer.*”—“ Why, Fubbs, what bathos,” said I.—“ I learnt it of the *moderns*,” said he, “ isn’t it odd ?” Time stole on—*my* time with Tunzey had expired ; and Welford, whose articles were likewise out, had been admitted an attorney ; and was to be made partner with Skein ; who began to relax from business. Old Welford had married the widow ; and Mrs. *Bob* had married a farmer who was fond of acres and onions, and cared not for

beauty. I had heard nothing of Violetta; for Valentine had sold all his property, and left the place entirely; while Mrs. Wagstaff had gone to some distant relations, to finish her life in repose. Artherton was for ever complaining of his hard fate in never seeing Kathleen, though he had been more than once to the cottage for that purpose; and, as his regiment had been removed to London, I saw him frequently. I began to have serious thoughts of returning to my father, and advising with him how I should *begin the world*: but Tunzey saved me the trouble, by proposing a partnership; as he too began to relax; I agreed, and was of course under the necessity of settling in London, and could not effect a visit to my father and mother till the following year.

“Thy numbers, *jealousy*, on nought could fix”—

Welford and Caroline took possession of Skein's house in town, as Bob had

to manage the business of the office; Skein and the Tunzeys going into the country. It had been a settled thing between O'Rourke and Welford, that the latter should not go down to the cottage where Caroline was concealed, during her residence there, lest the secret should by any unfortunate accident be prematurely discovered, and the reconciliation he laboured to effect, frustrated; but after all danger was, past, and security promised peace, Welford (having occasion to attend the assizes professionally in that part of the country) took it into his head one day, when there, to ascertain and contemplate the spot where his Caroline gave birth to their blooming boy. While he was sauntering about the spot, enjoying the delightful sensations which arose from contrasting the misery they had experienced, with the happiness they then possessed, and the flattering prospect of its long conti-

nuance; and was strolling on his way, a countryman approaching, Welford asked him a question relative to some object in the prospective, which led to a long conversation; during which the countryman gave him the history of all the seats, and all their owners, within the scope of their speculation; and among them *Hill-house* was mentioned; "the gentleman who owns it," said he, "be not long come into these parts; nor be he very often here; he have a power of money, and his name be Goldworthy." "Goldworthy?" said Welford, with something like alarm; but not sufficiently exhibited for the peasant to notice, "what sort of a man is he? I know a gentleman of that name." "He be a fine looking man," said the countryman, "and be mortal fond of gay dress; and he be a bit fond of the girls too, I do fancy, and he be a bachelor," (with a grin.) "O—h!" said Welford, "and his house there, stands conve-

niently enough retired to favour intrigue." "Anan?" said the man; "His house there," (Welford,) "stands very snugly for keeping"—"O—h," said the man, "I understand you; but, no: there be no ungain doings there: only he be very fond o'peeping about the cottages, where there be pretty girls; and it were thought by more than one or two, that he came after a nice young woman that were in a cottage somewhere over yon way, I don't exactly know where, but she be gone now, as I've heard." Now his finger pointed in the direction of O'Rourke's cottage, as well as of that in which Caroline had resided; but the information was like an electrical shock to Welford, who could think of no other cottage than Caroline's: and who awoke, in an instant from his dream of bliss, to a delusion of distress, for which his mind was not in the least prepared; the nature of which my readers will readily con-

ceive. He wished, yet feared, to question the man further; for doubt, and discretion, contended equally for the mastery; therefore what further inquiries he did make were made in so *round-about* a manner, that the man either did not understand them, or was as ignorant of all he inquired about, as he appeared to be; for Welford could elicit no information from him to justify the notion which had started in his mind, that the *nice young woman, who was gone, was Caroline*; or, to prove to *him*, that she *was not*: and the man, having talked as much as his time or his inclination permitted, wished him a hasty *good day*, and left him absorbed in no very enviable train of reflection. He determined, therefore, to go to the cottage, introduce himself, under pretence of thanking the possessor for her attention to Caroline, while there, (the old woman had never seen him,) but when he came to the cot, it was shut up, as if the owner

had gone out for the day ; and he determined to call there the next morning, to satisfy his suspicions. His *suspicions* !—and was the bliss they began to enjoy only the eve of a new day of calamity ? alas ! how transient is the season of joy !—this has been a trite observation from the beginning of the world ; for inevitable truth has made it so—and it will continue to be as true as it is trite to the end of the world.

There is something so very destructive in imprudence, that once an important act of it committed, however we may imagine we have surmounted its effects, it leaves that behind it which sooner or later, and more or less frequently, plagues us through the remainder of our lives. Security was prohibited to man when Heaven gave him hope.—“ Why should Goldworthy,” thought Welford, “ choose a house so near the cottage where Caroline was ; and then not till *after* she was settled there ?

—it was odd—*very* odd—he couldn't reconcile it—"Confound the pen!" *said* he—and jammed the nib of the pen, he was writing a law case with, on the table, and split it to pieces—now the error lay not in the pen, but in the hand which trembled as he wrote—yet it was *that* hand which pressed Caroline's, when he vowed eternal *truth* to, and eternal *trust* in, her. It was the nature of his profession to wrest and torture coincidences into circumstances, and then attach weight to them, though they were futile enough for any dispassionate mind to see through: and thus, did he, professionally perverse, found argument upon surmise; work it up sophistically till he imagined it reason; and then twisted the specious fallacy into the semblance of specific fact. Now, Miss Sneer, I beg you will put on none of your *very* wise looks; they are *too* sapient to be just; and *too* significant to be charitable. "In London,"

(said I in my description,) “ *some* people have microscopic eyes, which gives them a great advantage over the rest of their species; as they can distinguish that which is imperceptible to all others; indeed, such is the magically magnifying power of some of these eyes that they deceive even their possessors, by creating *somethings* out of *nothings*—those who are, *unfortunately*, gifted—[I say *unfortunately*, because nobody but their own *kind* believes in their representations, and the suspicion, they give rise to falls upon nobody but themselves—] unfortunately thus gifted, squint dreadfully; and therefore see every thing in a situation of obliquity; consequently when they mean to *follow their noses* straight forward, when going upon their *own concerns*, they poke them, in zig-zag angular directions, into somebody, or every body else's. I have remarked this species of visionaries in other places besides London.”

Dear, compassionate, reader, upon my honour, Caroline was innocent; and I feel myself bound to tell you so, *now*; that she may not suffer in your opinion, as well as in that of her husband, while her ordeal is going on.

Welford went over to the cottage next day; and was mortified enough to find a new tenant there; who knew nothing about Caroline, and cared for her as much: and from whom, about her, he could get no intelligence. He then took it into his head he would find out Terence's cottage, which he only knew from me, and see if he couldn't get some *satisfaction* there—such satisfaction as the scorpion's wounding itself with its own sting is. He found only Terence at home—Bob, as neither he nor Terence knew each other, (for only *Judy* had seen him at O'Rourke's,) was at a loss how to introduce himself; and Terence, who was pretty shrewd, began to think, from his

manner, that there was mystery in the case; especially, as Welford made one remark, which he meant to refer to Caroline, but which Terence seemed to think glanced at Kathleen, (of whose existence I had never told Welford, for reasons best known to myself, if they were *reasons* at all,) and the honest Irishman began to suspect that Welford might be an emissary from Goldworthy; who, as I told you, was laying siege to Kathleen, and for that reason O'Rourke had removed her from the cottage; and *therefore* Paddy (to use his own words afterwards expressed to me,) "led him a wild-goose chase, after a *humming* bird; till he lost himself by the light of his jack-a-lantern." And locking the cottage door outside, and pocketing the key, pretended business, to get rid of him; walked away, and left his querist as fully answered as he was before they met.

Squash!—I've killed him with my

suspicion are of too dissonant natures to amalgamate. Having thus commenced with Welford's jealousy—as absence from the scene where he first imbibed it, and the presence of her whom he nearly doated upon, with her redoubled endearments, began in a few days to lull his *fears*—we will leave him at present, and proceed with other matters, full as necessary, and, probably, more satisfactory.

I grew restless about Violetta; I could hear no tidings of either her or her father; and Mrs. Wagstaff I knew not how to direct to; nor could I obtain any knowledge about Sir Lionel, for whom I hunted every resort of fashion and folly in vain.

I began to be visibly depressed in spirits, but found in Welford no comforter; for he seemed as much in the *blue devils* as myself; when one day I met Artherton, by accident; he said, gaily, “I was just going to call on you;

I have seen her at last; have danced with her; have been smiled upon by her; bewitched by her; and——."

"Have received permission to pay your addresses?" said I. "No, not quite so blessed as that; but my attentions have not been treated with indifference, nor my respectful hints of admiration with scorn." "That is," replied I, "she has not been rude, nor wholly free from a little coquetry?" "Faith," said he, "there is nothing of the coquette about her. Mrs. James is a charming old lady; and, I flatter myself would be no *inexorable* enemy to my suit, if I dared openly prefer it. I saw Kathleen's father and mother." "Well," says I, "and what did you make of the father and mother?" "Nothing," said he. "Tell me," said I, "have you offered her the jewels you bought for her?" "Yes, I was daring enough." "Were they accepted?" "No; but the refusal was conveyed so sweetly that another such defeat would

make me hug my multiplied chains as honourable trophies." "Bravo," said I, "but—are you aware of no rival?" "You speak so seriously," said he, "I suspect you know more than you choose to communicate—are you aware of any?" "A man, (said I,) of very large fortune, interests himself very seriously and sedulously about her; and has even talked to O'Rourke on the subject." His countenance fell; and I observed nothing like *trophies of triumph*. "You thrill me," said he, "and that information is the key to a mysterious hint Mrs. James dropped, which I could not understand, nor would she explain." "Did Mrs. James give you encouragement?" said I. "Why, I can't say she either did or did not; she permitted attentions which, had she been averse to them, I think she would have forbidden." "Be assured, (said I,) Kathleen's fate does not depend upon her." "You mean, then, it depends upon O'Rourke? where

does he live? I will take no further step without his knowledge; for, peculiarly as Kathleen is situated, love and honour will not justify any step taken by me in contravention of her best interests; and I would sooner risk being refused by her guardian to try my fortune with her, and give it up as a forlorn hope, than, had I power, steal her affections at the risk of her happiness; love and war should always have magnanimity for their basis." "You deserve her, Artherton," said I, and sighed, unconsciously—the conversation began to be painful—isn't it odd?—no—I thought of Violetta; I gave him O'Rourke's address; he said he would see him in a few days, and we parted—neither of us much elated.

"In London," said I, "wonders are as common as variety; and every body knows that is the staple commodity of this mart of fashion." That evening O'Rourke called on me, and

said, "as Tunzey and his wife were gone upon an excursion from town, and I was a bachelor, and ought to "hang out the broom," he would stay the evening with me: and we'd have a *heart-warming* of it." I was pleased with his proposal, for I was dull enough; (*perhaps, you may think me not much better now.*) We talked first about indifferent, and then serious, subjects; and *one* which he introduced more than amazed me. "Marmaduke," said he, "you're a good lad, saving your manhood, by way of apology: you are a bit of a favourite of mine, as you know; for we seem bottles of the same bin; saving that I'm of the *oulder* vintage. Kathleen, the dear! is my own heart's delight, and you'll stare when I tell you she's not Terence's daughter—*isn't it odd?* as you say sometimes." "Mrs. O'Rourke," said I, looking banteringly in his face, "would be proud to countenance *any relation* of yours." "Fait no,"

said he, "the relationship's no cater cousin that way, I assure you; nor is my little Katty the apology for an Irish blunder: though her father himself was a verse out of the chapter of accidents; by reason of my kind ould Thady O'Shaughnessy went after forbidden fruit; and left his spalpeen as much as he left me. The child's name was Thady, after his father; and, while I was upon my travels, I'm told he married as pretty an Irish girl as any part of the United Kingdom ever gave birth to; and *Kathleen's* the comment on her. Poverty has been the portion of all the posterity; a warning to all thoughtless fathers, natural or unnatural, how they play at ducks and drakes with their progeny, like frogs and other freshwater fish, as Terence said. Terence and his wife found Kathleen an orphan, and poor as they were, as she had the *blood of the O'More's* in her, determined, as Terence said, to *halve* their mite between the three; and this, prin-

cipally, it was which made me cry "halves!" among them, and pop my mite into the bargain. Seriously, I love Kathleen as if she were my own child; not only from gratitude to Thady, but admiration of herself, for trying so much to praise the father of us all in the *best* way—making herself an ornament of human nature. I am rich and will provide handsomely for her, as I am not likely to increase the family tree of the O'Rourke's, wherever it grew. I am getting on the wrong side of growing younger, and when I leave her, I may leave her all alone—like a beautiful cloud in a wide sky, to be dispersed by the winds of unkindness, or be absorbed by the black clouds of calamity, that shall deluge her beautiful aspect with tears,"—and he looked agitated.

"Marry her out of the way at once then," said I, "and then your fears will be over; Goldworthy, you say, has proposed for her." "Yes," said he, "but he's

not worthy of Kathleen; to be plain, you *have* her friendship; and when one half the heart's gone the other is easily induced to keep it company: Tunzey tells me there are insuperable bars to a *certain* match; if then, honour and inclination will allow you to think of Kathleen; make up to her; get her consent, you have mine; you'll make an old friend happy, and a good girl secure: think of it; it comes warm from my heart, and if it will only warm yours, I'll die in peace. I leave you to think of it; and now, good night; sleep upon it, and dream that I am dancing at your wedding." He was gone before I could answer him, for he did every thing whimsically.

He left me in a distressing state of mind; I loved Violetta, believed that she loved me, but I could not have her. Kathleen had come across me to make me amends, and I had O'Rourke's wishes on my side; yet, could I justify

thinking of her till I was sure either of Violetta's falsehood, or imputed bad character? then, if I were assured of these, I had committed myself to Arther-ton, and honour seemed to present another obstacle—it was worse than the sphinx's riddle—I didn't sleep that night.

My dear young readers, take care how you fall in love; for it generally makes you fall out with every thing else—but—Nature *will* prevail, and one thinks it unnatural to resist her—however, if you *will* fall in love, I say, lay in, previously, a large stock of patience; for you'll have occasion enough for it—

“Just like love is yonder rose,”

says Camoens. Tunzey's cook, who was *queer*, (as Sir Lionel said,) inquired, upon hearing the *song*, if a *cabbage* rose was meant; “because that, when full blown, has the *largest heart*; and, it requires heart enough to go through with it,” said she. Now, nobody but a cook could have made such an observa-

tion—yet the latter part of it had truth for its basis; and when you consider the thorns, the mildew, the grub, the blight, and “the fall of the leaf;” the scratching, tearing, piercing, wearing, devouring, withering, drooping, and dying; oh! its a terrible picture!—I could reverse it; but *that* picture was not in accordance with my feelings—don’t fall in love—if you can help it—it’s probable you can’t—then fall as gently as you can. *A cabbage rose!* “O, Cookey, Cookey! thy taste must have been *cabbaged*,” said the tailor’s man, who had called in with Tunzey’s new waistcoat; and, indeed, he was making love, superfine and ell-wide, to cookey—she “nothing loath,” and so she had a double reason for her choice of the filthy epithet—but the *pun*, Mr. *Marmaduke*—

“Be quiet; I know it,”—“*Homer nods*”—take care, don’t wake him.

There’s some modern farce I believe

—“ If it be modern,” said Fubbs, “ it must be a *farce*—the ancients wrote *comedies*.” “ True, but they were in “ *the clouds*,” sometimes,” said I. In this farce, or *that* farce, rather, the principal character exhibits himself by a peculiar affectation of phraseology, as—“ let’s do a little hazard,”—“ let’s do a little walking,”—“ let’s do a little reading,” &c. &c. &c.—So reader, if you’ve no objection, let’s do *a little rhyme*—it’s *all about love*—as love is our subject at present, and it was actually Fubb’s production—from the *ancients*, with whom he has made as free as any other *modern*; (Fubbs loved farces after all,) he called it a *Translation of the second Idyl of Bion*—he has made *free* enough, in his translation, with the original—fowling pieces, I *believe*, were not invented till a *short* time after *Bion*; of *birdlime* I can say nothing; but Fubbs is not the first who has taken an original idea, and made it a greater *original* still.

Cupid was perch'd on a tree;
Lubin was passing along;
 A gun, cruel man! carried he,
 To stop many a pretty bird's song.
 At last, he saw *Love*; mark'd each glittering wing;
 "It must be a phoenix," cried he:
 Took aim; when cried *Chloe*, just passing, "poor thing!
 Don't kill it—so pretty a creature must sing;
 Do catch it, and give it to me."

Lubin, who little birds 'snar'd,
 Climb'd softly; spread birdlime, he'd brought,
 Left baits on each branch thus prepar'd,
 To tempt *Cupid* to "come and be caught!"
 But while gazing on *Chloe*, poor *Lubin*! he fell;
 "My head was quite giddy," cried he,
 But, that *Cupid* had shot him I scarcely need tell;
 Who while flying cried, laughing, to *Chloe*, "farewell;
 I've caught him, and give him to thee."

"Oh Fubbs!" said I, "what will the critics say to your modernizing an ancient in this manner?" "Bless you," said he, "they won't know it again."

I wished much to avoid giving *O'Rourke* an answer to his proposition; but knowing he would expect a very

—“If it be modern,” said
must be a *farce*—the
“*medica*.” “True, but
“*circumstances*,”

at that *farce*, and
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“*revelation of p*
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“*you* have made me the happiest of

“*men*.” “What?” said I, “has my tell-

ing you how miserable I am, made you
the happiest of men?” He coloured,

and said, “O, no—but I have betrayed
myself, and the truth must out.” He

then gave me the whole detail of the
jealousy, which I have already related,

and told me more—“I lulled my sus-
picions,” said he, “and began to be

tolerably composed; and I am sure Ca-

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banter me, (he,) you know how I idolize
her." "Ay, there it is—idolizing is a
very heathenish custom; and though it
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upon my father's moderns—you fancied
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he, "by a *woman*?"—"Something very
angelic," said I.—"Plague take you,"
said he.—"Thank 'ye," said I.—"I
thought," said he, "it was like an insi-

decisive one, I went over to consult Welford: I found him pettish—plague take all jealous fools! I say; I asked him if business went cross—"Every thing goes cross in this world," said he—"Isn't it odd?" said I, "let us avoid the cross roads—but I want your advice," and I told him the whole of O'Rourke's communication. He listened with the utmost attention, particularly while I related for the *first time*, the *birth, parentage, education and residence* of *Kathleen*. "O! Marmaduke," said he, "you have made me the happiest of men." "What?" said I, "has my telling you how miserable I am, made you the happiest of men?" He coloured, and said, "O, no—but I have betrayed myself, and the truth must out." He then gave me the whole detail of *the jealousy*, which I have already related, and told me more—"I lulled my suspicions," said he, "and began to be tolerably composed; and I am sure Ca-

roline could suspect nothing of the real cause of my perturbation, from my manner." "Don't be too sure of that," said I, "women have not such bright and piercing eyes given them merely for us to write sonnets upon. "I hope she did not; nor does yet," said he, "but to proceed.—I had just obtained repose, when unfortunately, Mrs. Tunzey the other day, said there was something about the boy's nose like *Goldworthy*." "And that was a *nosegay* for you, with a sprig of rue in it?" said I. "Don't banter me, (he,) you know how I idolize her." "Ay, there it is—idolizing is a very heathenish custom; and though it became Fubbs's ancients, doesn't sit well upon my father's moderns—you fancied your idol a goddess, and, found her a woman." "What do you mean," said he, "by a *woman*?"—"Something very angelic," said I.—"Plague take you," said he.—"Thank 'ye," said I.—"I thought," said he, "it was like an insi-

nuation that—" O, fie!" said I, " that I meant what, you don't deserve Caroline, if you think her guilty of—levity." " Pity me," said he.—" I do, *very* much, I assure you," said I, " but if I were you, I should prefer respect to pity." " I am ashamed of myself," said he, " but your account of Kathleen and Goldworthy has opened my eyes." " Till you wink again," said I, " or Goldworthy pops in his *nose*: and now, my dear Welford, let this be the last conversation we have on the subject—I am sorry to say, that *I* am not the *only* person who suspected a little of this—O'Rourke hinted as much to me, and said he *expected his pains to have been better repaid*.—Don't speak—(he was attempting,) be yourself: remember Caroline thought you incapable of falsehood, from the trust she reposed in you: do *her* justice then—for none are magnanimous enough to put implicit confidence in others, who are not deserving it

themselves — whatever may be said about credulity, it is guilt only which suspects; while innocence is easily imposed upon."

One of his clerks brought him in a letter, which he said required an immediate answer; he broke the seal, hastily glanced his eye over it, motioned the clerk to withdraw, and gave it to me—and—thunderstruck I was—it ran thus—

"SIR,—An old neighbour of your father's wishes to see you immediately, to consult with you on an unpleasant affair; and who sends to you, not only from hearing of your professional integrity, but also thinking that you will feel more than professional concern for, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

V. VALENTINE,

late of ———

—Lock-up-house, Carey-street,
R. WELFORD, Esq."

Wasn't it odd?

“Violetta’s father in prison? I’ll go with you,” said I. “Better not, (*he,*) clients are shy before strangers, I shall obtain more intelligence from him if I go by myself. I’ll soon return—go, and amuse Caroline till I come back.”

“But,” said I, stroking my nose, “noses are dangerous.” “No more of that, if thou lovest me, Hal,” said he, and departed.

“My dear Mrs. Welford,” said I, “your boy grows the delight of every body.” “Don’t you think he’s very much like his father, Sir;” said she. Now this question conveyed to me a double meaning—first, an affectionate compliment to his father; and secondly—as if she knew Welford was jealous—a sort of expectancy that my affirmative seconding her known consciousness of innocence, would also relieve her mind from the apprehension that any difference in the child’s features from the father’s could afford him any foundation for suspicion. “As like him

as he can stare," said I; I was determined to give it as broadly as I could. "Every body says so," said she; and in a tone that my conceit, (grown *wise* by jealousy's teaching,) converted into something like triumph; I had an opportunity of observing also, her delicate attention to her husband; and, wherever is *delicate attention*, there is love; and, no where else. *Passion* is—any where. "I think," said I, "Bob has appeared low-spirited lately." "O, dear, no;" said she, "he has so much upon his brain, I wonder it isn't turned sometimes; but he has always a smile, and an animated countenance for his wife; and it is the wife, you know, who is the best judge of a husband's spirits and mind." "True," said I, turning it off indifferently.

"In London," (said I, "in my description,")—and in a great many other places; men and their wives are very

anxious every body should know each other's faults—as a set-off, I presume, against their own.”

CHAP. XIII.

WELFORD returned—"Well? well?" eagerly said I, "where's Violetta?" "I can't tell you," said he: all I can tell you is, that Valentine is irrevocably ruined, Sir Lionel has left the kingdom, Violetta was carried off from her father by stratagem, and he's as ignorant where she is—whether with Sir Lionel or not—as you are." "By stratagem? they're not *married*, then?" "No; but—" "But what? don't tantalize me:" "her father is afraid——" "For heaven's sake, go no farther," said I; "is he *sure*?" "No: but Marmaduke, you ought not to think of her

more: and I *now* would recommend you to agree with O'Rourke's proposition, and obtain a wife worthy of your hand, and *capable* of deserving your heart"—"I'll think—I'll think," said I—"I must leave you now:" and I was soon on my way to *Carey-street*. I arrived at the Lock-up House, and desired that Valentine might be told, a gentleman wished to speak with him upon particular business. I was shewn into a private room, and Valentine soon entered, exhibiting a trifling state of trepidation when he saw me: and I felt—tenderly affected—isn't it odd?—No—he was Violetta's father, and—in prison.

"Well, sir," said he, "your business with me?" "To do you all the service I can, Mr. Valentine."

"Which is the severest reproach you can make me," said he: "for I know I deserve no kindness at your hands. I don't know any thing, possible to pro-

cure, that will serve me: I've lost all, through that infernal scoundrel, Lovel; and am dipped for at least 20,000 more: but that's not the worst—my girl! my girl!—may that scoundrel—” I stopped his mouth: “Maledictions upon our worst enemies,” said I, “are forbidden, and the reverse commanded.” “It may be so, sir,” said he, “but put yourself in my place”—“I might utter the same,” said I, “’tis trial only tells us what we are: and for that reason we are commanded to pardon.” “Well, well,” said he, “I won’t argue with you about that; you know better about these things than I do; the more’s my shame—but my girl, my girl, Marmaduke; she was my heart’s delight; and that I have done I did to make her a lady: O, sir, she loved you, and only you: I made her do every thing she did: I was blind, I was mad; and she loved her father too well to cross him. But, O, sir, you don’t know the

snares that scoundrel wound round me ; I was so much in his power I could n't get away : I was proud, *you* know that ; and he made me add hard-heartedness to pride."

Poor Valentine little thought they were *naturally* identified—one and indivisible.

"Where is Violetta, sir?" said I. "Heaven knows," said he: "perhaps with the villain abroad; for I am afraid, by giving her a sleepy drug, he destroyed and obliged her to go with him." I tried, for his sake, to suppress my feelings. O, reader, they were pitiable indeed!—you cannot think that odd. I felt I *did* love Violetta. "Excuse me," said I, "but how could you be so imprudent as to take her from your house, with only yourself and Sir Lionel? could you not see the probability of some disastrous consequence, besides the certainty of her loss of character, if they were not married?"

“ I saw nothing ; nothing, sir, but ruin before me : and to save my own character I murdered my child's. When you are a father, sir, remember me : ” and he looked agonized.

“ A long time has elapsed, sir,” said I ; “ was she living in his house all the time, as was reported ? ”

“ Never lived in his house, sir ; never was in his house,” said he. “ I engaged a small house for myself, and a staid woman to keep it ; I wouldn't have my sister with me ; for I was ashamed of myself, and I did not choose that they who were better should see me. Violetta was never in his company not once, without me. I suspected his motives long, and called upon him to fulfil his promise and marry her : he put me off from time to time ; and I would have torn the girl from him, but I knew nobody would have her, with a character blemished as her's was ; and I temporized the more, because

I was fearful he would go abroad, and leave me to the mercy of his creditors, as well as my own: and she—that lamb! was the only thing that kept him.”

“But,” said I, “if he had married her, he could have gone abroad and left you equally exposed.” “No,” replied he, “his estates in that case were to be made over to me, and I was to allow him a handsome annuity; and with that security I could have weathered the storm and recovered myself. Well, sir, not to make a long story of a very miserable one; months passed—poor Violetta, ready and willing to sacrifice herself to save me; and I, villain—demon enough to let her; he, trying to get her into his power, and I preventing him; when one day, he brought me a license to be married to her a few days afterwards; and he proposed we should all dine together at my house, which we did on the next

day to that on which he made the proposal; his favourite servant waited, and certainly put something into the wine, for I was quickly overcome; I, who never flinched at my bottle in my life—I can tell you no more—I waked from a sleep I fell into upon my chair—found myself alone—he was gone; my child gone; the housekeeper gone; my maid-servant gone—all gone! I thought it a dream. I went, as well as I could, for I was fearfully ill, to his house, which was not far from mine; he was not there; nor had either he or his man been there—I fell down in a fit—they bled me—I recovered, and was carried home: a neighbour came in to my assistance; my housekeeper was found locked up in the cellar, where she said she went by the desire of the she devil that was our servant, to shew her where to get some liquor, she pretended she couldn't find, and was locked in by the wretch; who no doubt went off with that fiend."

“What steps did you take?” said I.

“I was confined to my bed three days,” said he, “delirious, before I had reason enough to direct any one what to do. I then learned Lovel’s house was shut up: I engaged somebody to inquire at the nearest sea-port; and found my suspicions true, that the villain had gone off for the continent, and I supposed Violetta was with him. The moment I could, I took a passage to Boulogne; for I understood the vessel was bound there; and when I arrived could hear no tidings of any such persons as I described: when, after travelling about near a month, making every inquiry, one day I was surprised by receiving a letter from London, in a hand-writing I did not know, informing me that my daughter was with Sir Lionel, at Brighton. I came off instantly, was arrested the very hour I came on shore, and here I am.”

“Did any body know from yourself where to write to you in France?”

“Not a soul: I wanted nobody to know; for I feared the consequences. I suppose that wretch found out where I was, and contrived the trick to have me hampered: but I thought only of Violetta—O, my child! my child!” he was so overcome he could go no farther.

The debt he was arrested for, was £5,000, on a joint bond given by him and Sir Lionel; and he expected, being in custody, further impediments to his liberty. Welford immediately moved him into the rules of the King's Bench, as it was impossible to do him any service otherwise; and arranged for him to take advantage of the Insolvent Act.

Violetta's appeared a lost case; and the early scenes of our acquaintance dwelt more strongly upon, and came more frequently in my mind than ever.

O'Rourke now plainly asked me for a decisive answer, in his usual serio-comic way.—I paused—*isn't it odd?*—you shall have the reason.

Artherton, who had seen O'Rourke, had called on me, and told me the result of his interview was, that, O'Rourke told him he believed Kathleen was engaged; that, in any case, in the article of marriage he should only advise her, leaving her to follow her own inclination; which was all he could or ought to say on the subject; and Artherton asked me, how I thought he should act.

Mine was a most perplexing situation; but "*honour*" was always the motto of the Merrywhistles; it was my duty to fulfil its dictates; and I hope I have never swerved from them.

"In London," said I, &c., "every man is *expected* to be a man of honour; and above all, to *honour* his bills: to *honour* his king is sometimes left out of

the catalogue: but as every body in London knows what *London* honour is, I need not inform any body: and as for the country folks, the less they know about London honour the better—*perhaps.*”

Whether I was justified in advising Artherton to persevere, knowing so much as I did of O'Rourke's mind, I could not decide: and whether I was justified in recommending his abandonment of the suit in my own favour, glancing my eye over my family motto—*“you could not decide either?”* not exactly.

What a troublesome thing honour is! “Take this bit out of my mouth,” said the horse to his rider; “I want it all my own way.”

“Artherton,” said I, “it is so delicate a thing, I scarcely know what to advise.” (I would have told him all, but I was not authorized to betray O'Rourke's secret.) “You are not forbidden, if you are not encouraged.”

“And, therefore,” replied he, “you would have me try my fortune with Kathleen? and as you know O'Rourke better than I do, I shall trust to your decision.” Isn't it odd? what had I decided? nothing: he interrupted me in an equivocal speech, of which neither he, nor I, could anticipate the finish. I certainly did know O'Rourke's mind better than he; but, as he had taken the words out of my mouth, and decided for himself, I had nothing farther to do with it—Artherton was off; and O'Rourke was expecting my answer; and, so miserable was I, nothing could have pleased me better than being able to play some master-piece of hoaxing upon Fubbs—isn't it odd? While I was sitting in this humour, the servant told me a gentleman waited to see me, in the front parlour, and I immediately attended him: he bowed very politely, and said, (after the usual salutations,) “If it be not taking a

liberty, sir, pray who was your last master?" I thought this a very odd question; however, as I always fall into people's humours, I replied, "Why, sir, the gentleman I was engaged with was Mr. Tunzey." "Tunzey, Tunzey?" said he, "I don't recollect any one of that name." "That's odd," said I; "why, he has been celebrated in the profession many years; and I am now partner with him." "Then it's certainly high time, sir," said he, "you were properly instructed; I wonder indeed Mr. Tunzey himself hadn't done it, as you say he ranks so high in the art; however, we'll soon put you on your feet." The man's mad, (thought I.) "Why," said I, "I think I am pretty well upon them already." "A little too much turn in of the left toe," said he; "Pray does Mr. Tunzey waltz much?" "Did you ever hear of a waltzing waggon?" said I; why he's as big as you and I, and two more such put together." "Bless

me," said he, " I do remember having seen a gentleman such as you describe pointed out to me one day ; I didn't understand his name ; he looked very little like cutting six : you cut six probably." " Not I, sir," said I. " What do you think of that?" said he, (cutting a dozen I should think); I'll soon bring you to that." " And pray, sir," said I, " who brought you to *this*?" " O, sir, the celebrated Monsieur Coupée." " And for what purpose?" " For the purpose which brought me here, sir," said he, with an affable grin ; " and now do me the favour to take your position." (We were both standing.) " I have taken my position already you see, sir," said I. " An excessively awkward one indeed, sir ; I'm sorry Mr. Tunzey has taught you no better : please to imitate me:" and putting himself in a dancing attitude, and pulling out a kit, while I stood staring, he began tuning away, to my utter astonishment—for I dis-

covered that instead of being a mad-man he was only a motion master. "Sir," says I, "you've *figured* in at the wrong place." "Impossible, sir," said he; "your name's Merrywhistle, I believe?" "Yes, sir; and pray may I be favoured with your's?" "Chassé, sir, well known in town; I advertise to finish young gentlemen, and here (exhibiting a letter, signed Merrywhistle) is an answer to my advertisement, desiring me to call *here* on *you*, for the purpose of ——." "Having your trouble for your pains, sir; you've been imposed upon—that is not my writing: and the only *finish* I wish at present is a finish to our tête-à-tête." The man looked very angry; and my strong inclination to laugh prevented me being so; however I bowed him out of the scrape, and got rid of him, to be told another gentleman wanted me in the back parlour. I walked in; he bowed, and spoke very formally. "You are

Mis-ter Mer-ry-whis-tle, I presume?" "I am, sir." He surveyed my face very attentively, desired me to be seated, and seated himself by me. "Pray, sir, allow me to ask your errand here?" "O, we shall soon understand each other," said he. "I confess, I'm rather in the dark at present," said I. "Ah! poor gentleman," said he; "allow me to feel your pulse." "I think," said I, "you are feeling it pretty well already; but it's rather irregular at present; and I am subject to paroxysms that—" "I shall be able to compose in a short time; don't let them give you the least uneasiness; and excuse me, as you have mentioned it, were you ever confined?" "No, doctor," said I; "but my mother was." "Ah!" said he, "it runs in the blood of the family: have you been bled at all?" "No," said I, "nor do I mean to let you *bleed* me, doctor; and, now, let me ask if *you* an't a little *deranged*, since you fancy I am?"

“ Ay, a sure symptom,” said he, in an under voice, turning to one of the clerks who came in: “ people in this poor gentleman’s situation think others in the same state as themselves; pray what advice has he had ?” “ The same which I shall give you,” said I; “ whenever you are in the wrong box get out of it as soon as you can: there’s the door, and there’s the window, you can make your election, before my paroxysm comes on.” He made a motion to the clerk to assist him in seizing me, and whipping a straight-waistcoat out from behind his coat, he was going to lay hold of me; when, in concert with the clerk, to whom I had given a signal, we put it on the doctor, in spite of his bawling, and fairly turned him out through a back door into a field adjoining the garden; then, fastening the door, left him to act as he pleased; and when I walked into the other parlour, I saw an elderly lady, much muffled up, waiting for me,

I was to be hoaxed no longer; begged her excuse a moment, and went into the back office, where I had a large electrical machine, which I charged to its height, and stationed a man at it, with directions to discharge it when I gently rang a bell that was in the office, the wire of which went into the parlour where *my lady* was, or rather my gentleman: for my clerk had found reason to suspect it was Fubbs when he let him in, and communicated his suspicions when we let out the doctor. In the mean time a man had been stationed at the door, who sent away a dozen applicants, who had been hoaxed as well as myself. I protruded the end of the chain from the machine through a small hole at the bottom of the wainscoat (which had been damaged) into the parlour; then went in to the room to finish my plot; and, as Fubbs sat near the wainscoat by a side window, which was open, (and looked into a bye street,)

I sat between him and the wall, and securing the chain in my hand, I conveyed it behind me towards him ; and, as there was a hook at the end of it, I adroitly managed to fix it *during our conversation* into a part of his dress nearest in contact with his skin ; and I was too well versed in tricks to bungle. I thought Fubbs, by the bye, an egregious blockhead for interfering *personally* with his hoax ; unless he had come *before* the rest ; but I understood, afterwards, that he had been waiting some time : the clerk had been talking with him in the office to discover the drift of his disguise ; he knew it was some trick—for he knew we were each other's torment ; and, therefore, while he was talking with Fubbs, I had seen the other two ; and Fubbs was shewn into this *bye* parlour, only just after we had got rid of the doctor. I requested the *old dame's* business, when she began, in a whining tone, a long *rigmarole* of her

being “ a distant relation of my father’s; a widow, who had seen much calamity; had had a profligate son, and an unfortunate daughter; had the rheumatism most dreadfully, could not work for her living, and could not exist under the thoughts of applying to the parish; so, hearing of my *humane disposition*, had taken the liberty to implore my compassion to keep her from starving.” I said, “ My dear madam, your situation certainly is peculiar: and if you have any of the Merrywhistle blood in you, far be it from me not to assist in keeping it in *circulation*, by *discharging* a duty you have convinced me is incumbent upon me; in order to dispose of you in some manner worthy of the character in which you appear;” and pulling out my purse, I emptied the contents of it into my hand, and she was holding out her’s to receive them, when I secretly touched the bell, (rising, and she rising too, from *respect*)—when the machine was dis-

charged, with such a shock, that, between surprise and trepidation, Fubbs made but one jump through the window into the street, broke the chain, and was getting off; when some boys, who witnessed his agility, shouted "a mad woman! a mad woman!" but he, having recovered sufficiently to run, made off as fast as he could, followed by the boys, and my clerk, (for fear of accidents;) who got him safe into a shop, when he disrobed, and returned; acknowledging he was fairly *had*—and we dined merrily together. The doctor brought an action, which I compromised—but I had had my *fun* for my *money*.

CHAP. XIV.



To return to an old subject; my mind became severely tantalized concerning O'Rourke's requisition, and I began to think myself a little fastidious—is'nt it odd? "In London," (said I, in my description) "they call all reasoning fastidiousness which interferes with people's doing their duty in a way according with their own particular inclination—that is, in the way which produces the least possible self-denial, and the most pleasure, or the most profit. To tell the plain truth, I was so unresolved, whether to

"Sit like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief:"

That is, a lovelorn wight—to

————— “inward pine,
And let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on my *damask* cheek”—

which began to look very much like a *damask* napkin; and die of *Violetta* and *ennui*; leaving a legacy for six old maids, to bear up my pall, and strew my grave with *bachelors' buttons*—or to

————— “Couple me with kind,
Blending both love and marriage,
————— two reverend cardinal virtues :”

To realize the beautiful picture of the vine and the olive-plants:

“Bear my blushing honours thick about me”

with Kathleen: and live “an honoured sire.”

Why? why had I ever seen either *Violetta* or Kathleen? I *had* seen them, and must make the best of it. “How's this?” said Tunzey one day, “Bob Welford tells me, *under the rose* mind, ha-ah!

that having lost Violetta, you're standing shilly shally, till you'll lose Kathleen too—and you may have her for asking for—ha-ah! am I, in the rectitude of reason, to refuse turbot and lobster-sauce, because I can't get fresh salmon? which is certainly, in my opinion, the most incomparable fish that ever graced a bill of fare—ha-a-ah!"

I told *him* fairly all I felt. "You're an honest lad," said he; "but don't reverse the proverb, and *throw away the herring to catch the sprat*. Remember—an old bachelor is like the ruin of an antique arch, an useless object of curiosity: while a married man is like a noble edifice resting on its columpal supporters; the picture of magnificence, utility, and comfort, united—ha-a-ah!" I thought I could not do better than consult my father—by the bye, I must appear a picture of consummate vanity for representing myself such a *prize* as to be importuned into *submitting* to *accept* a girl a monarch might have been

proud of: but no—it is not so—I was importuned by three *friends* to put in love's lottery, and try my chance for the *capital* prize, before it was snapped up by another; and I hope my readers will do justice to my motives; though my conduct appear sometimes capricious. By-the-bye, I may as well introduce the face of this fastidious lover—this fancied picture of consummate vanity. I drew it from its own reflection in the glass—before which I happened to be sitting; and which species of glass you may purchase at any optician's, which shows your face somehow so—

That's *I*—isn't it odd?

Nevertheless, I'll disprove Mrs. Crack's assertion before we part. Well, I saw O'Rourke, told him I would consult my father; and "I hope, my worthy sir," I said, "you impute all this evasion to the right motive." "I do," said he; "and that very motive makes me more anxious that Kathleen should be yours: go, and come back a good boy; lest Katty fall into the hands of a bad one for want of a *better*." "I must give way," said I to myself, as I walked to the stage—and really, I began to give way. I entered the inn, and found I was an hour too soon; so amused myself with the papers, and read the following paragraph: "We understand that the dashing Sir Lionel Lovel, who ran off to France with the daughter of a country gentleman, after ruining her father, fell in a duel near Paris; and that the young lady retired with a broken heart into a convent." It is

scarcely necessary to go to my father, thought I, shocked as I was by this intelligence; but—as I had not seen him so long, and as Artherton, in case I did consent to address Kathleen, would, *probably*, have to reflect upon my honour—my father's advice was too valuable to slight: my place was taken; and, therefore, when the coach was ready I stepped in, and threw myself in a corner—not speaking a single word to any of the passengers: at length, while I was walking up a hill, as is customary with coach passengers, (as I walked up the hill when the lovely Kathleen's life was endangered,) and it seemed as if walking up hills was always to be dangerous to me; for, I being much a-head of the coach, a footpad sprung out of a hedge upon me, presented a pistol, and demanded my money. I sprung within his pistol arm, and threw him; when, as he lay, he pointed the pistol at me,

and had certainly fired, nor could I have escaped, had not a sailor (who was an outside passenger) followed me by chance, or rather providentially, and at the instant with his stick struck the pistol from the robber's hand, which went off on the ground. The robber, however, had the address to escape, through his agility, springing up and through the hedge, during the moment of my consternation; and when the coach came up, we thought it useless to pursue him. It is hardly necessary to mention how heartily I expressed my gratitude to the sailor; to whom I gave my purse, containing about ten guineas, which he received without any further notice than hoarsely saying "*thank ye*," and then mounted the stage again, whistling, while I got inside.

Sailors certainly appear a distinct species of the human race: they are so disciplined to professional duties,

that when they perform a duty of humanity, they do it as coolly as they do any thing else, which "comes in course."

In the morning, when we halted to breakfast, as I understood the coach would be detained at least an hour, to repair a spring, or something of that nature, I rambled about; and in my walks saw a gipsy-girl, who asked me if I would have my fortune told. Now, my young and romantic readers will expect me to describe an interesting figure; and to *figure* away with her eyes of jet; her glossy raven locks; her brown beauties shining forth, like—a walnut-tree chest of drawers well rubbed and polished; her form, unconfined by the restraints of fashionable *cincture*, exhibiting the true composition of nature; and not, as an artist would say, *out of drawing*, through false proportion; the waist being either too long, or too short: but—no—I must describe her as I found her—with a large dirty red

cloak on; her locks very long and matted; her face like mahogany; and—a beautiful squint.

“Shall I tell your fortune, young man?” said she. “You tell my fortune?” said I, sarcastically. “Yes,” said she. “Nonsense,” said I; but as I love nonsense sometimes, I had a mind to hear what she’d say, and so presented my hand. She surveyed it very attentively; and then said, “You’re in love.” There was no conjuration in the remark, for young men and women generally are: “you must take care, for there’s something extraordinary working in the stars.” “What do you know about the stars?” said I. “The morning star is not set, and the evening star must not rise.” said she. “I don’t understand your jargon,” said I. “If you have any gift of *first love*,” said she, “take care of it; the rest is all inconstancy and trouble—beware of imposition, for a hasty step will bring

you more trouble than you'll easily get rid of:" and, courtseying, she held out her hand—"Now cross my hand, sir, and a pleasant journey to you." I stared at her; for there was something in what she had said that I could easily have interpreted into having something like a rational affinity to my love troubles; but I could not be guilty of such a weakness; and I always made a point of opposing any thing like *nursery superstitions*—I crossed her hand which was very dirty, and walked on. When I returned to the inn, feeling in my pocket for my note case to change one, to settle my breakfast reckoning, I discovered my *purse*, which I thought I had given to the sailor; and then only, discovered that I had given him by mistake one which I always wore about me, and which was no other than the purse which Violetta gave me, containing the seal and locket; my confusion when I gave it preventing

my discovering that it did not weigh like a purse with ten guineas in it. I immediately made an inquiry for the sailor; but he had paid his fare and crossed the country, at the baiting place where we stopped previously to our reaching the inn. At this moment, the gipsey's warning, not to part with a gift of first love, coming across my mind, actually vexed me; and I began to think that the morning star meant Violetta, and the evening star Kathleen: wasn't it odd? When we entered the stage, I made the prognostications of gipsies the subject of conversation: one believed in them, and another did not—An old gentleman said, “Weakness and credulity in such cases—make applications in favour of their own theories and there is no ambiguous expression which cannot be interpreted so as to agree with any circumstance which may occur after it is made.” I told him, laughing, I had

had my fortune told that morning by a gipsey; and that she warned me not to do the very thing I had done in the night; explaining the mistake I had made with the sailor; and observing that the purse I gave him was the gift of a young girl, between whom and myself existed a very early attachment, which was broken off, as many early attachments are. "And you are weak enough," said he, "to apply it; without considering that such are the usual warnings of these impostors; and that accidental coincidences, the most vague things to be depended upon under heaven, make some of them appear ulteriorly in point: the only remarkable thing is, that the sailor did not discover the mistake; but I suppose you never told him what the purse contained; so he took the gift without examining it; and when he did examine it, considered that it was all the reward you meant him, and sold it in the next town, at the first shop

where they purchased such things. We live, sir," continued he, "not in a world of chance, but of providential contrivance: and, as He who made it has not thought fit to impart future events to the wise and upright, we cannot detract more from his greatness than to suppose, for a moment, he would grant the power of prognostication to ignorance and imposture—but really, such nonsense is not worth talking about." I could not but agree with him, yet I felt uneasy: the *morning star* rose in my mind, and the *evening star* would not set there—then I had parted with a *gift of first love*—but, "nonsense," thought I, "it's not worth thinking about:" and so—I thought of it all the way to—my father's; where a most affectionate greeting put it quite out of my mind—for that time. My father and mother were both well and happy; and as the health and happiness of his or her parents, is, or ought to be,

one of the first considerations with a child, I impart this circumstance first; for somehow we all imagine that that which is an object of importance to us is the same to everybody else; and are much astonished if it prove not so.

The next morning I unburthened my mind to my father, and related, in course, all I was possessed of relative to *all* the parties concerned. He expressed very sincere concern for the Valentines, and told me he thought it would be madness to negative O'Rourke's proposition, *if*——I liked the young lady——it would be downright romance, he said, to think Violetta any obstacle from which honour might recoil. This relieved my mind; I took a stroll into the fields; and, as it were, instinctively, wandered towards the primrose bed; where, to my extreme astonishment, I saw not one, but several, *violets and primroses entwined in pairs*, and scattered about——wasn't it odd? and the gipsy's

warning came across my mind with double force—"Pooh!" said I, "my father has done this, (for he had been early walking,) thinking I might visit this spot; and he has a mind to tantalize me a little, to try the strength of my mind, and the dependance to be placed on my resolutions; and, at dinner, during which I was very thoughtful, he made several sarcastic remarks about primroses and violets; and once, straying from a totally different subject he remarked upon the delusive nature of coincidences; said, that drawing inferences from them was a great error of the *ancients*, but that the *moderns* were too enlightened to indulge much in silly prejudices; a decisive proof of their superiority." I was very anxious to find out where he had been that morning; but whether by accident, or design, he always evaded the subject. "It was he," thought I; and I laughed at my weakness; which I kept to

myself, that my father might not triumph ; and went to the bank again in the evening. I sat down and unintentionally fixed my eyes on the evening star, which sparkled most resplendently : I involuntarily sighed—and pronounced emphatically, “ *Kathleen !* ” and instantly I heard, or I was dreaming, a deep sigh behind me : I started up—examined every bush around, but saw no human being—it was fancy—or “ the whisp’ring of the sportive breeze : ” however, it agitated me extremely ; and I sighed, and said, “ O, Kathleen,” over and over again, on purpose ; but heard no repetition of the sigh ; and went home the complete victim of imagination—isn’t it odd ?

In the morning I went to old Welford’s, and he asked me to go with him to look at a cottage he had been bargaining for with a neighbour : on the road we talked over poor Valentine’s misfortunes and delusions. “ Ah,” said

he, "Mr. Marmaduke, it were a sad thing that dear, sweet, girl were so sacrificed; I once thought you and she would have made a *pratty* couple; we *oftens* used to joke about the *primrose* and *violet*; you know we all *knowed* about it—I declare *there* do lie (pointing with his stick where lay a primrose and a violet, I had thrown there the evening before,) a primrose and a violet—wide apart, and, *rot un!* there be a tuoad between un; get out o' t' way, thou *warmint* (*knocking it aside with his stick, and picking up the violet,*) ay, thou 'rt withered, sure enough—but I'll put thee in my coat in memory o' poor Letty." And he did. There was something so kind, so benevolent, so friendly, in this, that it brought tears into my eyes: it was one of those touches of nature which prove to us what an awful ruin a *corrupted* heart is; and Sterne's observation about materialists

and the soul flashed in full force upon my mind.

I felt all my love for Violetta return—return? it had never left me: but——“come, Mr. Welford,” said I, “this spot makes me sad;” and we passed on to the cottage. Thus was my mind tantalized between tranquillity and perturbation—but sorrow succeeds joy, as naturally as winter follows summer; while hope, like the robin, sings at the door.

Keen the winds blow,
Sparkles the snow,
From the eaves the ice drops grow;
The spray is leafless, no linnet singing;
To the warm thatch no swallow is clinging;
Robin alone,
At the door stone,
Charms us till the streamlets flow.

Winds cannot blight,
Frost cannot bite,
As sensitive fondness do scorn and slight:

The trees, all-wither'd, are not so shaken
As the mind wrung, or the heart forsaken !

Robin with song
Trolls winter along ;
But winter'd heart no songs delight.

Tho' dead the stem seem,
The sap (its life's beam)
Within—like hope in the pris'ner's dream—
Will soon bring budding of leaf and flower ;
The grasshopper'll sing in his silken bower ;
Robin will roam,
The swallow come home,
And the light fly play on the rippling stream.

Thaw'd, like the snow,
Sorrow shall go,
And joy, like the wandering streamlet flow ;
The eye shall sparkle, the heart joy bound it—
Like the 'dew'd blossom and bees around it—
Robin away,
Vocal, the spray
Shall a requiem pour to the tear of woe.

CHAP. XV.

SUCH were the trifling stanzas I tagged together in an hour when distressed by Violetta's scorn, as I thought it, in the season of *sensitive* softness—yet Hope, like Robin, sung: but, also like Robin, soon departed.

While we were examining the cottage, by permission of the tenant, my ears were arrested by the sound of an instrument like a flageolet, playing the tune of the last dance Violetta and I danced together—at the conclusion of which dance she gave me such artless testimony that her feelings were in unison with my own—I sprang out of the cottage, the

player ceased ; and, though I ran to every outlet to see who it was, I saw no one ; the place was very woody, so I presumed, whoever played it had gone among the trees ; and, driven by irresistible impulse, I was quickly among them myself—for the entwined flowers, the sigh and the music, the tune always dear to me, seemed all the operations of the same being ; and some one who knew something of the peculiar state of my mind, and had determined to torment me ; yet I called to my mind the theory of applying coincidences ; was ashamed of my folly ; returned to Mr. Welford, and we went home together. I was uneasy ; there was something to be accounted for in my mind, and I could not account for it ; for whose interest could it be to remind me of Violetta ?—wasn't it odd ? I determined to return to London, and put an end to all further uncertainty by addressing Kathleen ; that is, in case Artherton

had not succeeded; and not then, without fairly opening my mind to him—yet, thought I, of what use will that be; he will not give me credit if I do, considering me as an approved rival; and he will most likely consider my candour as hypocritical parade, to cover what he will consider my insincerity; and if I do not tell him, he will consider me through the whole affair as an artful underminer. “The deuce take love,” said I, “and every thing relative to it. Why had I not German nerves and Dutch sensibility; then I should have settled the business long since, with that enviable serenity which, like a breakwater, is not to be moved.” I bade my father and mother, Welford, and the neighbours adieu; and got into the coach as irresolute as I had descended from it, when I arrived at my father’s. At the inn where we stopped to dine, Mrs. James drove up with Kathleen in a post-chaise; and this induced me to

resign my place in the stage and stop with them. It was a long time since I had seen Kathleen, and now her beauties were so completely developed, that; seeing her, made irresolution fly in an instant; and I most heartily reproached myself for ever giving Artherton the least information; regretting, poignantly, the moment in which I became acquainted with him. Our meeting was every thing that was flattering for my wishes, if I made approaches—at least, I thought so—and I also thought that both Kathleen and Mrs. James seemed to give me opportunities to—improve.

: They were going about five miles farther, so I *consented*, upon the request of Mrs. James, to dine with and then accompany them to the place whither they were going; and return with them to London, where they intended to pass a week with Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke.

I actually began to be fascinated with

Kathleen, and to wish I had never known Violetta ; since to have her was impossible ; yet, though I might with propriety have whispered soft things in Kathleen's ears, *before I knew Arther-ton ; now*, whether I acted openly, or covertly, if I did obtain her, he would think me equally disingenuous, if not a complete hypocrite.

Pray, pray, if you *will* fall in love, don't fall deep ; for getting out again is the rub—and, after all, *rubbing out* is out of the question. My readers have, no doubt, seen dinner-ware painted with a different flower on each plate, and its name exhibited on the opposite side : when the dessert was put on the table, and plates were placed before us, Mrs. James said “ these are handsome plates—let me see, (*looking at her own,*) here is a “ Love lies a bleeding,”—and “ I,” said Kathleen, “ have got a primrose.” I felt a strange twinge at my heart. “ What have you got, Mr. Merrywhistle?”

said Mrs. James, taking my plate,—“ a violet, I declare.” There’s magic in this,” thought I;—wasn’t it odd?—then I had been paying so much attention to Kathleen that I could not alter my behaviour, notwithstanding all the *twinges* of—was it conscience, honour, guilt, or *innocence in distress*?—I could not tell which. But, my heart was heavy, it appeared as if the *morning star* was not *set*, though the *evening star* was risen.

The ladies were ready to go; we mounted the chaise, and proceeded to the place of our destination. When there, while Mrs. James was in counsel with the mistress of the house, (the master being abroad,) on the purport of her visit; their daughter, Kathleen and I strolled into the garden, and seated ourselves in a natural arbour;—I was complimenting them, when I heard the *same tune*, (apparently on the *otherside the garden*,) I had heard at the cottage when with old Welford; “ there

is magic, or trick in this," said I ; surely, *Fubbs* has not followed me all the way down, and up, with another hoax ; impossible—yet, he certainly amuses himself sometimes with the flute, this is one of his holiday seasons, and he doesn't mind a little expense for the sake of a good joke. Full of these notions, I left the ladies ; and, in going down a shaded walk in the direction from which the music came (which had ceased,) passing a gate which opened upon a common, I thought I saw something like a coat skirt ; and *did* see a man peeping through the hedge of the garden ; his head (or *hair* rather,) appeared white and bushy, like *Fubbs's* wig ; so I concluded I was quite right in suspecting it was *Fubbs*, peeping to see what effect his playing had on me—it was easy to reconcile to this conception of mine every thing which had occurred from the gipsy, whom he could have instructed, to the plates

at the inn, which he could have arranged equally well. “ ’Tis *Fubbs* I see,” thought I. There stood close by me, one of those small engines with which they water gardens ; so, taking off the perforated mouth (or rose) of the spout, that the stream might come out of the tube with more force, and in a greater quantity, I directed the tube towards the place where my gentleman was peeping, played the engine as rapidly as I could ; and the deluge he received was not scanty, I assure you. Instantly the muzzle of a gun was pushed through the aperture, and I sprang, nearly backwards, over a small espalier partition, without knowing what was behind it ; which I soon discovered to be a pond from which they watered the garden : an athletic man followed the gun through the hedge, which, indignantly, he forced ; and, looking over the espalier, set up such a horse-laugh at the situation I was in, that he brought the

ladies to the spot; who joined in the mirth at my expense. This was the master of the house, who, returning from shooting small birds, an amusement he often took, and hearing *strange* voices in the garden, was peeping through the hedge to reconnoitre the company; and seeing me *peeping* also, curiosity made him continue there, to observe upon what I was intent; the moment he received the water, his indignation would not let him take time to go round to the gate. He wore his hair powdered, which made me mistake it for Fubbs's wig. I got out of the pond, mortified enough; apologized to him for what I had done; was easily credited in asserting that I, thinking he was some person peeping through impertinent curiosity, could not resist the *impetus* which actuated me. He said, I had been repaid in kind; and begged I would make use of some of his son's clothes, who was full my size;

as they could be returned by the stage; I gladly complied, and was most happy when reseated in the chaise with the ladies. My wet clothes were packed in a wrapper, and intrusted to the care of a companion of the post-boy, who rode behind, and who had accompanied us from the inn. On my way I determined to bribe the maid at the inn, to discover whether it were not Fubbs who had managed the trick of the plates; but the design was put completely out of my head, by my seeing no other personage than—*Artherlon* on horseback—our eyes met, as he was coming towards the chaise—the ladies did not see him; but, I perceived he saw them;—he gave me an indignant look, turned down a bye road, and was soon out of sight. I said nothing to the ladies, but to myself, “O—h! here’ll be—your card, Sir,”—for, doubtlessly, I appear in *his* eyes as a crafty deranger of his hopes. I recollected no more about the plates;

we changed horses at the inn, reached London; and I set the ladies down at O'Rourke's, promising to see them again in the course of the day, and drove home.

I sent to Fubbs's house to request he would call on me, as I conceived he would have taken care to be in town before me, and come immediately to prevent suspicion; and I hoped to ease my mind, by surprising him into a confession. The messenger returned, "Mr. Fubbs had gone in the country, and was not expected till that evening." This eased my mind; as I was satisfied in what part of the country he had been. The servant who unpacked my wet clothes brought me *Violetta's* seal, which had dropped out of the package. "Heaven!" said I, "how's this? — O, Fubbs—Fubbs—Fubbs—it's as clear now as noon-day; he was the sailor—the gipsey—the — every impostor."

A letter was delivered to me in the hand of Artherton:

“ Sir,

The situation in which I saw you, when I passed your chaise, must be accounted for to the satisfaction of

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERIC ARTHERTON.”

M. Merrywhistle, Esq.

Before I could resolve what to do, Fubbs, (who had arrived just after my messenger left his house,) entered the room, and upon questioning him I discovered he had really been in a totally different part of the country; wasn't it odd? I related to him all that had occurred on my journey, and shewed him Artherton's letter. He looked grave, and said, “ All the nonsense which occurred on the road may be as easily accounted for, as any of the odd, out-of-the-way,

nothings of wonders, which happen every day. Your mind is in such a bewildered state; you are very likely not to make proper use of your eyes, ears, or any sense you possess; a mind unpleasantly exercised as yours is easily suggests delusions, and then becomes the victim of them; the seal, no doubt, was in your pocket, though you thought it was in the purse; a common country dance, may be played, without magic, all over the kingdom; your father twined the violets; the gipsey might know something about you, as those people travel every where, and pick up everything; or her nonsense was unpremeditatedly spoken, and you applied it to your own prejudices: plates with flowers are common, and you by chance got a violet—a sensitive plant would have been better—dismiss such trifles, and make up your mind about Artherton's letter: for that is a very serious business, and implicates your honour,

ISN'T IT ODD?

ISN'T IT ODD?

By MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ ——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ? ” — HORACE.

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ISN'T IT ODD?

CHAPTER I.

MY readers will recollect a conversation that passed between Artherton and me, (after he had been with O'Rourke,) and I must now remark that, subsequent to it, he posted down, without loss of time to Terence's cottage; I need not observe—especially as he had come to his reversion, as his uncle did by his death, suddenly—that he carried down presents for the honest couple: he was so *grateful*—wasn't it odd? Their integrity, however, revolted from re-

ceiving the presents; as they plainly perceived that more than gratitude was connected with them; and Terence was not only shy of the presents, but of the conversation. Artherton felt a little chagrined that cottagers should hesitate about receiving *him*, "the noble captain" as a son-in-law; especially as he told them he had O'Rourke's permission to try his fortune; and requested a candid answer to the inquiry, whether Kathleen's affections were engaged, or whether she was promised to another; but Terence and Judy were inflexible in their silence upon such points: Terence said, "her hand was at the disposal of her benefactor, and it would be misbecoming in him to say any thing on the subject, with every respect for the honour of them by Captain Artherton." (I should observe he had been promoted to the rank of captain; and we will, in accordance with custom, call him colonel, in future).

The presents returned with their purchaser from the cottage; Terence had no notion of compromising consistency for interest; and Artherton, although he was disappointed by his ill success with the pair, could not but honour their motives. From the cottage he proceeded to the residence of Mrs. James, for whom he had made it his business to procure choice flower-roots, and knick-knacks of one kind or another, as an excuse for visiting; and, during several days that he was at the hotel in the town, he was a constant guest at Mrs. James's; and had the felicity—and an exquisite felicity it was—of enjoying many a *tête-à-tête* with Kathleen—and had, or fancied he had, made some progress in her good graces; and at last summoned up resolution to declare himself a candidate for her hand in form. She heard his declaration with sweetness, but did not give him that assurance he hoped for; still she did

not repulse him so completely as to make him despair. He was still considered as an unexceptionable visiter, and had the honour of attending both Mrs. J. and Kathleen, occasionally, as their escort, while none other of the beaux of the place, who fluttered around them, were received with more than common politeness: yet, from the time of his declaration, Kathleen never would be alone with him—nor accept the most trifling present. While he was there, a parcel arriving from O'Rourke, with presents for both the ladies, among them happened to be one—a *necklace, ear-rings, and locket*—MARK—which O'Rourke said in his letter *I* had, as an old friend, entreated Kathleen's acceptance of; but that my *modesty* would not suffer me to put the question of acceptance myself. Now it unluckily happened that my *modesty* not being *impudent* enough to pry into other people's concerns,

knew nothing about it; and I had been scrupulous in not *appearing particular* to Kathleen, whatever I thought, through the fear of consequences: but O'Rourke, as I have proved to you, had *ways of his own* in bringing about his projects, and this was one; and when the old lady rallied me about the necklace, (when we met at the inn,) *she* seemed astonished, and Kathleen, (*I* thought) piqued, that I should treat the whole as a jest. Most unfortunately, Artherton was not only there when the circumstance was communicated to Kathleen, but Mrs. James, (perhaps in O'Rourke's secret, and wishing to open Artherton's eyes) communicated it aloud in his hearing. He reddened; Kathleen reddened—he had offered her a *similar present*; she had refused it: if, then, she accepted mine, in his presence, it was openly giving me the preference, and tacitly dismissing him: she took a middle course, and said, “ I cannot receive so

valuable a gift from *any* gentleman, however *esteemed*, without more time for consideration than my dear Mr. O'Rourke allows me." Artherton immediately concluded that I was as much implicated with O'Rourke in this affair as he had asserted; and conceived that he saw the real meaning of my reserve when speaking on the subject; so when he returned to town he called at Tunzey's, and learned that I was in the country, but not in what part of it. He returned to Mrs. James's two or three days after; and, having ascertained where the ladies were gone to, followed them, from gallantry, to escort them back—the rest my readers know.

Fubbs returned with the information that O'Rourke was at Skein's country residence, and would not be in town till next day; but that Mrs. O'Rourke and the other two ladies hoped to see me as early in the evening as possible to accompany them to the play: wasn't

it odd? No—perplexing. Artherton required an immediate answer, and I despatched the subjoined.

“ Sir,

“ *I presume that you will require no further explanation of the situation to which you do me the honour to allude than, that it was perfectly consistent with the honour of,*

“ Sir,

“ *Your humble servant.*

“ M. MERRYWHISTLE.

“ *Colonel Artherton.*”

Fubbs said, “ I shall take the answer myself, as, having more than once been the agent of our friend O'Rourke on account of Kathleen, as well as Caroline, I feel no little interest in all that concerns her, as well as yourself; so here goes; and I'll play you no trick now, my boy.”—*Exit Fubbs*—*Manet Marmaduke*, sulky as a bear, and beating

the devil's tattoo ; while debating mentally whether he ought to go to the ladies, or wait the return of Fubbs. The latter seemed the most consistent ; so I dressed in readiness to go when circumstances permitted ; and, during that portion of the *tedium vitæ*, I turned over in my mind the events of the road. Fubbs's serious denial of any connexion with them staggered me ; the coincidences appeared too consistent to be independent of particular agency ; but who, then, could the agents be, and what their motives ? Violetta was beyond my reach ; but had she been within it could I, as circumstances stood, marry her ? “ In London,” said I—no, I was too splenetic to say any thing. Fubbs came back ; Colonel Artherton was not at home—so he left the letter. We went together to O'Rourke's, and escorted the ladies to the theatre—who were Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. James, Mrs. Welford,

and Kathleen. Fubbs took charge of the two elder ladies, by their desire ; and I of the younger.

On our entering the box, the first person I saw was *Goldworthy*, who immediately, *sans ceremonie*, joined us, and entered freely into conversation with the ladies and Fubbs ; but was rather *polite* than civil to me. “ In London,” (said I, in my description) “ people are civil without being polite, and polite without being civil—politeness being combined with ceremony, and civility with sincerity ; the latter coming from the heart, the former from the head. ‘ Mrs. Floss is extremely proud of the honour done her by Mrs. Fudge ;’ when the *honour* is mere *fudge*, and the *pride* mere *floss* : now there’s no more *substance* in *floss* than *civility* in *fudge*. ‘ Mr. Wiggins’s compliments to Mr. Wagstaff, and begs he will do him the favour to settle his little account, as it has been so long *outstanding*.’ Now,

here is politeness in the *compliments*, with sincerity in the request, but not much civility in the concluding observation, though no doubt much sincerity; but this is only a variety of the species."

"Hope I have the honour to see Mr. Merrywhistle well?" said Goldworthy.

Now, it was clear, from the black look he gave me when he observed Kathleen was with me, that he would have been better pleased if I had been confined at home by a sprained ankle, a locked jaw, a raging fever, or any other trifling occasion of detention; and that the *honour to see me* he'd have thought "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" for he too had heard I was a favoured rival—and now I thought him a coxcomb again. He contrived to plant himself close by Kathleen, who was civil enough, but certainly not very polite—he whispered (loud enough for Kathleen to hear) to Mrs. O'Rourke, to "tell her husband, that he wanted him to make a

very large purchase in the funds for him in a few days, and would call on him for that purpose." But Kathleen muttered something about "People talking so loud, nobody could attend to the play," which, though perfectly fashionable is not *quite comme il faut*.

Colonel Artherton came into the box: a polite bow was exchanged between him and me; I whispered, "I answered your note, Sir;" he bowed *politely* again; and then addressed Mrs. James and Kathleen, with the friendly familiarity in which they had encouraged him: while Goldworthy, who attempted the same familiarity, eyed him as a man eyes a large gap in his road; and Artherton *eyed* him (for he happened to know him as a man of reputed wealth) as the very rival I had hinted at—but they were excessively *polite* to each other; begging each other's pardons for the most trifling—nothings: evincing *Floss* and *Fudge*, and *o-h!* and *Fi-ne!*

till I saw, *in fine*, that it would become too *exquisite* to bear; and so it proved—each appeared anxious to discover a loop-hole, through which to get out of *politeness* into mere *civility*, that they might express themselves with *sincerity*—and whether they thought with the *Marquess de Grand Château*, “No man of honour can really love a lady without wishing a successful rival at the devil”—each thinking the other a successful rival—I do not know: but I thought they at least seemed as if determined to shew each other they did think so. A song in the farce was partially encored, and, the *house dividing*, I could plainly see Goldworthy and Artherton seized that moment to “let slip the dogs of war,” one hissing and the other applauding with all their force: a few civil remarks to each other succeeded, which soon introduced the negative particle *un*, to the adjective *civil*, and those parts of speech became one and indivisible immediately.

Kathleen gave Artherton a look, which seemed to say, "Be quiet, pray do;" to Goldworthy she gave none; but muttered something about "*troublesome*," which he heard. Artherton and he exchanged *looks*—they understood each other, I suppose—and Goldworthy moved next to Mrs. Welford; wasn't it odd? I had observed that Caroline had appeared as if scrupulously avoiding to look towards Goldworthy; she seemed discontented at his seating himself by her, and extremely uneasy at the officious attention he paid to the inexpressible *delight* of—WELFORD, who happened to *pop his nose* in, two boxes off, in search of his wife (who, he had learned, had accompanied us to the play). I thought "*All in the Wrong*," the play of the night, must have been selected expressly for us by the demon of mischief. I beckoned Welford; he affected not to see me: Caroline saw him, and begged me to fetch him in, which I did.

Dogged he seemed, and it was my business to make him docile ; but he did not seem so inclined ; was *polite* to his wife, but I'm sure not *civil*. I saw she sat on thorns ; while he seemed to sit on a red-hot gridiron. I gave him a look, she gave him another—he supported both like a stoic.

The stoics, *very* young reader, were *automata*, from whom lingual, labial, dental, and guttural sounds (something like speech) were produced ; but you may imagine what affected and ludicrous sounds they were : they were called men, but their composition proved they had neither *nerves* nor *hearts* ; feeling was, of course, out of the question ; and whenever *feeling* is absent, the figure before you can be no other than an automaton.—Welford, at that time, was an automaton ; had all the vacancy of their eyes ; the monosyllabical motion of their tongues ; the stiff and unaccommodating twist of their manner ; and

the very *pedantic perpendicularity* of their gait. “How do you do, Mr. Welford?” said Goldworthy, pleasantly enough.—“Your *servant*, sir,” said Welford, petrifyingly enough. Goldworthy stared; Welford looked—so appalling that his wife complained of a violent head-ach, and begged to be taken home—which—(I making her excuses to the company)—she was—that *Marplot*, Goldworthy, saying to her, as civilities were passed at parting, “O, Mrs. Welford, let me remind you that you never fulfilled your promise, made to me at the cottage, of writing out that beautiful little song for me.”—“Come along,” said Welford—like a Sir John Brute—and out they went. I shook my head at him; she saw it, and stifled a sigh; he wouldn’t see it, and suppressed a groan. Now, in the name of wonder, did some demon put this last speech in Goldworthy’s mouth?—I never knew he had been at the cottage.—“He sees,” thought I,

“ that the fellow is jealous, and, in pure spite, is determined to torment him ; I'll talk with him ;” but he nodded, and slipped out. The play over, some embarrassment took place as to how we should depart; when Kathleen, to obviate it, said, “ My dear Mr. Fubbs, you are the best gallant among them, so you shall beau me. “ Bless you,” thought I ; and I thought I caught the glimpse of a face like Violetta's a few boxes off; the eyes fixed upon me. Did you ever jar the bone of your elbow? My heart had an elbow just then—though it had been long out of elbows—it was jarred—the nymph vanished. I walked home with Mrs. O'Rourke, Artherton squiring Mrs. James. I parted with them at the door, in spite of their entreaties. What became of Artherton I did not stay to see ; but hurried to Welford's, learned that Mrs. Welford had gone to bed very unwell ; and that Mr. Welford had gone out again—

wasn't it odd? I went home, and found a small packet had been left for me. I broke the seal, and found in it the purse I had given the sailor, and in that an artificial shamrock, and a slip of paper, inscribed (in a hand I was unacquainted with)

One has wither'd ; 't' other's green.

It was odd? "There's more in this than meets the eye," said I—"the morning star is *not* set:" and I actually put on my hat, and sallied forth to the theatre, forgetting in my delirium of tantalization, that the theatre must have been emptied an hour before. It was providential, however, that I did; for, turning through an alley, I heard the cry of murder; and, having Fubbs's walking-stick with me, which was *rather* of the *en bon point* character—

"In London (said I, &c.) people lard their conversation with French phrases, generally as *appropriately* applied as a

good lady's politeness was; who had a pretty box in the country, as they call it *here*—that is—a stone's throw from the *stone's end*. “My dear sir,” said the lady, “I’ll send you some nice young radishes out of my own garden to-morrow morning.” “Why, ma,” said her conscientious child *aside to her*), “we had the last for dinner to-day,”—(*aside to him*,) “Oh! be quiet, child, I’ll buy some and send him.” The French and the radishes are cater cousins; both are substitutes, or proxies—“a man’s proxy’s himself in another shape,” said Terence. Having Fubbs’s *switch*, as he called it, with me, I put two desperate, cowardly fellows—all murderers are cowards, and only cowards grow desperate—*hors de combat*; that is, out of the alley, and into the watch-house; and just in time to save the life of a poor wounded wretch; whose removal to a public-house I procured through the “especial grace” of

his gracious majesty's picture, and the next day to the hospital; where I will leave him at present, in very good hands, and return to my own peculiar matters—yet, was not that my own peculiar matter? Whatever our neighbour's *joys* may be, depend upon it his *sorrows* are more our concern than we *generally* imagine. I slept sound *that* night. In the morning I received a note from Artherton.

“ Colonel Artherton's compliments to Mr. Merrywhistle, and begs the honour of half an hour's conversation with him, wherever he may appoint.”

“ Civil,” said I—and wrote :

“ Mr. Merrywhistle's compliments to Colonel Artherton, and will have the honour of meeting him at —— tavern, in an hour hence.”

I left word at home where I was gone in case of accidents. We met—

“ When Greek meets Greek, then comes——”

Very little *good* English, I dare say—but

When Briton meets Briton—then comes——

not *always* a great deal more—but, may be, a bet—may be a boxing match—may be a rump and dozen—but, in general, right meaning, if a little wrongheadedness.

We met (in a private room,) like the first meeting of Parliament, without a *Speaker*; for we merely bowed *civilly*—then came the usual introductory *hems*! and short coughs; and cravat adjustings, and nose-blowings, and rubbing little *imaginary* motes out of the corners of the eyes, &c. &c., which prelusive evasions indicate *something to be done*, but an indecision about the *way to do it*—nor did it seem that we were to do it, for, at the very commencement of Artherton's *opening the debate*, the door opened, and in walked *Fubbs*, followed

by *O'Rourke*, who interrupted the *honourable member* with—"Gentlemen, he that's determined to fight must fight me, and the other shall be his second; Fubbs mine. Port and pistols directly, waiter,"—and down he sat, then proceeded:—"My friend Fubbs has let me into a secret in which I am concerned; Kathleen's an Irish girl, to be sure, but, like all sensible *Irishmen*, she likes no more fighting than what keeps the peace; Mr. Merrywhistle's enemy is no friend of hers, [Artherton bit his lips,] and Colonel Artherton's friend she would not look upon as an enemy; [Artherton withdrew his teeth,] these may be secrets worth knowing; but, as secrets told are secrets no longer, the *sooner* we keep them to ourselves the better. Mr. Merrywhistle, Colonel Artherton, is intrusted with a secret of mine, and, depend upon it, you'd not shoot it out of him, if you kilt him in the doing it: *my* secret's my own, and

I mean to keep it, and also the peace, if I fight, myself, for it ; and as for the rest—fair play's a jewel—Kathleen must choose for herself, and she'll think the better of you both if you shake hands ; for, if you fight, she has made up her mind not to marry the survivor for one reason, nor the dead man for another. Nor shall my Katty—(Artherton stared) that is, Terence's Katty, with *my* liking, marry any man who *persists* in wringing my secrets out of another man's bosom, with the but-end of a bullet—and, now, I've put the wrong saddle on the right horse, as Terence says, I hope, as *gentlemen*, (impressively) you'll both ride asey."

Colonel Artherton rose, and offered me his hand, with the noble frankness of a soldier of honour—I received it with the cordiality of friendship ; and O'Rourke said, " I honour you both—of you, Colonel Artherton, I've heard much, since I saw you, from a friend of

mine, that does you more honour than even your commission; and a British commission's a point of honour not to be trifled with—that gentleman has acted more honourably by you than you'll ever know, and I'm sure you're a man very capable of returning a compliment." *My DEAR Marmaduke*, and *my dear Artherton*, followed of course; and the honest Fubbs rubbed his hands, just as my father did when I was born. O'Rourke and Fubbs went into the city together; and Artherton and I trudged off arm-in-arm—that can't be odd.—“Pray,” said I, “how did you settle your misunderstanding (*brouillerie* I should have said, to have been fashionable, but, though French words may be all very well in displays of English *politesse*, I think for English quarrels the vernacular tongue is *good* enough). “Your misunderstanding with Goldworthy?” “I had not heard from him when I came out,” said he. “If you will dine with

me to day (said I,) we will talk further both of him, and *another* person any thing about whom concerns *you* nearly indeed." He was surprised at my earnestness, and replied "*Me*, and not *you*?" and yet I think you mean Kathleen." "I do—good-bye till dinner;" and I parted from him, abruptly.

CHAP. II.

ON reaching home I found that Mr. and Mrs. Tunzey had arrived in town; Caroline was with them, and *in tears*. Welford, the night before, had been sullen all the way from the theatre to their house; went out, after he had seen her safe, and had not returned when she left home to fly to her parents, (of whose coming she had previously been apprized,) to impart to them her sorrows, and receive from them comfort and direction.

I was thunderstruck; Tunzey said, "I'll find the fellow out, and he *shall* do you justice, or—*ha—a—a—h!*"—

with a discordant tone—and he was going—“ Let me go, sir,” said I, and, without waiting for an answer, I went.

Welford was not at home; I returned, and a note was put into my hand by my clerk; I flew to —— hotel, and saw Welford — in bed! — his visage was ghastly, and a bandage, tinged with blood, told me the rest. He had gone in search of Goldworthy when he left the house the night before, found him; challenged him; slept at the hotel; fought in the morning early, and was carried back there, severely wounded! “ O, the devil take jealousy,” thought I, “ and may he who mischievously pokes his nose into other people’s comforts have it wrung off, for his pains.” “ My dear Welford,” said I, “ this, this is heart-breaking; I see through it all—Goldworthy?” he moved his head affirmatively, “ O, that you had made me your confidant last night;” and I ex-

plained to him why Goldworthy was seated by Caroline at the theatre: the doctor came in, and said, " His life depends upon his silence and being kept quiet to day, and nurse (calling her in,) do not suffer a creature to come near him ;" he then took me by the arm, saying, " as soon as it is safe to talk with him you shall know," and we walked down stairs. I immediately flew to Goldworthy's house ; he was at home, and admitted me. " This has been an unfortunate affair, sir," said I. " Yes, sir," said he, " and I keep in the way to abide the consequences as a man should do ; have you seen him?"— " Yes?"—" How is he?"—" Very bad ; but I hope his case is not desperate."—" I hope not (emphatically,) for all our sakes," said Goldworthy. " I acted like a fool at the theatre, and he like a weak man afterwards ; but that infernal song ! there I was censurable, sir ; but I had drank, and you know what wine

does with a man." "I do, sir, and now will you honour me with answers to a few questions, for the sake of him, his wife, their families, and—*yourself*; as your character is implicated with his miseries?" "I'll answer any thing, sir," a gentleman ought," said he. Our conversation eventually procured me this information: Goldworthy had, while rambling the country one day, passed the cottage where Caroline was; the casement being open, he looked in, and, to his great surprise, saw Caroline sitting with a child in her lap, and O'Rourke seated by them; they saw that Goldworthy observed them, and O'Rourke (who was always prompt and decisive in his operations,) asked him in, while Caroline withdrew; then O'Rourke, from necessity, told him that she had been secretly married to Welford before Goldworthy made his proposals; and, that the fear of never obtaining pardon of her parents, by an

abrupt disclosure in answer to their request that she would marry Goldworthy, occasioned the elopement, which O'Rourke told him he had planned; certain, that by a judicious temporizing, he should by degrees effect a reconciliation. Secrecy was imposed upon Goldworthy and he observed it sacredly. He offered to join O'Rourke in all expenses, and to lend his assistance; but O'Rourke declined the offer with proper acknowledgment; Goldworthy had never been into the cottage from that day; and Caroline had kept closer than ever in consequence of his having been there at all. "And, in regard to the song, it was simply thus, sir," said he. I remarked that I had heard *her*, I presumed, when I had passed the cottage, sing a very beautiful air, new to me; but, as I never had heard her sing before, the voice impressed me with no notion who she was. I requested as a

great favour that she would, through Mr. O'Rourke, give me the words and music of the song ; as I strum and sing a little ; she promised she would, but seemed confused ; and, I, feeling there was an impropriety in her giving me any thing, never mentioned it to O'Rourke afterwards ; and never received the song, I assure you. I could not have chosen a worse observation to make in the hearing of a man, whom I saw was something like jealous, nor a worse moment to make it in ; but, like an inebriated fool, I thought it would tease him a little ; and, like all fools, never thought of consequences. When he called on me, I would have explained, but he would listen to nothing ; he was like a madman ; so we met ; on the ground I was piqued by his haughtiness, so we fired : I explained to him when all was over ; when I think he believed me ; but the mis-

chief is done: and now any thing in my power to repair the injury my thoughtlessness did I shall be eager now and at all times to perform."

I told him that I would undertake the task of seeing every thing done for the accommodation of all parties if I could; and advised him to secrete himself till the danger was over, which I hoped would be soon—alas! I feared more than hoped—I prevailed upon him to go, though he seemed at first determined to stop; he gave me his address, and we parted.

I returned to Tunzey with the melancholy intelligence, and he immediately told Mrs. Welford that I had seen her husband; that he felt the injustice he had done her, but wished she would suffer him to compose his mind for a day or two before they met; and he (Tunzey) proposed that she should go with her mother into the country—and he thought he had managed the matter very cleverly—

but women have not such dull, thick heads as we have, and she replied, "Where he is, there will I be; if my presence cannot compose his mind, I am certain my absence will not; he is ill, I am sure he is—perhaps worse than ill;" and she fixed her eyes, full of tears, upon me, with such a piteous look of inquiry, that my looks, inadvertently, answered her question in such a manner that, catching up her bonnet and scarf, she was flying out of the room, when I stopped her,—“ You *must not* go now.”—“ I must go,” she said, and, springing past me, she was down stairs, and out of the door in an instant, and my confusion giving her the start of me, she was at her own house, (the distance was not *very* great, to be sure,) before me. I arrested her at her own door, walked into the parlour with her, and entreated her to hear me a moment. “ I must go *up* to him instantly—” she said. “ He is not here,” said I.—“ Where then,”

she, (trembling.) "*Safe*," I said, "and orders were given that he should not be seen till the next day. "In the name of Heaven," she exclaimed, "tell me all," and burst into a flood of tears. "Thank God," thought I, "now she will bear to hear it better." In short, as adroitly as I could, I broke every thing to her; and her mother having followed her I left them together; hurrying home to comfort Tunzey, and await the coming of Artherton. Tunzey was gone when I got home, and soon after Artherton came in.

I heretofore remarked that Welford and Caroline were premature in imagining all before them was repose; but I hoped the event of the duel, and its consequences, if he survived it, would put a termination to his unfortunate prejudice, in regard to Goldworthy; and that having his eyes opened by *terrible* means would destroy every disposition in him to err so fatally again. At dinner I related

to Artherton what I had witnessed in the morning which, from moralizing on jealousy, led me to moralize on love, and its effects, when not controlled by reason—as we generally say—but reason never could control love, nor any passion; it may act as the nursery-maid does with some *little darling*, as “*cross as bewitched*,”—(it was nurse Sheepshanks’s phrase; and I have a great veneration for her phrases)—“as cross as bewitched,—she may hold it by one hand, while it is walking in the road, but she can’t prevent it tugging to get away from her, and forming Hogarth’s line of beauty, with a *little variation*, in an *exactly* contrary direction from her own perpendicular position; with its head half down to the ground, and its *sweet little cherub* face looking *little deaths and daggers*; or *harnets and wapses*, as nurse used to say; while its *pretty prattling* tongue is tuned eight octaves above concert pitch, and set in

the key of *X*, the *crossed* letter in the alphabet, with a dozen sharps ;



She may prevent it throwing itself under cart wheels; but she can't always prevent its tripping, and filling its pretty eyes and mouth with dust, and making its little nose bleed—and then the face it makes when it gets up again—that peculiarly whimsical face, which is the preparation

to a *full roar*. And then again, though she teach it ever so assiduously to walk, holding it always by *one* hand—*never* to save herself trouble in carrying it; but only to make it walk sooner and stronger.—She *can't*, or *don't*, *always* prevent the line of beauty forming itself on the *outside* of the leg so well as on the calf; so that the *pair* form a pretty parenthesis, without an internal reason thus

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So it is with love and reason: reason is a right-down nursery-maid, and love one of the most whimsical nurslings in nature. Reason can only counsel passion; and passion wants to be controlled.

“Can love be controlled by advice?”

Can a generous steed be reined by a packthread?—there *are* steeds.—Fubbs had a steed once; you might have reined it with a *raveling*; for it was mortally averse not only to the *perpetual* motion, but to any motion whatever

—to be sure it was an *ancient*, and that was the reason, he said, why it so pertinaciously kept its ground. There is but *one* controller of passion, which is the controller of reason, itself; and it were superfluous to say what that is.—“*Did you and Artherton moralize all day?*” No—we analyzed—or, as Tunzey would say, “*Gôt to the marrow of things—Ha-ah!*” “Pray,” said Artherton, “what could you possibly mean by intimating that Kathleen concerned only me? there is a secret into which I must not inquire; but, clearly, you appear to be the very man I am justified in considering as a rival, though an honourable one; you evince for Kathleen something infinitely beyond the friendship that long acquaintance creates, and have such auxiliaries as I must despair of; yet, do you mean to abandon the field to me?—if you don’t, what the ——” What could he have been going to say?—“What, the *hmph* to be sure,” says Miss Nickit, (dying to

say the *real* word;) “and you put a *dash* to cheat the *hmph*.” And, my dear Miss, *you* are *humphing* as hard as you can. *Dashes* were introduced in *such* cases by *politeness*, that *delicacy* might not be shocked; and eagerly adopted by *prudery* to obviate the charge of *ignorance*, and enable her to express *all* she *thought*; though at the expense of any body’s blushes, but her own. “In London, (wrote I in my description,) cheating the *hmph*, or (as it is vulgarly called, cheating the devil,) is practised in a variety of ways. Among others, one *kisses his thumb* instead of the *book*, when he *fudges* an oath; another talks of *honesty* while he *dusts the pepper*; a third goes to church with thirty per cent. *interest* in his purse; and a fourth *trumpets* over his “charity farthings,” with his neighbour’s dinner in his pocket: it won’t do; there’s no *fighting the old soldier* with such an *ancient* veteran as the *hmph*—and *cunning* people

should keep in mind that if they *should* happen to cheat *him*, there's a Being whom they *cannot* deceive."

Innocent reader—you will occasionally meet *dashes* in books, as well as hear naughty words in company—to the latter don't listen, on the former don't dwell; and read Artherton's —— in the most innocent way—" *what the dickens*," for I have too great a regard for Artherton to let the world suppose that he made use of *vulgarisms* and *vice-isms*, (its Fubb's word, coined over some rum toddy,) though they *are* genteel, and fashionable, and spirited, and *spunky*; only I put down his own words, as a faithful biographer should, to correct the same habit in any other young gentleman, through his seeing how silly it looks upon paper, and considering how much more silly it must sound.

"What the devil *do* you mean?" said he. "Why," said I, "to say I am insensible of Kathleen's attractions, being

neither a stock nor a stone, would be nonsense; but I have never told her more of what it is possible I may feel, than friendship, without love, would warrant."

"Did you not," rejoined he, "send her a present similar to that which I carried to the cottage for her?" "No, I did not." He then mentioned the circumstance of O'Rourke's present sent in my name. "I had nothing to do with it," said I, "directly, or indirectly." "I thought," returned he, "you knew of it, when I recollected how earnestly you inquired, *whether when I offered mine she accepted it.*" "There it is," replied I; "reasoning of that kind produced poor Welford's, perhaps, *death-wound.*" "I perceive then," said he, "by O'Rourke's interference in that case, as well as from other observations I have made; that O'Rourke is anxious you should have her; and if your anxiety accord with his—" "I am likely," interrupted I, "to become a successful

rival, you mean? but, listen—and I related to him every thing respecting Violetta, up to the incident of the purse and the shamrock—“Now judge;” continued I; “had I never known Violetta I should certainly have addressed Kathleen long since; but till I am satisfied that Violetta is married, or false, or degraded, I should not be justified in addressing any woman, even if my *first-love* had decayed; I suspect she is in London; if I meet her, and she cannot justify herself, then ——” He interrupted me—“You will be free to address Kathleen, you mean?”

My answer implied that “every circumstance relative to me, as regarding Kathleen was now so delicately critical that, were Violetta, of whom I had no hope, out of the question, I could not feel justified in addressing Kathleen, while he had any claim, nor would I.”—He declared he would not be outdone in generosity, but would proceed

no farther about Kathleen till he had obtained some clue to Violetta, which should produce satisfaction to me, of either her innocence or guilt; after which, he observed, I, as well as himself, could act with decision, without either of us compromising his honour.

CHAP. III.

As I could not obtain admission to Welford till the next day, I went, after Artherton left me, to the hospital. The man's wounds were more alarming in appearance than in reality, and he was to be discharged in a day or two. His name was William Royer, he was a gentleman's servant out of place; and, as there was something in his manner which prepossessed me, I thought of giving him some employ, if he could produce testimonials of character. He produced a certificate from—*Sir Lionel Lovell*—isn't it odd? it was dated about two months previous to the time the

Baronet left the country; but it had not availed him; he had been in great distress, but he "thanked God he had kept himself honest:" having, in a public-house, received an old debt of two pounds from a man he accidentally met, who had received prize-money, the men who had wounded him, had followed him out of the house, and attacked him as I before related. As he had lived with Sir Lionel, I was the more induced to engage him, as a medium through which I might obtain some satisfactory intelligence relative to Violetta; so, giving him some money, to provide himself with necessaries, I directed him to call on me when he was discharged and had altered his appearance: giving him my card, I observed he slightly coloured upon reading it; I appeared not to notice it, but treasured it for observation at a future period.

The next day, I hurried to Welford,

and, to my inexpressible joy, saw him. "Thank Providence, sir," said the doctor, "all danger is over; and to-morrow, or the next day, he may be removed; to-day he must not be agitated; to-morrow you may communicate together; he will have sufficient strength after the composing and invigorating course he will go through to-day." Welford attempted to converse about Caroline, but the doctor took me abruptly out of the room, saying, as we departed, "*To-morrow:*" but I gave Welford a look, which said, "*All's well there;*" and his brightening countenance told me what to say to Caroline when I saw her. I soon joined the ladies, and made them happy with the expectation of so soon seeing him; told Caroline how *penitent he was*, and that all he seemed to suffer, comparatively, *was absence from her*. She was as delighted as she could be, taking all things into consideration, and entreated I would not

fail being with him as early, as often, and as long, as I could the next day. I told her I had seen Goldworthy, (to whom I wrote,) that his conduct had been so manly since the affair, that his communications would be balm to their mutual wounds; and that this event, lamentable as it had threatened to be, would, by restoring Robert completely to his reason, prove eventually a blessing to them both. I kissed the boy, danced about the room with him; made him laugh with my monkey tricks; made Mrs. Tunzey laugh; and at last made Caroline laugh. "And now," thinks I, "is my time to go, before sadness can return to produce fresh colloquies of misery:" so I made my oongee, and, meeting Fubbs upon my road, proposed to go over to his house, dine, and pass the evening with him, to recruit my spirits with tricks and rum-toddy. Fubbs said he had some business to finish before he could

return home, but, if I would go on, he would soon be there after me: and, *as I supposed*, he turned down another street; when I determined upon a trick, and seeing a masquerade shop opposite, slipped into it to purchase a dress; little imagining that Fubbs saw me through a shop-window nearly opposite. I hired a thin calico shroud-like dress, a skeleton's mask, and a white shroud cap. I put the mask in my inside pocket, and folding the dress up in a small compass, easily disposed of it under my waistcoat. I bought some phosphorus at a chemist's, and went over to Fubbs's. He, as I discovered afterwards, seeing me go into the masquerade warehouse, knew something mischievous was brewing; and watching me till I had got too far to detect him, went to the shop, inquired what dress I had hired, and procured one of a different nature; which is

all that is necessary to tell my readers at present.

When he joined me he expressed much pleasure at the idea of our passing the day together; and leaving the school to the direction of his *head* usher, he abandoned his magisterial chair for the day. We sat down to a good dinner; I inwardly chuckling with anticipation of the sport I should have; and he looking "*conscious innocence*," incapable of any thing like playing a trick—"Playing tricks?—*bah!*"—Indeed, reader, I agree with you, that playing tricks is ridiculous; often mischievous; always beneath a man, and indefensible after *half-holiday* age, however, as my apology, I played mine off, intentionally only on Fubbs, who was my inveterate adversary in this *innocent* amusement, and from the effusions of whose *jack-pudding* genius, nobody, with whom he might take liberties, was free; and

then *my* tricks, like all follies, brought with them their own punishment. After dinner, I pushed the toddy about, to put Fubbs into a state sufficiently confused to favour my operations. He seemed to swallow the *bait*, as well as the toddy; and eventually fell fast asleep on his chair, quite overpowered with drinking, and laughing. It was a dark night, and in complete congeniality with my intentions. Assured of his being asleep, I was determined not to miss the opportunity; so putting out the lights, I slipped out my dress, put it on, rubbing the phosphoric matter over the mask; and when (by the light of which,) I saw myself in the glass, I half recoiled from my own reflection, it was so hideous; then standing opposite to Fubbs, I pronounced, in a sepulchral "*scrammel*" tone—"Erasmus! Erasmus! your time is come!"—he stirred, but did not wake. I repeated the call, till he did wake; when he

gave a hideous roar, and emptied a large jug of water (which stood on the table,) completely over me; which unexpected salute occasioning me to start, I saw in one corner of the dark room an exact representation of *Old Nick*, as he is drawn; with saucer eyes, and fire coming from his mouth—it was too much for my nerves—I was so completely taken by surprise, I dashed open the casement, and was in the road in an instant; and running, in my confusion, fancying my terrific foe at my heels, I heard others scampering and screaming in all directions, terrified at me, till the whole place was in an uproar: “A ghost! a ghost!” was reiterated around me; a gun was fired at me, but, thanks to Providence, it missed me; and I ran to reach some spot where I could conceal myself, get off my dress, and escape; for I feared to stop in sight to do it, lest I should be caught; so leaping a low wall, I found

myself in the church-yard, where I was instantly seized by two stout men, (who had sense enough not to be of the same opinion with the multitude, and who had ran a cross way to intercept me,) who, saying, in the words of a popular humourist: "*What do you do out of your grave at this time of night,*" actually laid the ghost in a newly dug grave, and began shovelling the earth on me; when, almost breathless, I was obliged to cry for mercy, and offer them five pounds to let me escape and cover my retreat. This had the effect; they pulled me out, and slipped off my dress, (for I could not do it myself, I was so exhausted,) before any other persons came up, and directed me into a large road; but not knowing exactly where I was, and trying to find my way back to Fubbs's, I was stopped by two footpads, who took my watch, and the remainder of my money, about six or seven pounds: they did not offer me

the least injury, but civilly directed me into the main road, from whence I found my way back to Fubbs's; who, with his ushers, had gone in pursuit of me. He came back about half an hour afterwards, alone, without hat or wig, both of which he had lost in the dark; or his purse, which he had surrendered in the same lane, and to the same persons, by whom I was lightened of mine. We were neither the better for our adventure; and both foreswore tricks from that hour. I need scarcely remark, that Fubbs shammed sleep to deceive me; and that his usher, being in the secret, played one of the *principal* characters in the farce of "Trick upon Trick."

I was too much flurried to return home that night; and Fubbs sent a messenger to town to say that I should sleep at his house. When the ushers came in, they gave a ludicrous account of the terror I had excited; and that the

report was (spread by the two men whom nobody knew, and who soon went about their own business, keeping their own secret,) that the ghost jumped into the grave, which was open, and disappeared through the bottom of it: while the accounts in the papers the next day were as wonderful, and as true, as most diurnal extra-communications are. I thought it wise to take a composing draught that night, and fortunately, waked in the morning well enough to eat a hearty breakfast, and walk to town to see Welford, several pounds *out* of pocket, and much profitable experience *in*. As I had left the value of the dress at the masquerade shop, I never called there, lest they should obtain any clue to who I was; Fubbs, for the same reason, never sent back his; and we were both infinitely amused for *nine days*, with the accounts we heard of the *wonder*—isn't it odd?

I proceeded to Welford without going

home, and found him well enough to be removed to his own house that evening. I acquainted him with all Goldworthy had said, and represented to him, delicately, the impropriety of his conduct to Caroline; but danger, and the approach of death, had opened his eyes, and he saw his conduct in so reprehensible a light that he said, it was impossible he should ever repeat it; and entreated me to let him see Caroline without loss of time. I consulted the doctor, who having given his permission, I went to Caroline, and returned with her and Mrs. Tunzey; and our time in proceeding there, was employed by her mother and me in convincing her of the danger which might result to him from her giving way too much to her feelings, when they met. She promised the most implicit obedience to our *commands*, being *perfectly convinced* of their propriety; and conducted herself

with the most philosophic calmness, till—she was in Welford's arms, which was the instant she entered the room; tears and sobs followed—nature *will* prevail—and so, promising to superintend the whole business of his removal in the evening, I left them and Mrs. T. together—delicate and affectionate reconciliations being ever too sacred to require witnesses.

CHAP. IV.

ON my way home I met Mrs. James, and Kathleen; the former of whom chid me for a truant, and the latter, I thought by her reserve, was more than angry; but my account of Welford's danger, proved a sufficient apology; and as they appeared to think I had been a close attendant upon *him*, I did not think it prudent to undeceive them. O'Rourke had sat for a miniature to please Kathleen, and Mrs. James and Kathleen were, when I met them, going to a jeweller, to whom they had been recommended, to have it set; and at their request I accompanied them.

Arrived at the shop, Mrs. James requested to see some specimens of *settings*, to direct their choice of one. The lady of the shop produced several miniatures in rich settings; and, as we were looking over them, I was *panic-struck* with one in a very plain frame, the exact counterpart of *Violetta*—wasn't it odd? "What a very beautiful face this is," said Kathleen to Mrs. James, who coincided with her in opinion; the lady of the shop looked at it, and confirmed that opinion—and if any three ladies will spontaneously allow any *one* lady to be really beautiful, it *must* be decisive. "But," said the shop lady, "I don't know how this miniature came here; I don't remember seeing it before."—Isn't it odd?—Mrs. James and Kathleen said it did not belong to them, which was what the *jewelleress* seemed to think; and it was the last thing I could *possibly* think. I said it did not belong to me; and hummed a

tune, to conceal the emotion I felt; looking round every where to observe if I could see anybody I could *convert* into Violetta. There were two or three ladies at the further end of the shop, and I scrutinized them all; but they looked more like Michaelmas daisies than violets. I kept my eyes by stealth on the miniature, which lay on the counter disregarded by everybody but myself. The ladies, having fixed on a setting, rose to depart, and the shop lady disposed of *the* miniature with the rest in a drawer, my eyes following it till it was concealed from my fascinated gaze. We left the shop; Kathleen having not only dismissed all her angry looks, but, smiling on me very graciously. I conducted them to a house where they were to pay a morning visit, and pleading an engagement, I was permitted to leave them, on condition of my promising to dine at O'Rourke's with them; to which I

consented with pleasure, stipulating for my returning to Welford when dinner was over; this could not be resisted, and we parted; they to engage in fashionable chit-chat, and I to hurry back to the jeweller's. I conjured the lady of the shop, if it were possible, to let me know how she came by that miniature, as it was of material consequence to me. She said she had never seen it before, nor did anybody in the shop know any thing about it; but she supposed it would be owned some day. I begged if it were, that she would elicit from the person who owned it if he or she knew any thing relative to the present residence of the original. She replied, that it was too delicate a thing for her to engage in; I was a perfect stranger to her, and a lady was in the case; so she begged to decline interposing. I felt the rebuke; apologized by saying, "more depended upon it than I was authorized to declare;" but the only

thing I could prevail upon her to promise was, that she would not make the ladies who had been with me acquainted with our conversation. I entreated her to allow me to look at the miniature once more; she begged to be excused; and a lady coming in, she attended her, with a slight inclination to me, as much as to say, "*You may go now, Sir,*"—so bowing, I did go—over the way to a coffee-house; where I sat, meaning to watch whoever went into the shop, till it was time to go to O'Rourke's to dinner. A chariot stopped; two gentlemen were in an adjoining box; one observed, "That's a handsome carriage.—" "Yes," said t'other, "I have often seen it, and understand it belongs to a Sir *something* Lovel."—Wasn't it odd? I had read he was killed in France; and so did the public read something about the *ghost going through the bottom of the grave*. I looked intently to see who got out; but, a hack passing at the

instant, I only discovered a petticoat flounce, which went into the shop. I started up, determined to get into such a direction that I might observe who it was, without being seen ; but, by the time I got to the door, there was a stoppage and I could not cross, (such a stoppage as sometimes occurs in Fleet-street; carriages, in opposite directions, lining both sides of the street ; and moving, when they could move, in a kind of compact body). The lady soon returned to her carriage, and was very dashingly dressed, with a large morning bonnet on ; in consequence, I could not get a peep at her face—at length, the carriages moved, and Sir *Something's*—went on with the rest ; but, at the corner of a street, turned, and I scrambled across the way, in a zig-zag direction, (as the carriages moved but slowly,) at the risk of my life, and with the loss of my hat, which was knocked off ; and, as O'Rourke would have said, a *coach-wheel walked*

over it. I gained the street however, and saw the carriage stop at a house in it; I darted into a hatter's at the corner of it, demanded a hat directly, telling the fate of mine; and, being fitted, was *delightfully* surprised at discovering I had not a farthing about me to pay for it; not having been home since I was robbed—and it was in vain to tell the man my address—he said he would send the hat home, or send somebody him, with me; but, as I was a stranger to he could not take my word.”—“Take my watch then,” said I—when I recollected that I had lost that too the night before. The man thought me either mad, or an impostor; when casting my eyes across the way, I saw, over a shop-door, the name of Tunzey's boot-maker; and directed the man to send his boy over to ask the boot-maker to identify me; he did, and the gentleman came over and claimed acquaintance with me; the hatter apologized, gave me the hat, and I

ran out of the shop, *all* staring at me. The carriage was driving on and I ran after it, I think, at least, three miles; when it stopped at an elegant house in the environs of town, and I posted myself near enough to see the lady alight—O, how my heart beat!—"If it *should* be Violetta, in Sir Somebody Lovel's carriage," thought I, "I have arrived at certainty, and my mind will be at rest about her." The carriage-door was opened—the lady alighted—I saw her face—I had ran three miles to look at one of the ugliest women I ever saw, and get a violent stitch in my side; and, to make it worse, I heard a church clock strike four; I was, at least, four miles from O'Rourke's; and four was their dinner hour—and my not going would never be pardoned—I ran myself out of breath, then walked; stopping when I could not cross for carriages; at last, knocked up—consider the lassitude my over-night's fright and exertion had

left—I saw an empty hackney-coach moving in a string of carriages, hailed the man, told him I would let myself in, to save time and trouble, which I did; told him where to drive, and to drive fast—after some time he got out of the stoppage; and, after some more time, he got into another—and a worse; so I jumped out—felt in my pocket for the fare, to throw it to him on the box, but—you know, reader, my pockets were empty—the man could not leave his box, so bawled to the people to stop me for his fare; a man collared me, and, in shaking him off, I reeled, and my elbow went through a shop-window; out came the shopman, and I was forced in; where I got breath to explain, as *well I could*, and was suspected the more, through the “improbability of my story,” for I could *not* explain *exactly*; —a constable was talked of; though I requested them to send to my house, or my banker’s, to inquire; they said,

“the sum required wasn’t worth the trouble,”—unfortunately I had neither card nor reference of any kind about me; and genteel sharpers abounded so then, as well as now, that even my appearance was against me—a constable came; and fortunately he was one of the many workmen I employed.—He “was astonished people couldn’t tell a gentleman when they saw him;” and, *after* his information, and *paying what was demanded*, they were astonished too—while I was enraged—for a crowd had collected around the door, and I had to make my way through them—“*That’s he,*” cries one—“*There he goes,*” cried another—and *go* I did—up one street instead of another, by mistake; and, in short, got to O’Rourke’s just as the cloth was going to be removed, though they had waited for me till the dinner was spoiled; and I had to do one of the most disagreeable things imaginable; dine with every body staring at one, and counting your

mouthfuls, (as boys count every day of the last three weeks before the holidays) impatient for the cloth's removal;—besides, being to account for my absence; not daring to account for it in the *exact* way, and puzzled how to frame a credible excuse—I ate, as one always does in such a case—at least, nervous men like me—just dinner enough to make me hungry; but, delicacy would not allow me to keep the ladies waiting for their dessert—I had *had* mine—for a fool—I thought; I motioned the cloth off; and, by the time a course of rounds of the bottle had occurred it was the hour I promised to attend Welford.—I made my apology, without having accounted satisfactorily, *I saw*, for my absence; but, as the cause licensed me, left the room without ceremony, and heartily vexed. O'Rourke and *both* the ladies, (*I thought*) looked chagrined.

I succeeded in effecting Welford's

comfortable removal to his own house; and found Tunzey there ready to receive him. Their meeting was affecting; but there was reserve—though not very strong—on the part of Tunzey, who never could conceal his feelings; but who had more of the dove than of the serpent in him. Welford reposed on a sofa in the drawing-room—Mrs. Tunzey at his head; his wife half leaning over him, and Tunzey playing with the boy; when the servant came in and whispered to me that Goldworthy was below—her whispering attracted Welford's notice, who *looked* an inquiry to me—I hesitated an instant—and said to the servant “*I will come down directly.*” Welford said, “Whispering denotes mystery; I'd rather know what it is.”—“Goldworthy is below,” said I. “Let him come up,” said he, “all rancour is gone.” Tunzey thought it imprudent, but Welford requested he might; the ladies withdrew, and I

introduced Goldworthy—Welford held out his hand to him the moment he entered with true Christian charity; Goldworthy seemed much affected, and said, “Thank God, sir, we have met again; and that God, knows my innocence of what you suspected me capable. Mr. O'Rourke can throw much light upon the subject, but no light that will reflect other than honour upon Mrs. Welford, and credit upon me.” *O'Rourke*, unexpectedly, entering with an old cottage dame, said—“I do know much; and this good woman, who tenanted the cottage, knows more; and can testify that Caroline and Mr. Goldworthy never met at the cottage but once, and that once in my presence; from that day Caroline never went *out* without *her*, or *O'Shaughnessy*, or his wife; for whose integrity I will answer—or with Kathleen, who is a sufficient authority for herself.” Welford declared he required no testimony; his own conscience told him he never

ought to have doubted his wife's consistency—"she has forgiven me," said he, "she shall not repent it; the circumstance of the song, Mr. Goldworthy, has been explained by my friend Marmaduke, and I have to ask your pardon." "Never," replied Goldworthy, "and I trust we shall never again forfeit each other's esteem." "Now," said Tunzey, (who would be very grave sometimes,) "let us cut the matter short—I am happy to see you reconciled, and I hope, gentlemen, you will both profit by the escape you have both had, and never again indulge in ambiguous language in cases where female character and connubial peace are at stake; nor ask redress for insults to your own honour, while you are implicating that of another. If Mr. Goldworthy had fallen, remorse would have opened Welford's eyes to fruitless anguish, and made the sight of his own wife a lasting reproach to him; and, if

Welford had *died*, the cry of the widow and orphan, would have united with that of "his blood from the ground," to harrow his opponent with the intolérable reflection that the appalling sacrifice had not only been made, but had been the result of an idle thoughtlessness, to which I do not wish to attach the name it deserves. He who commanded us *not to bear false witness* also commanded us *to do no murder*—but to *love one another*—and the *Book* that will be opened at the day of retribution will not be man's *code of honour*." He held a hand out to both, which they eagerly grasped; and O'Rourke, observing Welford was faint, we separated; O'Rourke insisting that Goldworthy and I should accompany him; Tunzey and his wife remained. We staid at O'Rourke's till late; Goldworthy was very attentive to Kathleen; I thought she coquetted with him—isn't it odd?—and I was obliged to force my spirits to be upon *par* with

them, as O'Rourke would have said. They all rallied me about my absence from dinner; but I merely said I had mistaken the hour; explaining the circumstances of the stoppages and losing my way; and bore the laugh against me for neglecting the ladies with as good a grace as I could; went home heartily vexed, wearied and dejected, and to bed immediately, to forget my trouble and hide my chagrin; and dreamt all night of violets, miniatures, shamrocks, hats, and hackney-coaches—that's not odd.

CHAP. V.

ARTHERTON, in the hope of obtaining a clue to Violetta, actually went to the inn where the incident of the three plates took place, and taxed the maid with it, who recollected nothing—till she saw a portion of the “*root of all evil*” peeping from between his finger and thumb ; and her inveterate hatred of any thing evil made her anxious to *root it out*—of the place where it was—which she adroitly effected ; and then recollected something about a lad who rode behind the chaise, and a woman coming, who arranged the plan of the plates ; but who the woman was she

didn't know; and about the lad (as Thomas, the postilion, was gone away) no information could be procured; and the whole, in fact, was such a *cock and bull story*, that nothing could be educed from it, further than the presumption that the lad was connected with the manager, or managers, of the whole art of legerdemain practised upon me; from the very circumstance of the seal being found in the wrapper of which he had the charge. I informed Artherton that I imagined I saw *Violetta* the night he was with us at the theatre; of the circumstances of the *miniature*, and Sir Somebody Lovel's carriage calling at the shop where I saw it; also of my having engaged Sir Lionel's discarded servant. He replied—"I do not believe that Lovel is in England; and there is, I think, a Sir Thomas Lovel: that *Violetta* hovers round you, as well as her emissaries, I have no doubt: I wish I had seen the *miniature*; it would have enabled me

the sooner to have discovered her; but we will go to the theatres and other public places together, where, if you see her, point her out, and I'll unriddle all that concerns her, or do not trust me more." While he was speaking, he pulled out his handkerchief, and something, in a paper, dropped from his pocket; I picked it up—"What is it?" said he—he took it and opened it, exclaiming, "Heavens! it's the miniature of a most beautiful woman; but how it came in my pocket I know no more than you." I looked—" 'Tis Violetta!" I exclaimed, "and the very miniature I saw in the shop—how am I to account for this?"—"Upon the honour of a soldier," said he, "I know not how it came into my possession; this woman appears to have recourse to all the arts of juggling; I will go to the jeweller's, for she must be in the plot; and as I am now in the possession of Violetta's features, I will ferret her out, if it be possible; she is either a mirror

of affection and constancy, or—excuse me—having been abandoned by Lovel, wishes to entrap you; which is a colourable conceit; for juggling acts like hers are not in accordance with female delicacy: no doubt, she has discovered my intimacy with you, and contrived to have this picture conveyed into my pocket; I am certain she's not far off; and I'll soon ascertain that: in the mean time, do you sift that fellow you have engaged thoroughly; I mistrust all he he has told you; so take care you are not imposed upon.” “Why it was more accident, and the sort of accident that could not have been planned which brought us acquainted,” said I. “True,” replied he; “but guard against accidents while *he* is with you.” The servant told me Royer was come,—“I leave you together,” said Artherton, and went. Royer was shown up; “Sit down,” said I. “I must have some serious conversa-

tion with you before I can determine what to do with you." He obeyed.

"I observed," said I, "when I gave you my address at the hospital, that you coloured; as if some particular recollection of the name came across you." He replied, I was not conscious of it."—I insisted upon his answering candidly to any question I should put to him, if he expected me to do any more for him; and observed, that if he equivocated, I had means of detecting him, of which he was little aware; that the gentleman who left the house as he came in had given me some information of which I should avail myself; and that, therefore, disguise would hardly avail him. And, now, said I, "I will come to the point at once: you are the man who assisted Sir Lionel Lovel in carrying off Miss Violetta Valentine." He replied, "You have saved my life, Sir, and I should be a villain indeed to deceive you. I have

been employed in strange *businesses* for Sir Lionel, certainly; but I did not assist him to carry off the lady you mention.” “Were you not with him when he carried her off?” continued I—“I was *not* with him *when he carried her off*.” “When did you leave him then?” “We quarrelled about two months before I *heard a report* of a plan to carry off Miss Valentine; and it was then he gave me the certificate to procure another place.” “There is an ambiguity and equivocation about your answers I do not like,” said I, “and which increases my suspicions; carrying a lady off, in the way she was carried off, is felony; and all concerned are principals; and, though you may be ignorant of it, I am justified in sending for an officer, and taking you before a magistrate, when the truth must come out.”

“Sir,” said he, “I will readily go with any officer, I have no fear on that point.” This confidence staggered me; but I did not choose to let him know

that, so I said—"No; I will not proceed to such an extremity. I saved your life, and I shall trust to your gratitude for making me the only return you can, that is, telling me the truth; for much depends upon it." "You have taken the best way, sir," said he; "of drawing any thing that I know from me; I am a poor man, an unhappy man, but not what you think me."

"Well, well," said I, for I began to think I had gone too far; "we will say no more at present; turn the subject over in your mind, recollect all you can, relative to Miss Valentine and Sir Lionel, and let me know—I will trust to your gratitude," (*ringing the bell.*) "You may, sir," replied he; a clerk entered, and I told him to take Royer into the office, and employ him, as I had previously given him directions; Royer bowed and followed him; and I remained—as wise as ever. His equivocation certainly gave me suspicion. "In Lon-

don, (said I in my description,) *equivocation* is universally practised; not is it confined to speech. The figure of equivocation may be applied to circumstance—the, now worn-out, reproach of the French *two ruffles and a frill* implying the positive existence of the *remainder* of the *convenience*, was an equivocation; in the same way bills of accommodation are equivocations; and generally imply as certainly the *remainder* of another convenience. “*A new jest book*,” is generally of this class; the title implying jests in the book, when the real jest is the book itself. “*Neat wines*,” means, *neat as imported*; Query—what is done to them on the other side of the water? A *carriage* implies the possession of *grease for the wheels*—yet they *creak* sometimes. *Long orations* imply knowledge; but are often like the show boards at the booth of a dwarf—*much without, little within, &c.*”

Welford recovered rapidly; his tenderness increased with his health, and

Caroline's happiness appeared established and complete; the reign of sorrow was past; and I rejoiced in the prospect before them, of a long series of years "brimful of bliss," nor was I disappointed; for to this day it is a phrase in our circle of oddities, whenever we would express a *plenum* of connubial joy, "*as happy as Welford and Caroline.*"

The morning after I had examined Royer, having a *professional* call to make at Richmond, I made (agreeable to a *predetermination* to go that day) the sixth *inside* of one of the stages. The company, with one exception—a lady deeply veiled and muffled up, who said nothing to any one—were very chatty. *Love* became our subject; and the truth of the assertion that *first love never dies* was inquired into, and canvassed in the same *odd* way in which a company, determined to laugh if they can, canvass every thing which spontaneously arises; more anxious to invite mirth, than to investigate meta-

physics, or talk reason. One gentleman observed, "that a man might love a dozen times, if he found a dozen amiable objects."—A lady inquired, if "he meant all at once?"—He replied "the more the merrier."—One said "Love was like curiosity—eager, and soon gratified; that first love was the strongest, but generally the least reasonable."—"But most natural," was the reply.—"I don't know that," was the rejoinder: "it is the most fanciful, and fancies are short-lived."—The old gentleman said "more stress is laid on first love than it deserves: that it does die there have been many instances, I believe; besides, its very title, *first* love, presumes there is *second* love; and second love is never born while the first is alive: some people may fall in love a dozen times, but for my part I never reached higher on the scale than five—I loved them all; married them all; and buried them all: and, if any lady is at liberty, I am

ready to marry again."—"And bury again, too," said the lady who spoke first; "keep away from me, you common assassin." I put my own case (implicated as I was with Violetta and Kathleen) suppositively, to learn their opinions, though I did not give my own. They all seemed to agree that in such a peculiar case *first* love ought to be a *secondary* consideration; and the old gentleman said, "The lover would be rather justified in marrying the second; because he ought not to injure the second for the sake of the first; nor to marry the first at all; for it would be almost next to an impossibility that her character could be sufficiently cleared to prevent the occasional recurrence of doubt after marriage; and he thought such a marriage never could be happy." Here he called to the coachman to let him out—the conversation dropped, and the passengers dropped out one after another, till only the silent lady and

myself were left. "You have not given me your opinion, Ma'am," said I. "Nor you your's," said she, in a hoarse voice. "Why, then," said I, "in such a case, if there were a possibility of ascertaining that the first lady was innocent, single, and attached; however suppressed the gentleman's first love might be, I think, upon seeing the lady, it would predominate over the second; but a great deal depends upon the organization of the minds of lovers; and as the Spectator says, 'Much may be said on both sides;' yet I think, if it were my case, mine would." I half sighed. The stage stopped—I handed out the lady, whose face I did not see. She put a paper in my hand, into which I had seen her put silver while in the coach, and saying she was in a great hurry, begged me to pay the coachman for her, and quickly disappeared. The coachman was going after her; I called him back: paid him for both places, and put

the lady's paper in my pocket without examining it; called on my friend; settled my business; and was the only passenger in the stage when it set off on my return. It was now I first opened the lady's paper; and while taking out the silver, something dropped on the seat. I took it up—it *was the locket that Violetta had given me, and which I gave to the sailor*—wasn't it odd?—Had I been riding with Violetta; or the agent of her operations? I was confounded—the whole chain of events seemed more like romance than real life: for, no doubt, reader, you have read similar things in novels and fictitious histories; but the circumstances I have alluded to are as true as any other part of these memoirs. After reaching my house, I sat ruminating upon the occurrence, when a note was brought to me, which contained the following *odd* invitation:

“ The lady who rode in the stage to Richmond with Mr. Merrywhistle, and

who left with him a *small packet*, would be extremely obliged to him; if he would honour her with an interview at —— this evening at eight o'clock; and inquire for Mrs. Walker: the *contents* of that packet will suggest to him the probable effect such interview may have upon his future happiness. The lady *reposes* in his *confidence*; and his non-appearance within ten minutes of the time specified will be the only signification of his *dissent* necessary."—wasn't it odd?—I determined to go; but wished to consult Artherton; yet, a *lady* reposing confidence in me, and that lady either Violetta, or her agent, was a prohibition I did not know how to disregard with honour. I had the election whether to go or not, but I did not conceive I had the same liberty of committing the lady to any one. I, therefore, kept out of the way of Artherton and of any whom I thought likely to interrupt my proceedings, and at the appointed hour went to the place

specified. It was a respectably plain looking house; the door was opened by a female servant; I was shewn into a very neatly furnished room, and was soon after joined by the lady who was in the stage, in the same dress she wore then, and her face, as then, perfectly concealed by a veil. The moment she entered the room, she said, in the same hoarse voice, "Your obliging attention to the request made you, sir, is, believe me, fully appreciated; and will be as gratefully remembered." I bowed, and said, "Pray, madam, will you do me the favour to inform me how the locket enclosed in that paper came into your possession?" She replied, "Ought I not also to inquire, how you let it go from yours if you set any store by it?" "There is," rejoined I, "a mystery about it which I trust will be explained; and though accident deprived me of it, design appears to have restored it." "All that may be necessary to explain

you have a right to require, sir," said she, " and all that can be explained will be, and I hope to your satisfaction. The circumstances are, you are fully aware, delicate—extremely delicate." " They are," said I; " but will the question I have put be answered ?" " Hereafter, sir," said she: " and shall I be answered when I ask whether Mr. Merrywhistle has ceased to prize that locket; and whether *first* love, of which he knows *that was a gift*, can die: perhaps, as he did not give an explicit opinion upon *that subject* in the stage, he will now." " I will answer no question whatever, madam," said I, " till I am satisfied how this locket came into your possession." " The same way, then, sir," replied she, " that the purse and seal came into my possession; you have received them also, I believe?" " I have; but my question must be explicitly answered," said I. " They were purchased of the sailor who saved Mr.

Merrywhistle's life," said she. "It is singular," said I, "that that sailor should accidentally transfer them to those who seem so particularly interested in recalling events to my recollection which had better perhaps be erased from it for ever." "Those events then," said she, "still impress your memory powerfully, and the word *perhaps*, which you made use of, conveys an intimation that you are *doubtful* whether they ought to be *erased*: my question relative to *first love* is thus answered, and I thank you." She rose hastily; opening the door of an adjoining room, passed through it, and at the same instant my eyes were rivetted upon *Violetta*! who stood, agitated, before me.—Nature *will* prevail; *first love* was not dead—the stigma upon her character was forgotten—my sight was confused—my head swam—I sprang towards her to—be repulsed. She put out her hand to stop my close approach; and said—"Then the *morning star* is not

set in Marmaduke's estimation"—wasn't it odd? and at the instant I heard *the dance* played on the flageolet in a piano tone!—My eyes were opened—Violetta's agents had hovered round me every where. She saw my agitated embarrassment; and continued—"Marmaduke, we have met once more; sorrow, suffering, and calumny, have, as you may discover, in some respects, altered the unhappy Violetta."—[She looked rather griefworn; and her eyes wanted the full lustre they once wore; she was thinner, but not less graceful, than she had been; and her voice had a deeper tone, occasioned, I supposed, by its familiarity with the accents of grief—and my heart at that moment bled for her]—"and," said she, "the only consolation she has had since her parting with her *be-be-loved* (her voice was *subdued*) Marmaduke, comes at the moment she discovers he has not—forgotten her." Tears burst, and her head

drooped—the poetical figure of a drooping lily or rose surcharged with rain-drops were a poor simile. I held out my hand—for, oh! my heart was full!—whether of love or pity I know not. I held out my hand for hers—she started. “No,” said she, with dignity, “when my innocence is substantiated—and—*innocent I am*”—raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes to Heaven—“then, and then only, shall our hands join—and then only as a testimony that Violetta has recovered Marmaduke’s esteem—no more; his love be another’s—(and she sighed deeply) for *then* the *morning* star *shall* set—and may the Heavens be propitious when the *evening* star rises, as it must, and shall, in triumph. Do not interrupt me,” (for I was going to speak,) “I have long hovered round you. My only care has been to ascertain whether I lived in Marmaduke’s memory; and of the means I have taken, and for which I must account, you are

not ignorant. I have been the happy instrument of saving your life;" and at this instant the sailor stood before me, with the flageolet in his hand. "*Royer*," said I, astonished. "Yes, sir," said he, "when you saved my life, you find I was not in your debt." "And now," said Violetta, "you know how the purse came into my possession—this faithful creature, who preserved me from the fangs of Sir Lionel Lovel, has been my agent to try the affections of Marmaduke, and followed him upon that errand, when accident put it in his power to save a life, Heaven knows how dear to Violetta"—a short fit of hysterics followed. Royer ran for assistance. Violetta was in my arms—senseless: I pressed her lips instinctively; her bosom rose against mine—she recovered before Royer returned; and finding herself in my arms, sprang from them as well as her weak state would allow her,

exclaiming, " No, no, no—that must not be ; Violetta never can be Marmaduke's. Hear my justification, and then—(she paused)—then—(and she fixed her eyes on me with a look that penetrated my soul) we part for ever." She had nearly fainted, and was supported by the female servant, who had been sent in by Royer. She recovered, and said to the servant, as she seated her on one end of a sofa (on the arm of which she leaned,) " send Royer here." When the servant was gone, she continued : " He can acquaint you with what has been performed for me, and how I escaped Sir Lionel. I leave England to-morrow, and I would not leave in it the only mind I value impressed with a notion of my being the guilty creature I have been represented."

Royer came in, and commenced his story; the opening of which perfectly agreed with that I had heard from Valentine, in the lock-up-house; and

added—"The license for the marriage was a forgery, by Sir Lionel's order, I drugged the wine which Valentine drank; and, as Sir Lionel drank always claret, which Valentine never did, their drinking from different bottles is accounted for. For Miss Valentine, who seldom drank wine, a light French wine was prepared, which I drugged very slightly indeed, only sufficient to cause a short sleep, as she was beloved so much by every body, and had been so kind to me, I resolved to save her, to make amends for former misconduct. The maid, who was in the plot, and equally in the interest of Miss Valentine, decoyed the housekeeper into the wine-cellar, and locked her in. When Mr. Valentine was completely insensible, and Miss Valentine asleep, Sir Lionel and I conveyed her, under cover of the dark evening, to a chaise in waiting, into which I and the maid-servant got; Sir Lionel determining to join us

at a place appointed, by another route, as he had to secure a box of valuable property at his house, and which he was going to take abroad with him. We arrived at the house of a creature of my master's; there Miss Valentine awoke, and raved about her father. I pacified her by a confession of the plot laid for her by Sir Lionel, and the mode I and the maid-servant had taken to defeat it, out of gratitude to her: and represented that if she did not implicitly follow my advice, her escape was impossible." "Why," said I, "did you not, when Sir Lionel left you, return with her to her father?" "Because," said he, "the postilion was a creature of Sir Lionel's, and he would have betrayed me to Sir Lionel, from whom—as my my life was in his hands, in consequence of a discovery he had made of my robbing him—I wished to escape myself; and as I confess a circumstance so heavily against me, I trust, sir, you will

see the ingenuousness of my relation."

"Did you not," said I, "shew me a certificate of character from him, when you told me you left him?" "Yes, sir; that was two months previous to the time of the plot taking place, when we quarrelled, and he discharged me."

"But how," rejoined I, "dared you quarrel with him, with *your life at his mercy*?" "The discovery of the robbery had not occurred then," said he; we made up our quarrel; but I kept the certificate for future use. When he made the discovery, he promised to spare my life, only on condition of my assisting in his nefarious schemes against Miss Valentine. Are you satisfied, sir? otherwise my going on will be useless." "Go on," I said.—He continued: "The question you put to me Miss Valentine put—*why I would not return with her to her father*? I gave her the same reason; and put it to her, whether she would reward a man who

was endeavouring to save her honour, by putting his life in danger, when there was a ready way, if she would embrace it, to escape Sir Lionel, and rejoin her father in safety. After some time she agreed to change clothes with the maid, who was her own figure; and who, when she put on Miss Valentine's long veil, (which she had taken care to put on Miss Valentine's bonnet, before we set off,) appeared exactly like her; and was to be imposed upon Sir Lionel, when he returned, as Miss Valentine; and I escorted Miss Valentine to the cottage of my aunt, which was close by; making the woman of the house believe she was the servant-maid, whom I was ordered to pay off—(which was a fact)—and whom I said I wished to put in her road to the next town; begging the woman to sit with the sham Violetta to prevent her escape till my return, which she did; and the maid acted her part so admirably, that the woman,

who had never seen either of them before, was completely deceived." "Allow me," interrupted I—"did you then go off with Miss Valentine, or return to the maid?" "Having seen Miss Valentine safe, I returned, just previously to the arrival of Sir Lionel," said he. "But," rejoined I, "was not this putting your life in jeopardy, through the danger of his discovering the deception?" "No," said he; "there was no time for discovery: the instant the chaise came, the woman and I were, with his assistance, to force her into it, which service, we performed for the maid, who completely deceived him; and we drove off to the sea-port, where I saw them embark, and pretended to embark with them, but gave them the slip; and, as the wind served, saw them suddenly sail, and heartily wished the vessel might go to the bottom." "That exhibited great affection for your master," said I, laughing. "There is no affec-

tion, gratitude, or honour, among rogues, sir," said he; "and the master who teaches his servant knavery must expect a knave's trick as his reward." "But now," said I, "what could the maid promise to herself by going with him? and when the discovery he would make on shipboard took place—" "It would be of no consequence," said he, "Sir Lionel dared not return; the girl he had long before seduced; and she had a relation at Boulogne, to whom she wished to go; and this way she secured a free passage, while Sir Lionel's anger or resentment she would treat with contempt."

CHAP. VI.



VIOLETTA, motioning Royer to withdraw, continued the explanation: When Royer left her at his aunt's she gave way to despair: the old woman soothed, and induced her to retire to rest: but Violetta secreted a sharp-pointed knife, to defend, or destroy, herself if she were assaulted in the night; for she could not divest her mind of the notion of treachery being mixed with the kindness shewn her; and such a conclusion, in her state, was natural. Having secured the door, she sat on the bed till day-break; when, tired out, she fell asleep, and awoke about ten o'clock.

the knife still clasped in her hand. On going down stairs, she saw William (Royer) and found breakfast prepared for her. Grown more assured, she breakfasted; and a consultation was held on the proper steps to be taken for her further security. On the previous day, Violetta was commanded by her father to wear at the dinner the various valuable jewels Sir Lionel had forced upon her, through the authoritative interference of her father; which, though not many in number, were extremely valuable; and, just previous to dinner, her father, as was frequently his custom, had given her his pocket-book, containing several bank-notes of no small amount, to lock up for him; but, Sir Lionel coming in, she had put it in her pocket, and, dinner being announced, Sir Lionel led her into the parlour; and when the subsequent circumstances took place, she had the book still in her possession; and from these two incidents

she was now furnished with a considerable sum of money, and property of value.

It was resolved that William should go to her father, and inform him of her situation immediately, and he departed for that purpose; but did not return for six days, during which Violetta was in a state of the most tantalizing agitation; and had determined, at all events, to go herself, when William returned: he had, while proceeding to her father's, incautiously, (but to save a length of road of about four miles,) attempted to ford a small branch of a river, which he had never known otherwise than fordable at ebb-tide; but his horse, slipping, fell with him, and he was stunned by being dashed violently on some large stones, which formed part of the bed of the river in that spot; and had not some fishermen espied him, he must have been lost; for the stream was carrying him, in his resistless state, down to the

body of the river. He was saved, but was insensible; it required much exertion to restore him, he had lain so long in the water; and when he was recovered, he was some hours before his reasoning faculties returned, and was in violent pain from a blow he received in the loins from the stones on which he fell. He was three days unable to travel, but had despatched a letter to Mr. Valentine, the messenger to whom never returned—and he discovered afterwards that this messenger was a worthless fellow, who, having been (imprudently on the part of William) paid first, never troubled his head about the conditions on which he was paid, and had gone a different way upon another commission for some one who retained his reward till the service required was accomplished. On the fourth day William, having regained strength, determined to go himself; but the surgeon prohibited it till the next day, through fear

of his incapacity; the next day he set off, but found himself too weak to ride, otherwise than at a moderate pace; and his horse (which had been lamed by the fall) was not in a better condition to travel than himself. When he reached the place it was night; and he found, by inquiry, that Valentine had left the place, no one knew whither he was gone, and that his house was shut up. This certainly agreed with the account given by Valentine, who left the place about four days after his daughter disappeared, in search of her and Sir Lionel. William proposed that Violetta should choose a residence in some reputable family, till he should, by inquiring in every likely channel, obtain information about her father; and a *Mrs. Walker*, a respectable resident in London, who was in that part of the country upon a visit to a family for which William's aunt washed and chared, on hearing the circumstances, advised Violetta to go to London, as the best place

to live in without being known, and also the best place for obtaining intelligence of the nature she desired, through means of the newspapers and other numerous channels of information; and offered her accommodation in her own house; where (as she was a widow, kept but one servant, neither visited, nor saw company) privacy, so much desired, would be insured.

Violetta consented; and with Mrs. Walker, attended by William, went to London. Mrs. Walker hired a room for William to sleep in, and he boarded at her house, at Violetta's expense; as he was to be entirely employed, for a reasonable time, in her service, to search for her father.—And now I will finish the account in Violetta's own words:—

“I scarcely ever stirred out; yet once or twice I went to the theatres, to dissipate melancholy; for, though we took every mode of discovering my father, every mode failed of producing

intelligence. One night, at the theatre, I saw you ; I thought you saw me ; I immediately hurried out with my companion, and escaped detection by you. I will now account for the mysteries practised towards you. Mrs. Walker had become acquainted with every circumstance of my life ; and, (knowing my heart, in regard to you,) without my knowledge, planned, (with William,) a mode of ascertaining your sentiments towards me after my character had been so cruelly marred.”—

“ Why,” interrupted I, “ did you not acquaint me, or Welford, whom you know so well, with your situation ? ”

“ Surely,” replied she, “ the predicament in which I stood rendered you the last person to whom I should have referred ; an intimation to Mr. Welford would have been an indirect one to you ; and till I could clear my character to you, delicacy, as well as the dignity of virtue, was a full prohibition :

besides, I had heard, through Mrs. Walker, and she through William, that it was confidently said, you were to be married to a Miss Kathleen O'Rourke, whose merit and beauty were highly extolled; and it was this information that suggested to Mrs. Walker the notion of discovering how far the unfortunate Violetta was still recollected by you. William, who, from Sir Lionel and my father, and the housekeeper we had, (who was my confidant,) had obtained much information relative to every little impressive circumstance regarding our ill-starred attachment, was a fit agent in this scheme; which, when first proposed to me, I reprobated; but—the weakness of my sex, at the name of a rival, betrayed me—I consented. William followed you into the country; and the various events which took place were effected through his agency, and the results, combined with your avowal in the stage to Mrs. Walker,

convinced me that I possessed sufficient of your regard to justify me to myself in vindicating my character to you, previous to my departure from England; which is my intention, and for which purpose this interview was sought." William entering the room at this moment with a trifling message from Mrs. Walker to Violetta—"William," said I, "you told me formerly, that you was not with Sir Lionel when he carried Miss Valentine off." "I have proved that he *did not* carry her off, sir," said he: "and I hope the ambiguity of my answers, which you then noticed, will not *now* appear to you as a fault." When he was gone, Violetta produced a letter, saying, "Although I did not discover myself to you, to one worthy man I did; for it was necessary to my honour that he should be convinced of my innocence, before I could seek an explanation with you—do you know that hand, sir?" It was my father's—want,

it odd?—I couldn't be mistaken, his hand was so peculiar; and the proper post-house mark was upon it. It was addressed to "*Mrs. Walker.*" Upon opening it, I found it was only an envelope of one addressed, "*Miss Valentine:*" which ran thus:—

"My dear Miss Violetta,

"To clear up the fame of a young person I always valued, after receiving your account, and the references accompanying it, I thought it but justice to visit the woman, whom you call your deliverer's aunt, as well as the place where your father resided; and the accounts I received in both places coincide so perfectly with your own, that I feel bound to declare that you have suffered as unjustly as severely; and I beg leave to congratulate you upon arriving at the eve of an emancipation from a heavy load of undeserved calumny, and the consequent restoration

of your peace. Any thing in my power, to effect both, you may command. I would have written to my son on the subject, who would be ready to render you any assistance you might require; but as you have enjoined me secrecy at present, I could not venture to write to him without your permission. He is, I imagine, all in a bustle at present, being on the eve of matrimony with a very amiable young lady.

I remain, with my wife's joint regards,

Yours very truly,

M. MERRYWHISTLE."

I had listened to her explanation with most tantalizing solicitude, and the *letter* formed an *acme* to a climax which confounded me too much for me to answer her—when she broke the solemn pause that ensued with—"Now, sir, you have heard all I have to offer; and, perhaps, I had better have left

England without this embarrassing exposition."—

“Left England,” said I, “where could you go without a support? for I presume, the money you had when you left your father”——“Is nearly expended,” said she, “but I have enough left to take me to France, where a cousin of my mother’s is superior of a convent; and she, though we differ in our religious opinions, would afford me a last asylum for my sorrows—I might, I say, have escaped this exposure; but I could not, however weak, or censurable, I may be to confess it, leave my native land, and *all* that is dear to me, with the reflection that Marmaduke, who sought my affections, who won my affections, should think me guilty.” And she gazed wildly upon me—her eyes streaming with tears; her hands clasped in agony—her form——clasped instantly in my arms: I was in a de-

lirium—"You shall not go," I cried. —"Oh!" she cried, "do not, do not, destroy the little resolution left me—you will be another's; then, what has Violetta, forsaken by her father, to hope for?—No! no!" (forcing herself from me,) "I will not stay in England—nor—nor detain you longer, sir, than to hear you declare your opinion of my guilt or innocence." "By heavens!" I exclaimed, "I believe you innocent. That you are really ignorant where your father is I have not the least doubt, though he has been in London;" and I detailed the circumstances relative to him, with which my readers have been already acquainted; remarking, that neither I, nor Welford, had been able to discover any trace of him since he left the King's Bench. Violetta exclaimed, "Unhappy father of a wretched child, upon whom the sins of the parent have fallen! may heaven restore you to that

happiness of which you have deprived me.—Marmaduke, I have heard you pronounce me innocent; and I shall leave my native scenes with as much peace as a mind so oppressed and harassed can enjoy. A—a-adieu, sir, (*tremulously,*) for ever; and may you be as ha-happy as you deserve, with her who possesses that heart which was once the unfortunate Violetta's." She spoke in great agitation, and was leaving the room at the conclusion of her speech—leaving me *for ever*—she, whom for years I had doated on—she, who but for me, had married Sir Lionel, when he first addressed her, and had escaped years of persecution; she, who had proved her innocence to me; she, for whom I had put it out of my power honourably to address Kathleen; she, for whom all the fulness of my love at this moment returned—*first love* had not expired—I could not, could not, part with her. I seized her hand—"Stay, stay," I ex-

claimed—"Stay?" (she replied, with dignity and agitation mixed,) in a land where lives the woman who can call Marmaduke hers, after all I have suffered for him? never! farewell—for ever." She struggled to go—but vainly: "You shall not leave me," said I. "Shall not?" said she; "do you imagine that Violetta is so lost, having justified herself, as to hold impassioned conversation with the betrothed of another? the purpose for which we met is accomplished; and a further detention of me were both torturing my feelings and insulting my virtue."

"I am not another's," impetuously exclaimed I. She fixed her eyes on me, with a mixture of astonishment, incredulity, and tenderness; and, at the same time, imparted a slight pressure to the hand which still held hers: yet, as if recollecting herself, blushed deeply, and tried to withdraw her hand; but my heart was too deeply interested

in the scene to suffer it. Could I suffer her who had been a martyr for me to resign the world? or rather—let me speak plainly—I loved her too well to lose her—I had long loved her—had lost her—had found her, and found her *innocent*; her wrongs called aloud for redress; my heart was importunate for happiness—it was in my power—I snatched her to my bosom—“We will never, never part,” said I—a slight hysterical shriek followed from her—sobs succeeded; and her tears streamed over the cheek which joined hers—her deep sighs were echoed by mine—to both it was the moment of triumph over years of misery: I sealed a vow of eternal truth upon her lips; and, before I parted with her, gave her a written promise of marriage, drawn by myself, and attested by Royer. For this I must account—to impassioned love I need not; but to dispassionate prudence I must; for prudence doubts, where passion de-

cides; and deliberates, where passion spurns reflection—but to account—

Violetta was so overcome by the sudden burst of surprise that she could not speak for some minutes; and, when she did, her speech was somewhat broken and incoherent—she even appeared to mistrust my sincerity: it seemed incredible to her, that, after my father's assertion, that I was on the eve of marriage, it could be otherwise. I told her unreservedly every thing relative to Kathleen, with the exception of her birth, and Artherton's pursuit, which honour forbade—still, she observed, my friends would expect me to marry Kathleen, and would undoubtedly oppose my union with her; again declared that we had better part for ever; regretted that we had met; but pleaded, (what I felt too powerfully myself,) the force of affection, long cherished—*first love*, long tyrannized over—I proposed meeting her again the next day, and arrang-

ing a plan for introducing her to the world; she replied that, when I left her, her happiness would be as precarious as before; that my father was opposed to our union, and all my connexions would doubtlessly be the same; to admit my visits, situated as we both were, would be as improper in her, as she thought it would be rash in me to make them—she saw nothing for the security of what little happiness she was ever likely to possess but a separation, and begged I would leave her while she was mistress of her feelings; and, having left her—she would trouble me no more—“*You are,*” said she, looking at me with the most fascinating tenderness, “*mine now; but you are mistaking passion for reason, and imagining that reflection to-morrow, and the advice of your friends, will be in unison with your present feelings; you are deceived: I have suffered severely for you, Marmaduke, and am*

willing to suffer more, that you may be happy ; but I will trust no more to chance or caprice ; you have, by your own confession, felt more than esteem for Kathleen—she is beautiful, virtuous, and reputable : I am fading—(*with her eyes tearful and fixed on the ground,*)—thank Heaven, innocent!—yet degraded—the comparison when made by yourself upon consideration, and by your friends upon principle, must reflect too great inferiority upon me for hope ; and once separated, you are mine no more.—Why did you cruelly awaken emotions I had struggled to suppress, and upon the suppression of which depended all my hopes of repose?—I cannot, will not, be a farther victim—the victim of chance : I have submitted my justification to you and to your father ; but to the rest of the world, I scorn to account—I believe you sincere at this moment ; but your feelings at this moment are no security for

my peace, should I depart from my determination; and your resolution fail—pardon me if I mistrust it—my departure from England will only be the more embittered, and the more degrading.” Our conversation continued in this manner for some time; she bent upon going, and even in the most generous manner advocating the cause of Kathleen, while pointing out the deference due to the opinion of my friends, and the greater certainty of my own happiness, if I married Kathleen—till at last, in my vehemence, I told her, I would not leave her without giving her a promise of marriage, in writing, to banish all doubt from her bosom. She reprobated the act; told me it would be folly; bade me reflect seriously upon the probable change which might take place in my sentiments the next day, when my reason became cool—yet—said she, “ Could I madly force a man to become mine, if I had the power, if

his heart were not mine?—never—cruel Marmaduke! why have you led me to the brink of such a precipice?—go—go—for heaven's sake, and leave me for ever." She was rushing from me: I detained her forcibly and tenderly. "Your heroism shall not triumph over my constancy and honour," said I: "mine you have ever been, mine you are, and mine you shall be." A writing case was on the table, I wrote a promise of marriage, and ringing the bell, Royer came in; I made him read and witness it; and dismissed him. Violetta sat on the sofa, with her face hidden in her handkerchief, which was saturated with tears. I drew her gently from her position, and gave her the paper—"Now, be at peace," said I, "Marmaduke is yours for life:" and I sealed the vow on her lips. "Generous, but weak, man," she said, "I accept this as the sacrifice of truth, but not as the sacrifice of Marmaduke: I will wait

events with patience, and, should Marmaduke's happiness require it, this promise shall be returned by Violetta, as the last convincing proof she can give how much she has ever loved *him* from whom she will then fly as far as a broken heart will let her."

CHAP. VII.

THE remainder of our conversation is not essential to the history—I inquired how her finances were; she had previously acquainted me (she said) that she had just sufficient to carry her to France. I took out of my pocket-book a *folded* note of one hundred pounds, and presented it to her, promising to see her the next morning—thus we parted—both of us melancholy—wasn't it odd?

As I went home I felt a weight

“Hanging about the neck of my heart,”

such as you and I, reader, have no doubt often felt, when we have performed

precipitately any act of vital importance. I don't know how it was—but I began to think that Violetta's justification was not satisfactory; I thought I saw inconsistencies in it; it seemed like a romance. I wished I had put some questions to her relative to the miniature which Artherton found in his pocket; but then it occurred to me that that incident was so completely in accordance with the rest that I could only refer it to Royer's agency—all this agency appeared bad, indelicate, and unworthy a pure mind: my father might err in his opinion as well as I—in short, Violetta's *anticipated reflection* came in full force upon me; and then I recollected that she had warned me of it, and used every argument to prevent the promise of marriage being given; and had promised to surrender it, if imperious circumstance rendered it necessary—there appeared, indeed, so much generosity—such a regard for *my* happiness at the expense of her own—

that I could not suspect her of art—I did not condemn her; I condemned myself—but the deed was done.

Gentle reader—avoid impetuosity; it was always my failing—yet, put yourself in my place; consider all I have related in regard to Violetta, from the days of ingenuous boyhood, to this hour of the trial of a most ardent and long tantalized affection—and yet, what cause had I to be miserable, if Violetta were innocent; since she had suffered for me? then—you know how I loved her—was not she the only woman I ought to have married? and what did it signify that I gave the *promise* previous to its ratification at the altar? I tried to be very happy, but still——

I knocked at my own door; it was near twelve o'clock, yet *Artherton* was waiting for me. “I have seen the jeweller’s wife;” said he, “she is ignorant of the person to whom the miniature belonged, and it was delivered to

a person who called for it, by the shopman, who described him to be much such a man as Royer"—this I had anticipated. "But, (said he,) I have strange news for you. I saw Violetta to-day; I don't think her so handsome as her miniature." "Misery is a great blighter of beauty;" said I, "and, from circumstances which have occurred, I can readily imagine Royer was the person who conveyed the miniature into your pocket." "Royer?" said he, "what put that in your head?" "You shall know all hereafter," said I. "I have made," continued he, "much inquiry about Violetta, and have obtained what I have discovered through channels with which Violetta ought not to have been connected." I sat upon

"Adder's tooth and blind worm's sting—"

"She *must not* be *yours*," said he—I looked at him—"Are you *mad*?" said he, placing a hand glass, which lay

upon the table; and I saw—for I was so astonished, that I had not power to alter my features—that my eyes were staring wide, my mouth gaping at its full extent, and every feature exhibiting the most incredulous wonder, combined with the most terrific apprehension. “I am not mad,” said I, “are you?”—“No—” said he, “Violetta is a most abandoned character.” “Unsay what you have said, or I am the most wretched of men,” replied I. “Why, my dear Marmaduke,” said he, “after the years you have waited for her; after your unparalleled constancy—when nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have scorned to have wasted a thought upon her, long ago—it is beyond calculation distressing to have the *dénouement* turn out so; yet it would have been ten thousand times more so, if, by any possible accident, you had met with her, and become the victim of an amiable

credulity, and an honourable feeling sublimated to a romantic height." I spread my hands over my face—speak I could not. "Come, come," said he, "don't take it so much to heart; but, as things are, instead of regretting her loss, down on your knees, and thank Providence, that spite of the infernal tricks, which she kept playing you, you have escaped the toil that she was winding round you." If this didn't "*come home to man's business and bosom*," I don't know what could. "Artherton," said I, as well as I could speak, "you must be mistaken, it is not possible." "It may not be possible," said he, "but it's true; and, my good fellow, however you may prefer romance in love to reason, if you be not really grateful to me for the information, you must have taken leave of your senses, and made up your mind to marry a prostitute." "What are your proofs?" said I.—"Come with me, and you shall be satisfied directly,"

said he. I started up, caught my hat, and without saying another word, walked out with him. He took me into a tavern, where beckoning one of the waiters he put a crown into his hand, and said, "Tom, do you know where we may be likely to see Miss Valentine to night?—Tom, sir, (turning to me,) is a sort of register of these '*light o'loves*.'" "Why, sir," said Tom, "I know a little that way to be sure; I shouldn't get much as a waiter in this house if I didn't keep a sharp look-out *that way*—Miss Valentine has been rather shy lately; but I know for certain that she will be at the masquerade at the King's Theatre to-night." "That's impossible," I *thought*, and I *said*, "*That's impossible*, for its midnight now." "O," said Tom, "you'll not see her before two in the morning; she never goes till the best time to play a sure game—she knows how to play the sure game I promise you, sir."—She *has* played one,

thought I. "She'd deceive the very devil," said Tom. "Now will you believe me?" said Artherton. "O, I've certainly had proof enough," said I, "but let's go to the King's Theatre notwithstanding." "I will," said he, "if you'll promise not to take yourself out of my keeping." "Very well," I said, and we went directly to the King's Theatre, providing ourselves with dominos by the way; and he made me put on a parti-coloured one, that he might find me out if I strayed from him; choosing himself a similar one for the same reason.

When we mixed with the masks, I seemed to myself like a prodigal in the paradise of fools. "In London," wrote I, in my description, "people meet together in a variety of foreign, fancy, and nondescript dresses, with masks on; play the fool, make a great noise, get intoxicated, and act all manner of nonsense, *promiscuously*, as the old woman said; and many of them finish the

evening in the watch-house; for this privilege they pay a guinea a head, and call it a masquerade—

“ They manage *these* things better in France.”

While surveying the motley throng, I noted the subsequent specimens of *wit* in *masquerade*.

“ What cheer, brother,” said a sailor to a Jew; “ I suppose you’re looking out for a will and power.” “ Vell,” said the Jew, “ if youv’e de power, I’ve de vill, and I’ll buy it.” “ But do you bring conscience aboard?” “ Enough to exchange for your modesty, ma friend.” “ Hawl in your jawing tackle, or I’ll give you a round dozen.” “ It wouldn’t be worth ma vile to take ’em; I shouldn’t get nothing by ’em.” “ Yes, you’d get a salt eel, for a relish.” “ But I don’t relish nothing of de kind.” “ That watch don’t go.” “ Yes, it goes all de way along mjd me.” “ I don’t hear it tick.” “ No, it don’t go upon tick.” A

Diana coming up, the Jew said, "How much will you take for de half moon a-top of your forehead, ma tear? you shine like a star, and, by your bow and arrow, I suppose you're a *shooting* star." "Why, Moses," said a Bond-street loun-ger, "your wit's like your beard, cursed taper." "Vell, ma friend, then at any rate it has point, and your vit's like your quizzing glass, a very trifling speculation." An *Aurora* passing, the Jew said, "Pless me, dat's de lady vat people mid bad consciences are glad to see; because she always vakes em ven dey are dreaming of de devil; and whom none of de fashionable people don't like, so go to bed so soon as she comes, dat dey mayn't have none of her company." "And pray," said Aurora, "what do you do when I come?" "I never likes to be rude, so I always valks apoud ma bus'ness directly, ma'am." "Arrah, ma'am," said an Irish haymaker, "I have a great regard for your character." "And so you

shew it, ma friend," said the Jew, " by introducing a *rake* to the lady." " Take care how you handle the rake;" said Paddy, " for if I knock the teeth of it down your throat, you'll have a nice mouthful to chew the cud upon." " Your jokes don't bite, ma friend, in spite of your teeth.—Bless me, dere's a *Boet*; I never don't like dem nonsense beople." " What," said the bard, " should you know about poetry? you whose ideas of books go no farther than the value of the waste paper." " Yes, ma friend, I buys all de vaste paper vatever I can; I pought all your vorks last veek." The poet replied

" Thy wit, vamp'd up and contraband,
Is like thy ware, but *second-hand*."

" Vell, ma friend, *you* make *no hand* of it at all," said the Jew. " Moses, your interest," said a Parliament candidate. " Your prinshipal?" said Moses. The candidate, " Public spirit."—" Dat *shpirit*'s not very *shtrong*," replied Moses.

“ Give me your vote.” “ I never gives, I only sells,” said Moses. “ What’s your price?” said the candidate. “ As much as it’s worth selling my conscience for,” said Moses. “ I hope you don’t measure your conscience by your beard,” said the candidate. “ Ma friend, dat joke’s thead-bare, and vont turn; and, if your politics are no better den your puns, you’ll prove a mere parliament cake, and dat’s flat enough.”

The *blind beggar* of Bethnal-green and his daughter approached; and the daughter begged of the Jew—“ So shave me,” said the Jew, “ if you go on begging and shtealing in de manner you do, ma tear, dare’ll be no valking de shtreets for you.”—“ You wouldn’t refuse charity to the blind?” said the girl, “ you call that stolen which is gained by entreaty.”—“ Your worsh den de robbers on top of de highway, ma tear; dey only present a pistol to your head; and, perhaps, nothing in

it; but you presents your eyes at our hearts, and rob us of dem and our purses together—your father, ma tear, is only a *blind* to you, to carry on your vicked practishes.”—“Don’t mock the blind,” said the old man.—“Its fery convenient not to see sometimes,” said the Jew, “because den we’ve an apology for tripping; and ven I sees a *mole* abroad I always tinks of a *trap*,” and he turned away. I thought there was something more meant than said by his tone, and followed him.—“Do you know that beggar and his daughter, friend Moses?” said I,—“I don’t know nobody, ma friend; but dey make no *blind* bargain never; dey are vell known here—all’s not gould dat glitters, any more den *wild violets* are *garden snow-drops*; if you meet mid ’em, shut your eyes, for pretty a blind as beauty may be, it is but a blind at last; all I say is, take care of your pockets.” The stress he laid upon *violets* struck me; it was not odd, after

what Artherton and the waiter had told me of Violetta's notoriety ; and presuming that I had now found Violetta, I was determined to watch them—but certainly the voice in which the girl addressed the Jew was not that of Violetta—yet, when I came to reflect upon her manner when she *coaxed* me, I saw in it something that proved me *blind* ; and now—my eyes were opened—while I was thus reflecting, I overheard the following:—(*a female*) “ That Jew knows us ; I thought I disguised my voice sufficiently.” (*A man*) “ I would advise you to go for fear of accidents, after what has happened at home this evening ; for he has really done the thing very handsomely.” *She*—“ I must see his grace first.” *He*—“ Hist ! he's at your elbow, I think,”—I turned round, when I saw the beggar and his daughter, and Artherton, standing by them (for I told you that our dresses were obvious to each other) to whom she

turned round and said—"Will your grace bestow your charity on the poor blind beggar?" "How did you discover me?" said Artherton, in a feigned voice.—"Could I be mistaken in your grace, who knew your manner so well?" "O, its you, you little rogue, is it?" and, seeing me, he made a sign to me to observe, but not to appear to do so—we had settled our signals.—*She* (in a lower tone) "You forgot your promise."—*Artherton*—"Not forgot; only deferred the performance." *She*—"Put that ring on your finger, and you'll recollect it;" and she put a trifling ring on his finger. *Artherton*—"And I'll put this on yours, as a pledge that, *when these two rings are again brought in opposition, justice shall be done.* But, as you know it is my greatest bliss to gaze on that face, and as I am obliged to join a party, and can't go home with you to-night, let me be blessed with a sight of it before we part, that my memory may never once

stray from it till we meet again ;” he then led her up to a lamp, when she unmasked, and I had a full view of the face of—*Violetta Valentine* ! I staggered to a seat, and she tripped away ; with Royer, I suppose ; and Artherton and I went home. “ Are you satisfied ?” said he—“ I am,” said I ; “ ask me no more questions, but breakfast with me in the morning.” He promised, and we parted ; and in looking over my pocket-book I discovered that, in my flurry, when I intended to give Violetta a one hundred pound note, I had given her a 500*l.*, for I had put these two notes in my book in the course of the day, with an intention to call and leave them at my banker’s, but circumstances prevented. I lay all night, nearly, ruminating upon what I should do ; and rose, after about two hours’ sleep, at nine o’clock.

CHAP. VIII.

ARTHERTON was punctual—after breakfast I commenced my narrative; and informed him of every thing that occurred *previously* to my offering the promise of marriage; and advanced the reasons which made me conceive Violetta, at that time, innocent.

“ Really I am astonished, Marmaduke, at your credulity ;” said he, “ why it is plain that it was all acting throughout : in the first place, her waylaying and tricking you in the way she did ought to have opened your eyes to her art ; I forwarned you that there was as much reason to suppose her a wretch as an

angel; that the evidence she brought to convince you was her own and that fellow's, of whom I told you to beware; for the letter from your father was doubtlessly an arrant forgery. But, excuse me, your romantic enthusiasm, where you are interested, renders you more liable to deception than you imagine; however, you can soon convict her of falsehood. There is the ring she gave me, and with that which I gave her you are too well acquainted to be mistaken; go to her; shew her the one and challenge the other, accompanied by a recital of the where, and when, and how; you'll have a few hysterical *trials of strength*, but a fifty pound note, which will be very handsome—and, you can't do less, considering *past times*—will set all right again, and you'll part very good friends, with a kind invitation to call as often as you like." "My dear Artherton," said I, "I must tell you all." "All?" said he, "you alarm me,

O, I suppose you have been fool enough to give her an 100*l.* already.”—“ I meant to have done that,” said I ; “ And didn’t ?” said he, “ so much the better.” “ The worse, you should say,” returned I ;—“ By mistake, I gave her 500*l.*” “ She has certainly driven you mad,” said he,—500*l.* !—whoo—o—o !—I shall not wonder if you tell me you both went to Doctor’s Commons, got a special license, and were tacked together, like the two halves of a temporary habit to be separated again the first opportunity.” “ I have given her,” said I—with a groan—“ a promise of marriage.” “ Written ?” said he, eagerly. “ Written, subscribed, and witnessed,” said I. “ O, dear ! O, dear ! O, dear !”—he exclaimed, in an agony ; clasping his hands, and stamping about the room—“ you shall not go near her again : I’ll go and bring your friend Welford instantly ; and, by all that’s good, I’ll lock you in here till I come back, unless you swear, (he put the

Bible before me,) on this book that you will not stir ; for this woman has so besotted you that I believe you'd go to the devil for her ; or, rather, that if she get hold of you again she'll drag you to him—swear !” — I smiled bitterly, laid my hand on the book, and said, “ Will that content you ? ” “ Yes,” said he, and was gone in an instant. The clerk came up and said “ Royer was below, and wished to know what commands I had.” “ Tell him to wait,” said I, “ and d'ye mind, George, take care he does not leave the place ; do not let him discover that he is watched—nay, have a constable ready in case of necessity ; but let nothing transpire in the office.” The clerk left me, the picture of utter astonishment. I now, when too late, discovered the fool I had been—wasn't it odd, that a man who could act so blindly as I had done could open his eyes at all ?

O, what a pang shot through my

heart! yet, if I had acted indiscreetly, my apology to *myself* was, that I thought her innocent; and I loved her—if I had loved her less could I, after what she had suffered for me, by any maxim of *honourable* prudence, justify falsehood, to which when a woman is a victim the consequences are infinitely more fatal than they are to man. As I sat musing on the subject, I recollected a poor female maniac, whom I had heard sing, to a wild plaintive air, the following ballad upon

FALSEHOOD.

Where roves my love,
Where strays my love,
Far, far away from me?
Ah, why, love,
Thus fly, love,
The maid who mourns for thee?

Ah! boasts she cheeks of rosier hue
Who draws thee, love, from me?
And boasts she eyes of bonnier blue
Than hers who weeps for thee?

A brighter bloom her cheeks may wear,
A bonnier blue her eye :
Her cheek, no streaming tears be there,
Her bosom heave no sigh.

But wears she, love, a warmer heart ;
And wears she heart more true
Than her's which thy perfidious art
Has rent, false love, in two ?

And, have you sigh'd, love, at her feet
As once you sigh'd at mine ?
And has she heard such perjury sweet
As twin'd my life with thine ?

And has the maid thy vows believ'd,
And has she them repaid ?
Then, thou art lost, who hast deceiv'd,
And lost that wretched maid.

For Heaven, thy perjury who heard,
Shall shed on thee no grace ;
And thou shalt be the wandering bird
That found no resting-place.

O, thou art lost, for perjur'd vow,
And she is lost to peace ;
And she shall weep as I do now,
When thy false ardours cease.

The rosy wreath that decks her hair,
To greet thine eye with grace—
While I a willow-garland wear—
The willow shall replace.

Its mournful leaves shall shade her brow ;
While she shall watch for thee,
And vainly weep, as *I* do now ;
And, weeping, sing with me,

Where roves my love,
Where strays my love,
Far, far away from me ?
Ah, why love,
Thus fly, love,
The maid who mourns for thee ?

Welford returned with Artherton, and with a face so long that I was inclined, notwithstanding my misery, to laugh—it was the first time he had been out since his illness ; neither Artherton nor I thought of his weak state ; nor himself the moment he knew what was the matter. “ So,” said he, “ you’ve done a fine thing ?”—I began stammering an account, or an apology, or a something.—

“Never mind that,” said he, “we must go to work directly and undo all. Colonel Artherton has told me every thing; all we have to do is to get back the 500*l.*, and break that wise promise of yours—indeed, Marmaduke, you do some of the most silly things with the best intentions of any man I know.” “I’m down;” said I, “sheathe your sword.” “True, true,” said he; “where is this wretched girl’s address, and the forged letter?” I gave him the note and the letter I received. “This writing,” said he, “would have deceived me, who know your father’s hand as well as yourself. Royer has done this, through the opportunity he has had of stealing some letter of your father’s from your office, I suppose. The proper way to proceed would be to have them both, with Mrs. Walker, before a magistrate; but as the forgery, for the purposes of fraud, makes it felony, and death; and as, I presume, you would never consent to exposing

Violetta to that penalty any more than myself we must try what intimidation will do; be assured you will never get back the 500*l.*; and if she will not deliver up the promise of marriage, but brings her action, you must have recourse to the fraud, if not the forgery, to defeat her; though I question if you would consent to the one any more than the other; notwithstanding her known character will preserve you from heavy damages; though it will not preserve yours from a heavy censure." "Violetta shall never be brought to the bar of Justice by me," said I, "nor can I submit to expose myself as a fool." "Well then," said he, "we must do the best we can; and we must first contrive to secure this Royer, before they can dream of our discovery." "He's below in the office," said I, "and I have ordered him to be watched, and not suffered to depart." "Huzza," said Artherton, "a symptom of returning reason." "Have him up," said Welford.

I rang; George entered. "Tell Royer I am ready to receive him," said I, "but you and the constable guard the passage when he is here." "Now Merrywhistle," said Welford, "don't you speak till I give you leave." Royer was sent up; and the moment his eyes met those of Welford he betrayed evident emotion. "Hah, my old friend," said Welford, "how are you? it's a long time since we met, and you're the very man I wished to see; how fortunate!" "Me, sir," said Royer, "I am not conscious of ever having seen you before." "O, then I'll refresh your memory, Master *Williamson*; the constable is on the stairs, and I shall order you into custody for a forgery on Mr. Skein; as well as for forging the hand of Mr. Merrywhistle's father, to carry on your infernal plots." Royer, finding himself detected, and thinking I would, for Violetta's sake, put a stop to the business, replied flippantly—"If it were so, and

I even swung for it, Violetta must swing with me." "To be sure she must;" rejoined Welford, "that's my meaning; and the sooner you are both disposed of the better for the public." The villain observing my passiveness, and Welford's determined manner, his resolution forsook him at once; he dropped on his knees, begged for mercy; and said, if he were spared he would confess all. "I shall make no promise," said Welford, "I shall judge by your proceedings how to act; where is the 500*l.* note?" "The Devil take her," said he, (he was off his guard,) "she has cheated even me; she gave me but 50*l.*, and said she received but 100*l.*; which I thought as much as any gentleman possibly could give: however *that's* out, and I'll be plain: if I be protected, I will render Mr. Merrywhistle a service no other can render him; but, if not, my secret shall die with me." "I will not promise any thing;" repeated

Welford, "so, Artherton, call in the constable, and we'll go off to the justice." Artherton moved towards the door, and the rascal's confidence gave way, he cried, "No! no! sir—I will tell all." "Merrywhistle," said Welford, "question him about the *tricks*." "Pray," said I, "who and what is Mrs. Walker?" "I played that part," said he, smiling, "the rest that I did you know already; and you know too that I saved your life from the footpad,"—and he looked earnestly at me. "Never mind that," said Welford, "he saved yours in return; we shall consider that, perhaps, when we sum up the evidence; go on"—nodding to me. "Who," said I, "forged those letters from my father?" He was silent—"I *understand*," said Welford, "you need not press that question; I see he knows what he is about, (making a note in his book.) Marmaduke, write a note to Violetta, and tell her

you wish to see her immediately; tell her to use some disguise, such as a large bonnet, or a long veil; and send your confidential clerk, that he may note what he sees; and I'll instruct him, that he may know how to act in case there be any hesitation about her coming." I wrote the note, Welford carried it out to George himself, and soon returned.—"Pray where is Sir Lionel Lovel, now?" said I. "I don't know," said Royer. "Where is old Valentine?" "I don't know." "Repeat," said Welford, "the circumstance of Violetta's escape from Sir Lionel." Royer repeated the story exactly as before; and by the time he had finished, George came back, and said the lady would be with me in a few minutes. "Now," said Welford, "that fellow must be kept apart in another room; and the constable must be with him, as well as one of your clerks; for I will run no risk of losing him."—Royer trem-

bled extremely. Welford said "At present I only make use of the constable to secure you; but he has orders, if you attempt an escape, to take you into custody immediately"—this reassured him a little, and he was conveyed into an adjoining room (there were three upon the floor,) with the constable and my second clerk. George came up to announce Violetta—Welford said, "Come, Artherton, we will listen from the next room, and pop in when necessary; (to me,) you may tap for us when you are ready. You may proceed whatever way you please, Merrywhistle, *any* will answer my purpose, and there's no time for instructions"—they withdrew, putting their chairs in their places, and I lounged negligently on the sofa. She tapped at the door—"Come in," said I, and she entered, in a cloth wrapper, a large bonnet and a deep black veil: she looked round the room while entering, as if fearful of a witness

being there; then taking off her bonnet and veil, and discovering her face—which guilt could not make look otherwise than beautiful—and her fine auburn hair most gracefully disposed; and seating herself *modestly* by me on the sofa, she said, “Violetta obeys the commands of her Marmaduke.” I contemplated her features—her look of resignation to my will; its soft languor brightened by something like the beaming of gratitude for the *honourable* part I had acted—“What are they, my love?” she added. I looked steadfastly at her, but was too indignant to speak; and at once summoned Welford and Artherton. At their sudden entrance, she started up, and appeared confused; but recollecting herself, said, courtesying gracefully, “Mr. Welford, I presume? though it is so long since I saw you, sir, I cannot be mistaken; yet, indeed, Mr. Merrywhistle, I was not prepared to be made an exhibition; for

though, I presume, from this familiar surprise, your friends are acquainted with the solemn engagement between us, delicacy required a little more ceremony of introduction—it is unkind—embarrassing.”—“Oh, madam,” said Welford, “don’t be abashed so soon; you must summon your fortitude; it won’t desert you long, I dare say, and you will have occasion for it, I assure you.” I saw him wipe away a secret, deploring tear. She replied with real, or affected, trepidation, “What can this strange proceeding mean, gentlemen?” “Only,” returned Arther-ton, “a little delicate inquiry.”

She dropped again upon the sofa, and looking at me with a tenderness of reproach, which I thought, till then, nothing but innocence *could* have assumed, she said, “Cruel Marmaduke, to what misery have you reserved me?”

“Miss Violetta Valentine,” said Welford, “shocked as I am at the situation

in which I see you—the unhappy victim of an unprincipled scoundrel, and a cruel, selfish father”—“O, spare, spare my father,” said she, “be he what he may, he is still my father:”—and she clasped her hands together,—we were all overcome; so strong was this appeal of filial duty, even from a woman so degraded. “Well, well,” continued Welford, “I will wave that subject, and only say that, notwithstanding the shock it must necessarily give my feelings to see a female, once so much respected, in so degraded a situation, you are aware that I must, as the friend and professional adviser of Mr. Merrywhistle, see justice done to him.”

“Mr. Welford’s words,” said she, to me, “are as enigmatical, sir, as your conduct: to what further wretchedness am I reserved?—do—do, explain the meaning of all this—is this——” and a burst of tears came. Welford

smiled: I took the hand on which I observed the ring Artherton had given her the night before; and, distinguishing the finger on which it was, I placed that of mine on which was the ring she gave Artherton parallel with it, and pronounced, while I felt her shudder, "*When these two rings are again brought in opposition*"——"JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE," said Artherton, interrupting me, and speaking in the same voice he had spoken in the night before. She fixed her eyes on him, and said, (rather pertly I thought,) "Who are you, sir?" "Who I am at present," said he, "is of no consequence; last night, I was his Grace of ——, with whose manner of speaking I happened to be as familiar as with your connexion with him; the two rings explain the rest." Her confidence forsook her, and she darted a look of fury at Artherton that made me shudder, from the reflection that such a

woman as she had been should have become so very a wreck. "Well," said she, "as you have made your discovery, gentlemen, and I am caught in my own trap, farther evasion would be ridiculous: much good may your discovery do you; and I question whether Mr. Merrywhistle, whom, as I always loved, and who, being the only man I ever loved, I still love, will have reason to thank you for opening his eyes."

"Heavens!" cried Welford, "that such an angel should have been so perverted!" "Yes," said she, "you can all pity us when we are lost; it exhibits honour and feeling, and all that which you, hypocritically, make such a fuss about; but where are that honour and that feeling when you are deceiving us into ruin, and triumphing in our shame?" —(then to *me*) "You are, you always were, an exception to your sex: and you shall find that Violetta has not

parted with every virtue; gratitude and affection are still left with her." "That's all very pretty ma'am," said Welford, "but there's a certain 500/., we should be obliged to you to favour us with a sight of." With audacious dignity she said, "What my husband has given me, sir, none can demand but him—he whose place it is to act the part of a man and protect me from these insults." "O, you know," said Welford, "he was always an exception to his sex—but, husband? marry, and not ask us to the wedding, Marmaduke?" She was so stung by his bantering, that she looked as if, had it been in her power to throw a shower of sudden deaths at him she would have done it; and said, "I shall not answer impertinence; let him answer it who by his own act must become my natural guardian, and who *ought* to know how to chastise it." (Welford) "Still an exception to his sex—but I think you said *become*; then

the deed is not done yet?" "I have his promise," said she, "the mere ceremony only has to pass." "But," replied Welford, "we can't stand upon ceremony now; do me the favour to let me look at the promise, as well as the 500*l.*" "Neither, sir," (*she,*) "the one is my property, the other my protection; Mr. Merrywhistle knows his duty; and when called upon by *him*, I shall know mine; but to the interrogatories of others I shall make no reply." She caught up her bonnet, and was going; when Welford placed himself between her and the door, and said, "Excuse my want of politeness, but I must take upon myself, with *every deference* to Mr. Merrywhistle, to insist upon your giving them up." "Do you mean to rob, sir?" said she. "No, only to receive stolen goods," said he, "or let the constable receive them." She, with something like alarm, "The constable?" (He) "Yes, madam, he's

only in the next room; there has been a trifling mistake—a *little matter* of *forgery* or so." The blood mounted into her face. "Don't be alarmed," said he, it's only a *little matter* of *hanging*." "Heavens! what do you mean?" returned she. "What I say," said he, "the letter you and Royer forged in the supposed hand of that gentleman's father." She was preparing an evasive answer when he stopped her, by continuing, "You need not affect any further ignorance; Williamson, alias Royer, who is in custody in the next room, has confessed all; I love to save ladies trouble." At the name of Williamson, as well as the intelligence accompanying it, she was subdued—but not so dastardly as Royer—"I am in your power, I see," she said: fool that I was, to suffer the letter out of my hand—but let me understand,—am I to be set free, upon giving up the marriage promise? or

do you intend to proceed farther?—let me know the worst.” “You say nothing,” said Welford, “about the 500l.” “That,” said she, “is out of my possession; it was the princely gift of an amiable, but weak man; yet he ought to think the experience he has purchased with it cheap at any price; if you require it, you must seek it among a dozen *honest, worthy, respectable, tradesmen*; who, while they rail at us poor wrecks of *your* chief blessing, and your chief objects of prey, live luxuriously upon the produce of our infamy by assisting us with arms to turn against our destroyers.”

“Keep the money,” said I, “give me back the promise.” “I have not yet heard my fate,” said she—“but—” and paused a moment—while we gazed in silence, and she pulled out a pocket-book. (To me)—“Sir, your conduct, if it were weak, was noble; you did that, few of your boasting sex would do:

you proved your love by sacrificing yourself to honour; and taught me the full value of a heart, which, but for a cruel father, and an abandoned villain, had been mine, in a state of virtue and reputation."—A flood of tears choked her utterance: she continued—"To convince you, I am not so degraded as you suppose, I will lie at your mercy for my life—if, as *that sneering* gentleman says, it be at stake—if it be not, I shall have fulfilled my promise by returning yours, as your happiness requires it—there it is"—(throwing it on the table, and I, eagerly, secured it)—"now you may give me the forged letter, and we part; or deliver me to your officer; and she, who was a victim to a man she hated, shall finish her wretched existence the victim of the only man she ever loved." She ceased, and stood,—like stern, sullen, majesty; Welford and Artherten exhibiting, astonishment and poignant

regret, that such a mind should have been driven so far from the path of rectitude. I held the letter to her—she seized it eagerly, and rushed from the room.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Welford, “can that possibly be Violetta Valentine? she is past reclaiming I am afraid, or we might try to rescue her from her degraded state.” “I will try some means;” said I, “my feelings are still much interested for her; for little do you know how much I loved that woman.”

“It was, as I suspected, no doubt;” said Welford, “Lovel ruined her, and then, I suppose, that valet of his became her paramour in preying upon mankind; so short is the step between female innocence lost and female infamy, when once a man leaves her he has destroyed to poverty, disgrace, and the contempt of the world.” (He sighed deeply—he remembered Caro-

line.)—"Now, Artherton," continued he, "we'll have Williamson in; the forgery being out of our custody, we can do nothing with him; and I only keep the forgery I have in my possession as a rod over him; for I doubt bringing it home to him; as we have let the time go by. Williamson came in, expressing all the perturbation of dreadful suspense. "Williamson," said Welford, "Mr. Merrywhistle has twice saved your life; he has consented to let the forgery be excused; and, in the hope that you will forsake your vicious courses, I will at present keep the forgery I possess a secret; but I shall have a watch upon you, and if ever I catch you at your old tricks, take the word of a man who never gives it to break it, I shall take the opinions of twelve honest men upon the case, under direction of the learned Judge." Williamson said to me, "This shall never be forgotten, sir," and, bowing with strong perturbation,—the

pass-word "*Free*," being given,—he was down stairs in an instant: Artherton, (looking through the window,) said, "There he flies like a wild horse!"—"He *has* just escaped the *halter*," said Welford—they congratulated me on my escape; and Artherton devoted great part of the remainder of the day to diverting my chagrin.

ISN'T IT ODD ?

CHAP. IX.

I RECOMMENDED Artherton to prosecute his suit to Kathleen sedulously: for, however he might suppose O'Rourke was anxious for me to have her, *he* (Artherton) must see that I could not, consistently with any principle of delicacy or honour, coincide with O'Rourke's wishes; independently of which, the shock I had just received had *determined* me to think no more of tender attachments.—*Determined*—

“In London, (*wrote I in my description,*) people are remarkably *positive*:—every politician is positive he is right; and his opponent *as* positive that the

other is wrong; the sanguine are positive their speculations will succeed, and the cautious positive that he succeeds best who never speculates at all. Every sectarist is positive he alone is in the right road to heaven; and every schismatic that they are all mistaken. The tradesman is positive nobody can produce better articles than his; and the buyer is (*sometimes*) positive no articles could turn out worse. The borrower is positive he can pay at the time proposed; and the lawyer is positive that, if he don't, he can make him—*can't* is, positively, never taken into the calculation; and thus a positive *writ* often produces positive ruin. Every married man is positive he is master of his own house; while his wife is (*sometimes*) too positive to be disobeyed. The lover is positive his mistress is an angel; and the looker on is (*often*) positive that the lover is a fool—and he is often right."

I was positive Violetta could never become a *fallen* angel: but, like all positive fools, was mistaken. I was positive I would never think of love more; and I proved it—by writing the *same* day, the subsequent trifle; which, though a trifle in appearance, was no trifle in its principle—which proved that my mind from long expatiation in the region of *Lovefancy*, could not suddenly divest itself of a correspondent habit—beware how you contract habits; they are like the poisoned coat of *Hercules*, which could not be torn off without flaying the wearer. I wrote of Emma—who *was* Emma? “What’s in a name?”—Emma was anybody—Violetta—that is, the *quondam* Violetta, whose image floated in my mind—“Emma with the golden hair,” I wrote—Violetta, when I first knew her, had golden hair—not *sandy*, reader: I was still in love with that image—and I certainly addressed the trifle to it.

A TRIFLE.

THERE's a beaming in the sky,
 The lark is awake ;
 Bats to ruins fly,
 Adders seek the brake ;
 The sunny ray's coming,
 The grasshopper sings ;
 And the bee comes humming
 On his trivial wings.

Nothing roves now which can harm my fair ;
 Then, arise, pretty Emma, with the golden hair.

There's honey in the flower,
 And health in the blade ;
 Fragrance in the bower,
 Freshness in the glade.
 The modest rose blushes,
 Green veil peeping through ;
 And the king-cup gushes
 With a balmy dew.

Nothing, &c.

The butterfly is out,
 In his painted dress ;
 Coquetting it about,
 Could the beau do less ?
 The blossom, nought fitter
 To your bloom applies ;
 And the dew-drops glitter
 Like your own bright eyes.

Nothing, &c.

Isn't it odd?—To divert my mind, O'Rourke, (to whom I told the last occurrences, as well as to Tunzey) recommended me to take an excursion for a few weeks into the country; which advice was strongly urged by Tunzey, Welford, and Artherton; while Fubbs, who observed that, he knew my mind's constitution, and how to manage me better than any of them, declared that he would turn over his boys to the ushers, and accompany me; otherwise, he said, I should be in the blue devils, and which were only conquered by stratagem, and he had always tricks at command. We set off, and Fubbs was to determine our route, as fancy suggested to him, always taking care to let our friends know where they might direct to us; for which purpose the two first post-towns we were to approach were settled before we started.

Our plan was to *rusticate*—walk, ride, or take water, as the impulse of the moment directed—horseback, chaise,

stage, waggon, or cart, were to be preferred as circumstance or situation most favoured. We were to make observations, and write "*a Tour*," or topographical and picturesque description of the places through which we passed, and philosophical commentaries thereon. I was to take views, and Fubbs (who had a knack that way) to etch them; and the work was to be printed at the joint expense of *our circle*, to present to our various friends. Nothing was more innocently, naturally, and philosophically captivating than the whole of our plan; indeed, too delightful to last—it certainly did not. The whole of my views amounted to an ancient mansion, one old barn, two dilapidated cottages, a *picturesque*—which *always* implies something *rude*, or *broken*, or out of the common way—stile, an old tree-stump, and an ivy-mantled pig-sty. But these were to be called "*RUINS*:" and all *true* connoisseurs discover more

beauty in the decayed than in the flourishing parts of nature ; the latter being, I suppose, *only* the *beautiful* ; the former the *sublime*.—Isn't it odd ?

All our preparation for the *letter-press* part of our “ *Topographical Tour* ” consisted of a few loose *memoranda*, not worth noticing ; also an attempt to prove a *Roman camp* had existed in a neighbourhood where we stopped the first day, by Fubbs ; whose only proofs were, his discovering, in a place where they were digging, what he insisted was the Roman *fibula* ; though to me it appeared to be the buckle of a cart-harness ; and a piece of earthenware, which I, with *deference*, took to be a piece of an old chimney-pot, but which Fubbs strenuously persisted was part of a Roman water-pipe, from the peculiarly fine grain of the pottery ; though, unfortunately for his position, while they were digging, up came a large portion of an undoubted chimney-pot, into which the

piece fitted ; yet Fubbs, with true antiquarian zeal, *wrote* his remarks upon the subject ; proving that antiquarians *may* be mistaken sometimes. These and a tale—written by Fubbs you will remark—upon *Transmigration*, were all the subjects produced for the work ; though what transmigration had to do with topography might puzzle you, did you not know, from experience, that if all works contained nothing but what related to their subjects, there are few books that would not dwindle amazingly in bulk.

“ A topographer,” said Fubbs, “ is a sort of *road horse*, who travels for the benefit of mankind, and is seldom either well kept, or well fed, for it ; and into the body of this animal, were *transmigration* true, the soul of a topographer would be most likely to go.” This

observation led to a discourse upon transmigration, and that to doggerels—certainly not in Fubbs’s usual style, after the ancients. “ *But why introduce*

it here?" because it is part of this narrative of facts; and, because I conceive it to be no crime to raise a smile—if I can—in this dull part of the narrative—

TRANSMIGRATION.

A TALE.

Two hungry *bonzes*, by a mill,
A *duck* and *drake*, just fit to kill,
Beheld, and would have *filch'd*—'tis true—
But they beheld—the *mill*er, too.

Bonzes, 'tis fitting to be shewn,
The creed of *Transmigration* own;
Or, that man's soul, at death, inhabits
Some other form—perhaps a rabbit's—
Fated, as punishment for sins,
To many more such *outs* and *ins*.
So *lawyers* may, when death assails,
For issuing writs, become *red tails*;
(A *writ's* call'd *red tail*, chance you've heard,
And, eke, that red tail is a *bird*;)
The souls of slippery rogues fill *eels*,
And *chancellors* inhabit *seals*;
Wits become *wagtails*; dolts turn *donkeys*,
Coquettes *decoy-ducks*, and fops *monkeys*.

They saw the miller, he saw them,
And gave, (significant,) a hem.
Which plainly said—" My prowling bucks,
I see your aim—beware the ducks."

The bonzes now, with whimp'ring tone,
Implor'd he'd make the ducks their own.
" Give you the ducks?" he cried, " fine doltry!
To *sell* I breed my ducks and poultry!
Give! marry troop, sirs, on your way;
I dine upon those ducks to-day."

The bonzes, at this declaration,
Set up a piteous lamentation;
And at his feet they fell, imploring—
Their words impeded by their roaring—
" O, kill not," one exclaimed, " that drake;
Rather, in pity, *my* life take—
In pity to a duteous son—
To *you* what had my *father* done?"

" Your father?" cried the miller, " pooh!
What with my drake has he to do?
I never knew the man, you elf,
Wise if you knew him e'en yourself:
Pray, how can you connexion make
Between your father and my drake?"

" O, sir," the bonze " we know, alas!
Our souls are doom'd at death to pass

Into new forms—from Heaven I gather,
The soul of my beloved father
Invests that drake.”—“ And,” said the other,
“ Heaven tells me, too, that duck’s my mother.”

“ A duck your mother? what the deuce?”
Cried Grist, “ you’ve proved yourself a goose.
Your plea is false; ’tis proved, by goles,
Not ducks, but only geese, have souls;
But should their souls be there, you noddies,
Believe me, you don’t get their bodies.”

On the evening of the third day after our departure from London, an incident occurred, which put an end, eventually, to our tour. We had dined at a decent public-house, about a mile from which we observed a wood, and to which at nearly twilight we proposed to stroll. In this wood we were attracted by the cry of *murder* frequently repeated. “ Here,” said I, “ Fubbs, is a *knight errantry* job for us.

“ And here’s something to do the job with,” said Fubbs, catching up a thick branch which lay on the ground,

and, disencumbering it of its ramifications, converted it into a decent club; and off he set (for he was a spirited little fellow) without stopping for me; who luckily got hold of another branch, by jumping up to it; my weight, and jerking, made it give way, and I formed it into a cudgel as I ran after him; but he was out of sight, though I heard him halloo; and coming up to the spot whence his voice issued, I found he had, in his hurry, overshot himself; and, while looking one way, and running another, had gone plumb down into a large hole up to his neck—there were water and clay in it nearly up to his waist; and, as there had been much rain, the mouth of the hole was so wet, he could not grasp the clay with sufficient firmness, or certainty, to assist him in climbing up; and, if he had, the sides, internally, being of the same character, and not far apart, as fast as he stuck his toes into any part, and raised himself

a little, down he slid again ; and the *squashing* that his feet made in the soft bottom threw up such a quantity of mud and water, that he was beplastered with it all over, face, wig, hat and all; and his feet were so encumbered with clay, by the time I came up, that he could scarcely lift them. To avoid laughing at him was impossible ; he vowed that he believed I had sent somebody to that part of the wood to bawl, and then led him that way, that he might fall into that very hole, with which I must somehow have been acquainted ; “ and now,” said he, “ you have broken our contract, and tremble for the consequences ;” and, in short, it was as much as I could do to convince him of the absurdity of his supposition ; however, I held my bludgeon horizontally, and bid him grasp it tightly, which he did ; I pulled, with all my strength, while he fixed his toes in the sides ; and, when I had drawn him about half

length out, *my* feet, from the wetness of the grass, slipped; I fell down backwards, losing my hold of the bludgeon; and down, *squash*, went Fubbs again to the bottom; he raved at me like a bull, while, I laughed so, I could hardly set to at tugging again; meanwhile the cries continued, and I said, "Fubbs, I must go, or the man will be killed." "And so," says he, "I'm to be left here to be smothered, to save his life; what's he to me? get me out and I'll fight for him, and die fairly; but I don't stomach your leaving me here to save his life, merely that he may come to my burial." "I do believe," said I, "you tumbled in on purpose, to escape fighting, after all your bragging." This conversation, reader, happened while I was pulling and tugging as hard as I could, till at last out he came; but such a mass of clay! his feet so clogged, that the grass being slippery, down he fell every time he attempted to step; till at

last, in despair, he flopped down on the clayey grass, fairly cemented, as it were, to the ground; and there was I obliged to leave him, and run, as fast as one can in a wood, with clay-clogged feet on wet grass, lest I should only be just time to come "in at the death," Fubbs hallooing after me. I reached the spot at last, and saw a large rough-looking man, horsewhipping a gentlemanly looking one, who lay on the ground, but *silent*. I bawled to the aggressor, "if he didn't desist, I'd *fire*;" and held my bludgeon to my shoulder like a gun—for it was enough in that shape to look like one through the trees, at twilight—but desist he would not: I got up to the place, and, giving a spring behind him, I seized the horsewhip—a "*tumper*" it was, as Mungo says—and, as he was nearly exhausted and I fresh, I wrested it from him before I discovered it was *Valentine*—wasn't it odd?—"Valentine," said I, "what are you about; committing

murder?"—"I hope I have killed the scoundrel," said he, and he stopped an instant to breathe; while the man, who was all over clay, from rolling in the path, lay as if dead; his face hid by his arm, on which it turned; and he was drawn up in a heap, indicating how much he had been writhing with agony. "Mr. Marmaduke," said Valentine, "you're the last person I thought to see here; but there lies *your* enemy, and mine, and poor, poor Violetta's, wherever she be."—"Sir Lionel?" said I, with surprise.—"Yes," said Valentine, "I've followed him every where since I left London; I've got him at last; and, if I hadn't had an accident with my pistols, which made one go off, and hindered t'other firing—there they lie—he'd have been a dead man; but I think the horsewhip has done his business." I had turned him over, and examined him; and, but for a very faint pulse indeed, I should have thought he had expired. "There's life left," said

I. "and perhaps that may save yours."
"Ay, you came up rather too soon," said he. By this time Fubbs had made his way up to us, with his bludgeon, and plastered all over with thick brown clay—I fancied the little fellow *the little Jerns man*, or some of those lubber fiends it is the vitiated taste of the age to delight in. "Well, what's a-foot?" said he; "who's dead?" Sir Lionel groaned. "Not *that man*," said he, "at any rate."—Valentine was leaning against a tree, with his face on his arm) and is this the great hulk that has put him in that condition?" Valentine, knowing the voice, turned round and said, "Master Fubbs, if you had been in my place you'd have done the same; that's Sir Lionel Lovel."—"Well, it is like him," said Fubbs; "but we must do something with him; for killing a man in battle is one thing, but to let him die in cold blood through neglect is another; give the devil his due."—"He has had it,"

said Valentine—"yet—no—and I shall be hanged for him at last."—"He may have his due *then*," said Fubbs. I was puzzled what to do: I broke off some great branches, and tearing and cutting a large silk handkerchief into broad strips, and cutting off the thong from Valentine's whip, by the assistance of Fubbs (who moved like a bear, and looked like another, he was so cloaked with clay) made a kind of bier, or litter, or horse, or hand-barrow, (which you please,) and we laid Sir Lionel upon it; when I asked Valentine what he meant to do, and said, "You must be accountable for this; we can't suffer if he dies, through suspicion of having committed your crime, and having no evidence to prove the contrary? I must take you with us."—"Don't be alarmed about my not going," said he, "I'll stand by what I've done, and take the consequence; had I been alone, I might have left him to rot as he deserves; but I am not

rascal enough to put you in peril;" and he took up his pistols, saying, "I fell while pursuing him, or he'd been dead long ago. I'll go with you, be assured; but I'll lend no assistance to save his life."—"Well, then, we must," said I. I took up the front of the litter, and Fubbs the hinder part; and on we trudged; Valentine walking sulkily beside us. We couldn't go very fast, for Fubbs's feet were so clogged; and, when we had got about half way through the wood, down went Fubbs; down went I; and down went Sir Lionel, and with such a jerk against a tree, that it acted like an electrical shock; for he certainly came more to himself, and groaned more strongly: we replaced him, and at last got to the inn; luckily at dark, which prevented the people staring at us; and I ordered the landlord to get a bed ready warmed, immediately, and to send the waiter for the doctor. Fubbs ordered a hot supper,

and swallowed a large glass of rum, all in a breath; ordered hot water to wash himself, and his portmanteau to be brought into a small room, where there was a fire, that he might shift himself, leaving me to shift for myself with Sir Lionel—for Valentine, calling for brandy and water, sat down sulkily by the fire-side: I, therefore, with the landlord and a waiter, got the unhappy man to bed; when the doctor coming in, I told him the circumstances under which I found the baronet, and left the doctor and proper attendants with him, while I went to make myself "*fit to be seen.*"

"In London," (said I, &c.) "people call *dressing* making themselves '*fit to be seen,*' and that means very often fit for nothing *but* to be seen, and sometimes not even that. Now, a man who shaves but once a week, (and many do no more,) is only *fit to be seen* on a Sunday; *hardly* fit about Wednesday; on Friday fit for a show; and on Sa-

turday fit for any thing *but* to be seen: *fit to be seen* with a housewife means to be clean and neat; with a *half fashionable* to be more ridiculously dressed than usual; and with a *full fashionable*, to be more *nudified* than usual, and *not* fit to be seen—with *some*, to be so stuck out, that, for fear of being put out of *apple-pie order*, every motion of their bodies and limbs is as mechanical as clockwork; they walk as one imagines the figure of Queen Bess, in the wax-work, would; and sit as prim as a doll in a toy-shop window; or a naughty girl in a corner, who fears to stir any one limb, from the apprehension of a scolding; and these *sort of folks* are *only* fit to be seen, or fit to be laughed at; though in their common *free and easy* clothes they are fit for any thing they choose to *turn their hands to*."

I made myself fit to be seen, and then went up to Sir Lionel, who I found had recovered from his state of insensibility;

the doctor had done every thing necessary, but could give no exact opinion of his case ; he was to be kept quiet, and he would see him again in the morning. I returned down stairs, and found Fubbs *fit to be seen* ; and upon the landlord's asking me “ a full and particular account” of Sir L.'s castigation, Valentine, who overheard him, said, “ it was I, landlord, horsewhipped him ; and I should have killed him if that gentleman hadn't prevented me. It's Sir Lionel Lovel, the greatest scoundrel in the kingdom ; he has ruined me and mine. I have hunted him all over the continent ; driven him here ; and here I had my revenge ; though but a slight one, it was better than none ; and I don't care if all the world knows it. I shall stay in your house till I know how things turn out ; and, if he *dies*, here I shall be to answer for it ;” and then, calling for a pipe, he received it, and began smoking in sullen silence as before.

As some apology for Valentine, I stepped into the bar to the landlord, and told him and the landlady that, Sir Lionel had certainly ruined the unhappy gentleman in the parlour, who had been a most respectable gentleman farmer; and had also ruined his daughter, a most lovely girl, who was now in London in the most abandoned state of infamy; for I thought that, without some such explanation, they would treat Valentine with all the contumely possible; horse-whipping a baronet being a much higher crime and misdemeanour than horse-whipping a *barrow*-knight—(N.B. There are *knights* of the *hod*—ergo, knights of the *barrow*). But really I found the landlord was something of a gentleman farmer himself; and with him, ruining a gentleman farmer was the *acmé* of baseness; and the landlady was so enraged about the poor daughter, that she said, “ she didn't think it proper for christian people to suffer such folks in

their houses ; they ought to be left to die in a ditch." A pretty *christian* assertion, thought I ; and I thought, too, she might, in her zeal for *christian* charity, roll Sir Lionel out of bed, and tumble him down stairs, or out of the window ; so to prevent evil that way, I was obliged to *soften* the other way. I said, ' The gentleman in the parlour had imprudently joined the baronet in sporting transactions, and that the daughter was almost forced upon the baronet, under the hope of her being made Lady Lovel ; so that, in fact, temptation was thrown in his way. This altered the case—the landlord felt it as a man ; he was liable to fall into the trap of temptation as well as another, and did just at that moment—for, a man coming in with some fowls, he agreed for a *couple*, for which he paid ; but the man (who had several) giving him three by mistake, he couldn't resist the temptation, took them quietly, and reconciled it to his conscience from

the *hardness of the times*, which made it necessary for every body to “ catch what they could ;” and it can’t be robbery to take what people give you ; and if people won’t look to their own affairs, they can’t expect you to do it for them—he felt the force of this, and pitied the baronet, poor gentleman ! very much ; while the landlady thought “ *Lady Da’ters* no great things at any time ; and that if young girls in the *middlener classes* of life would throw themselves in gentlemen’s ways, law ! they were but flesh and blood as well as other people ; and if accidents happened in a *casalty* way, the forward sluts must take the consequences : besides (she said) the *man* in the parlour looked rather *obstropolous* ; and she supposed he was one of *them* ’ere people who cared neither for God nor devil.” Now, I began to think I had overshot the mark the other way, and was apprehensive for Valentine ; but I soon found I need not have trou-

bled my head about either; for, as long as mine host and hostess were satisfied people could *pay*, whether they deserved to die in ditches or live in story, it was all one to them; they merely gave their opinions *upon occasion*; and, like the opinions of many others, they *meant* nothing. I, therefore, left off all endeavour to *soften down*.—(Said I, in my Description) “In London, people *soften*, or *soften down*.” This is a very comprehensive phrase, and I’ll be more comprehensive upon it by-and-by; as too much digression at once is generally *aggression*.

Fubbs and I asked Valentine to sup with us; he consented, and, during supper, I obtained from him the following narrative:

CHAP. X.

“WHEN I left the rules of the Bench,” said he, “after taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act, which was expected to pass when I went to prison,—(the insolvent act was a different thing *then*, reader, to what it is now, and only occurred occasionally) I sent to you and Mr. Welford letters of thanks, which I trust you received.” I nodded assent. “I then immediately left London, having sworn never to rest till I found my daughter, and punished Sir Lionel. A relation, with whom my sister, Mrs. Wagstaff, lived, and with whom I had quarrelled, upon a representation of all the circumstances, became reconciled to me, and supplied me with money; and, as soon

as possible after the receipt of it, I reached Boulogne; thinking it more likely I should trace him from the spot at which he commenced his route; and much time I employed to little purpose; but I profited by making observations on the difference between the French constitution and ours, and the effect it had was to bind me more strongly to my own country; and as, I believe, no dispassionate man ever travelled the continent without feeling, from experience, the same way, I think those who have had no such experience, and have, therefore, no comparison to guide them, would do well to rest satisfied upon the subject, and not *quarrel with their bread and butter*. To be sure, people in this country, who never go out of it, can read about foreign constitutions in books; but what's that? it isn't the *real thing*; let them go among it all as I have done, that's the way to try; and then, if they don't come back satisfied that we may be happier at home, if we choose it---why

they don't know what a good home is when they have got it. Well, I won't waste your time, sir, with descriptions of France, and failures in my search after Lovel, but come to the point at once. I went one night to the theatre *Port St. Martin*, and there I spied me out my gentleman; watched him out, and tapped him on the shoulder. Says I, 'So, I've found you at last, have I, you d——d infernal scoundrel?' 'Oh!' said he; and by a sudden spring escaped me, through windings and turnings, which he knew and I didn't; but I had found he was at Paris, and determined to ferret him out again; but I couldn't get him taken up at Paris for a swindler, as I could in London by going to Bow-street; for I tried something that way, but without effect. Being, however, in company with some more Englishmen one day at one of their frog-soup shops, I was telling them (as I did all Englishmen) my story, in hopes that some of them might know the famous Sir Lionel;

when one, luckily, had heard of him, and told me he had gone off to Calais. I set off within an hour after, and was at Calais as soon as the French diligence could carry me there—by-the-bye, their travelling i'n't the same sort of thing we have here; but at Rome, you know, one is obliged to do as Rome does—When I got to Calais, upon inquiring, I found he was going on board the packet that night. What sent him to England I don't know, but I got on board the packet too; having ascertained he was there, kept snug out of his sight, and, when he landed at Dover, followed him to the inn; he had ordered refreshment, intending to go on immediately, and was in a room by himself; so into that room I went: he started when he saw me enter; I shut the door after me, and, presenting a pistol, 'Now,' said I, 'tell me where my daughter is, or I'll blow you to atoms, you villain.' He could'nt come out with any of his *ohs* then,

and he looked as white as a dish-clout. 'My dear Valentine,' said he. 'Damn your dears,' said I; 'answer me, or you have not another minute to live; but don't tell me any of your cursed lies, for you shall go with me to find her, or I'll not part from you, and you *alive*, you may depend upon it: you know I can *blow* you every where, you fiend, and I wonder how you dare venture to shew your face in England, you common swindler.'

" 'Do sit down,' said he, 'and you shall have all the satisfaction you can desire: it has been an unfortunate business altogether.' 'Where's my daughter?' thundered I,—the pistol still presented at him: when the waiter coming in suddenly, and seeing my attitude, he seized my arm to prevent murder; and he did; for my rage was so worked up, that the moment I felt my arm touched, fearing Lionel should escape, I snapped the pistol, and the

ball went through a chimney-glass, which was shattered to pieces, and the rascal ran out of the room; while the waiter struggled with me to prevent my following him, and the landlord coming up, with two or three more fellows, I was secured. I told the landlord my case, but he said he had nothing to do with that; gave me in charge to a constable, and I was confined till next day; while that scoundrel got away. I was examined before a justice, but, as Lovel did not appear against me, I could only be charged with a riot in the house; for which, after telling the justice all my case, and every body pitying me, the landlord agreed, if I repaired the damage done, he would not prosecute. To this I consented; and went back to the inn with him; and when I had paid him I had but a very little money left; though I had lived very sparingly to make it last out. I got on the

Dover stage when it started, and reached London; where I went about to all the haunts I knew he used to frequent, to find him, but I failed. I staid in London about a fortnight: I did not call on you, sir, or Mr. Welford, because I didn't want to trouble you any more; indeed I wanted only to find my daughter and to punish Lovel. One night, I thought I saw my daughter; for I saw a face so like her's that I could have sworn to it; but, no, no! it couldn't be her; she came out of a bad house, sir; and it couldn't be Violetta—however, I could not get a proper sight of her, for she jumped into a hackney coach with a gentleman, and they were off in a minute, while I stood petrified; and though I ran after the coach, as soon as I recovered enough from my surprise, I couldn't overtake it; and then I went back to find the house, and in my way I saw Sir Lionel, as I thought, and seized him instantly

by the collar—for I was grown mad—but, bless you, I had seized a strange gentleman by mistake—one may mistake by lamp-light, and so I suppose I must have been mistaken about my poor girl; *she* never could have lost herself so, whatever the rascal might have done with her. The gentleman, the moment I seized him, gave me a blow with a stick that laid me on the pavement; a crowd got round, and they took me to Bow-street, for nobody would believe my tale; and they charged me with intending to rob the gentleman, which went sorely against me. Luckily for me, or I don't know how I should have come off without sending to you or Mr. Welford, there was a gentleman, an old sporting companion of Lovel's and mine, in the office; and, when I gave my reason for acting as I did, he stepped forward, and was good enough to tell the magistrate, that I was a respectable man,

who had been ruined by Lovel, and he had heard that he had carried away my daughter by force, and that the gentleman I collared was at first sight something like Sir Lionel ; and, in the light I saw him by, that *he* might have been mistaken ; so, as I had demanded no money, they believed me, and let me go. You may be sure my blood boiled more and more for vengeance after this. I couldn't find out the house I mentioned, then, for I knew but little of London, and I was too flurried to have recollected the place if I saw it. I sought him every where, and I always carried my pistols with me ; determined to shoot him before I would again let him escape me without getting satisfaction about my daughter. I was walking by the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, the other day, and saw him get into a stage which comes to a place about six miles from here, on the other side yon wood—he didn't see me—I jumped up on

the roof, as light-hearted as rage and revenge can be; and about half a mile t'other side the wood he got out, ordering his portmanteau to be sent to him from the inn to a place he told them, but *where* I didn't catch, and off he went in the direction of the wood. I told the coachman I would 'light there, too; and keeping Lovel in my eye, I walked slowly till the coach turned into the next road, that I might not be observed; then I ran as fast as I could, and hailed him in the best place I could for my purpose,—near to where you found us—I bawled to him; he ran; and in my rage I drew my pistols; when, just as I was going to fire, a root or stone tripped me, and I fell. The pistol which I had in my right hand went off, and the other flew from my left hand into a bottom of water. I jumped up and seized it—I feared his escape—I snapped it, but the lock was faulty, and the priming

had got wet, so it missed fire; and then I ran with my horsewhip, which I had kept under my arm; and as the ground was too wet and clayey for his fine limbs to scramble over so fast as mine could, which had been used to it, I came up with him; the horsewhipping began, for I had not patience to listen to a word he said; and if you hadn't come up, I should certainly have killed him—indeed, I suppose I have as it is. And now, sir, you know all.—Oh! Violetta!”

He put his face on the table covered by his hands, and groaned deeply. I advised him to go to rest; assuring him I would the next day endeavour to obtain from Sir Lionel the intelligence that he required about his daughter; for I did not think it eligible, at that time, to corroborate the notion that he had seen his daughter. He had determined not to go to bed without seeing Lovel, and demanding

the intelligence ; but I convinced him, that neither the landlord, nor I, nor any one else, would be justified in suffering him to see Sir Lionel till he were in a proper state ; and also, that I should be more likely to elicit the real account of the melancholy event than he : so by degrees I *softened him down*, and he went to bed ; gloomy as the reflections of revenge, coupled with those of an accusing conscience, generally make a man.

In the morning, I went up to Sir Lionel's chamber as early as propriety would admit ; found him much recovered ; very able to talk ; and the doctor had little apprehension of fever. He told me he understood that I had been his preserver ; and thanked me, rather feelingly for *him*, and inquired whether Valentine were in the house : I answered that he was ; when he begged me, for heaven's sake, not to suffer him to come to his room ; for, " Sir," said he,

“he ’ll certainly *dish* me. Indeed, I ’d have the fellow put into custody, but I have *done* him up, and I don’t want to carry things to extremes; besides, I don’t want it to be known who I am, and I ’d be obliged to you if you would write a note for me to —, (mentioning the person and place he had ordered his portmanteau to,) and tell some of them to come for me, for I want to get out of this place; you are a gentleman, and will no doubt act like one.” “You could scarcely expect me to take any interest in your concerns, Sir Lionel,” said I, “after the irreparable wrongs you have done Violetta Valentine; and unless you disclose to me what her state is, and where she may be found, I won’t answer for Valentine’s not being by your bed-side the moment I quit it; and if he be, unless I can satisfy him upon this subject, his passion is so ungovernable, I wouldn’t answer for

the consequences." "Why he is an infernal brute," said he, "but why did he *foult* the girl upon me? like all gamesters, he has been foiled in his own tricks, and then he would be revenged on the dice:—why did he play a game his thick head was unequal to?" "But," said I, "if he knew where his daughter were, his vengeance would subside, and you would be freed from his persecutions."—Not that I thought so; but my drift was to draw the story of Violetta's fall out of him. "I don't know where she is," said he; "I suppose my rascal of a valet went off with her, for they gave me the slip together." "Why," said I, "did you not tell Valentine this when he met you in France; or in the wood, where he horsewhipped you?" "He wouldn't have believed me," replied he, "he's such a brute; and unless I could have told him where she was I should have had a bullet through my brains; so I

thought it wisest to give him the slip. Indeed my coming to England was a foolish thing ; but I got so deep in for it in Paris, on the strength of my *large estates* here—for I did the thing handsomely, and puffed away about 'em—that the French fellows were after me, and I took a trip to Calais ; and, being so near England, thought I'd come over and recruit a bit ; for I've one good thing here free from mortgage, and the man I sent for is my agent, and the only one who knows where to write to me."

" Still, Sir Lionel," said I, " having ruined the daughter—" " *I ruin her?*" replied he, " not I, believe me ; my rascal of a valet and she gave me the slip together, I tell you ; and, perhaps, its better as it is." " Upon my word, Sir Lionel," rejoined I, " you speak of the circumstance in so unfeeling a manner, and with so little regard to common decency, that nature revolts

too much at your manner to give any credit to your assertion."

"I can't help that," said he, "I know no more about her than you do, and have no more to account for her on the score of what you call *ruin* than you have." "Seriously?" said I. "Upon my *honour*," said he, emphatically—*honour!* wasn't it odd?—

The information I had received from Lovel embarrassed me extremely; for though it corroborated part of Royer's narrative, it left me in the dark as to whom Violetta owed her degradation: I imagined that the villain Royer, during the operation of the soporific drug, had perpetrated the horrid act himself: and that she, upon discovering her lost situation, as well as from her mind's being weakened by persecution, had by degrees, through excess of misery, and abandoned by all, been induced to submit to be—a companion of Royer! Horrid conclusion!—I could get nothing

more out of the Baronet; so, to prevent murder, or some other dreadful effect of Valentine's rage, I wrote the note Sir Lionel requested; despatched it by a messenger, and then joined Valentine in a private room, where I had directed him to wait for me. I told him Sir Lionel's story, Royer's relation, and my *own* folly—all equally relating to Violetta—and I confirmed his first notion, that it *was* his daughter he saw in London; but afforded him as little satisfaction as to the knowledge of who her spoiler was as I possessed myself. He sat looking at me, with what I may term the stupidity of wonder, for some time, and then said—" *Lovel* not destroy her? *Royer* save her? I believe neither; the rest I do, because *you* say it—*he* was her destroyer"—bursting out, "and he shall never leave this house alive—" He started up; I sprang to the door, locked it, and took out the key—"Hold, madman!" said I, "will mur-

dering him restore your daughter's honour?" "No!" roared he, "but it will revenge it; and revenge on such a wretch is *noble*." By degrees, however, I reasoned him into a better temper of mind.

"And *you* would have married her, scandalized as she was?" said he. "Fool! fool that I was!" and he beat his forehead with his clenched fists.— "I'll go to London, directly, and find her, and hide her dishonour in the flinty bosom of the wretched father that caused it:—yet to let that fiend who destroyed her escape—O, Mr. Marmaduke, (*stamping about the room as he spoke,*) you are not a father—you cannot feel as I do—God forbid you ever should!" While we were talking, I overheard the landlord conversing with some men on the stairs; one of whom said, "We must have him"— "Have whom?" cried Valentine. As Valentine had grown calm, I had un-

locked the door; I jarred it, listened, and discovered that they were bailiffs, employed to arrest Sir Lionel. I stepped out, and said, "Sir Lionel, gentlemen, is very ill; so, if the law empower you to force your way into his room, use all the delicacy you can." "O, never fear that, sir," said one, "I haven't *trapped* the best of 'em so often not to know my cue; I always treats a gemman like one, if so be as how he shews blood as a gemman should." They proceeded to Lovel's room. "Well, thank fate, he's safe, however," said Valentine; "and now I can go off to town with more ease of mind; I shall know how to get at him; and I haven't done with him yet." I advised his speedy departure; and, as he had spoken of his being in possession of very little money, delicately asked him if I could be of any service in that respect. He candidly owned a few shillings was all he had,

but he said he would have walked all the way, and begged, if he had none, before he would have asked me. I gave him a few pounds, and a letter to Welford to supply him with what money he thought would be proper—in short, to do for him that which his own good heart, and rational head, dictated; placing the whole to my account. Valentine could scarcely articulate his thanks, and soon left the house.

By this time the person for whom I had sent, at Sir Lionel's request, arrived; but the sum for which the Baronet was arrested was too great for him to procure bail for; and, as the writ was what is called *returnable* that night, he was removed in a chaise to the county jail.

“There's one of your *quality* folks,” said the landlord. “In London,” (said I in my Description,) “*also* in the *country*—it is to be remarked that people *without*

rank appear to take a singular pleasure in the embarrassment of those who possess it—isn't it odd? I'm sorry for it; because, being proud of my country, I am concerned, very much concerned, whenever I discover among my countrymen any trait of that despicable vice meanness; for this spirit, or rather want of spirit, arises from the envy which the exaltation of others excites in little minds, which can look no farther than to appearances. Gradations of rank are necessary to the formation of a state; but happiness is not dependant upon any one of them: the bottom stair is of as much consequence as the top one; for if there be not a bottom one, a second, a third, and so on to the top one, how could access be obtained to a higher apartment?—"Don't come over me with the pride of your dirty stairs," says Looney Mactwolter, in Colman's laughable farce of the Review, "my father had a beautiful ladder." But the

ladder had *steps* or how would he have got into the loft? Falling greatness is an object of pleasure to none but selfish minds; and to such as, who, if they possessed rank, would certainly disgrace it.

“ By-the-by,” said Fubbs, “ that’s a *modern* failing.” “ *Very ancient in practice,*” said I.

CHAP. IX.

“WHAT will you please to have for dinner to-day, gentlemen?” said the landlady. “Shall we order a dinner of the *ancients*, Fubbs,” said I, “and have some Lacedæmonian black broth?” “No,” said he, “I’ve a modern stomach, I’m never classical out of school; order what you like for dinner, and let us go out and philosophize while it is getting ready.” “Get what you like, landlady,” said I, “we’re not very particular—” “As long as it’s remarkably nice, and plenty of it,” said Fubbs; “and we’ll have the *black broth* after dinner,” said I. “*In vino veritas*,” said he, and we”

strolled away on our ramble. We passed near the village church; the door was open, and we walked in. I always experience a most tranquillizing sensation on entering a country church; the simplicity of most country churches diffuses over my mind this feeling more than the grandeur of London churches does; and while the latter strike one with a notion of the greatness of the Deity, the former invest one with an affectionate sense of his goodness—the unadorned and humble style of architecture, with the chaste and quiet *tout ensemble* of the interior, invite the mind to repose without disquieting itself with vain fears on that awful Being, who, although the “fulness of majesty,” sanctifies with his beneficent presence the rustic receptacle of his undistinguished worshippers, and accepts it as the *house of God*, where he is pleased to dwell, equally with the most splendid and magnificent temple that the most exalted science can erect, aided

by the uncircumscribed offerings of kings and states. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst," said our God—our Saviour! O, what a different being is man from what God made him! With what hauteur or indifference, in his imagined greatness, the son of pride, of wealth, of power, looks down upon a small group of his humble brethren, worshipping; and stands aloof, as if saying with the Pharisee, "I thank thee, Lord, I am not as other men are;" while in the *midst* of those he looks down upon is the God *he* is praying to! Does he leave the church *justified*?

There was a neat tablet in the church, the only decoration of its whitewashed walls, save the table of commandments, the Lord's prayer, the creed, and a small list of benefactions; with here and there a text painted in black letters. This tablet was placed there to perpetuate the memory of *Violetta Valentine*—

“Isn't it odd?” said I to Fubbs. “Odd that a woman should be buried,” said he, “who, by the date, died about one-hundred-and-fifty years ago?” “Pish!” said I—“No; but that mementos of Violetta should obtrude themselves upon me go where I will.” “We must get out of their way,” said he; and, taking my arm, he led me out of the church, and proposed that we should copy for our *tour* some of the whimsical epitaphs, with which church-yards abound; where, notwithstanding,

“Many an *holy text* around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die,”

certainly, there are no places into which more glaring incongruities enter than into church-yards, for

Many a *bellman's verse* around *he* strews,
To teach the *scorn-struck* moralist to laugh.

By *he*, I mean not the *muse*, but the *mason* who cuts such memorials. It is

really imperative upon the guardians of the church, if they have the power, to put a stop to this burlesque of all that is serious and solemn. In this church-yard I found the following:

*Here lays my Parents who did die,
Kind Reader, drop a Tear ;
This Tombstone to their memory* [*if you must
read, of course.*]
I rais'd who now lays here.

Sacred to the Memory of *John Wimple*, who died, &c.

Also to the Memory of Mary his Wife, who died, &c.

Likewise to the Memory of John Wimple,
their only Son ;

Except two Daughters, *Mary*, who died, &c. and
Jane, who died, &c. ; and all *lay* buried here.

To whose Remains the aforesaid John Wimple hath
erected this Stone.

Isn't it odd?

Now, reader, have you not seen *grave* burlesques equal to this in *many* church-yards? Yet, notwithstanding the absurd nature of its composition, this epitaph tells a most pathetic tale of filial love and mortality. A son tells you he erected this stone to the memory of *both*

his parents, and thus, without a piteous parade, tells you he is an orphan ; and concludes with the same awful intimation you so frequently meet with when reading the patriarchal genealogies—"and he *died*"—reading which is said to have given one of Elizabeth's prime ministers the first serious thoughts of transferring his mind from the business of *time* to that of *eternity*. But the stone-graver tells you more, (though in Terence's manner,) that there were more of the family, and that they also—*died*—but if the *son* had not previously told you that *he* erected the monument, you would be at a loss to know whether he or the *father* raised it ; and you are still at a loss, notwithstanding the *discriminative* information of *both*, whether the son erected it before or *after* his own death, or those of his sisters, who lived some years after him. The only way we can reconcile it is, to suppose that the son left it in his will that a stone

should be put over the family grave, when *all* were gone to where "the weary are at rest." Now, the epitaph, had it been put into proper verse, would have affected the reader, if he thought at all—but as it is, *risum teneatis, amici?*

I have understood there is an authority vested in the rector or vicar to reject all improper epitaphs; why then is it not exercised? Why is such nonsense, and sometimes impiety, admitted, as our eyes are shocked with, *often?* Death is not to be sported with. Epitaphs should either inspire us with holy hope, humility, or resignation; warn us by instance, and teach us by example; or they are *vanities*.

While Fubbs was copying the inscriptions, I fell into conversation with the sexton, (a simple, but intelligent, old man,) relative to the tablet I had seen—for any thing that *glanced* at Violetta, somehow, still hung "about the neck of my heart"—he told me that a family

of note of that name lived in the parish formerly; and that there was a very old-fashioned house, much decayed, half a mile from the church, which still bore the name of *Valentine Hall*; but none of the name lived there, nor had in his memory. Now, I felt a great inclination to see this Valentine Hall; and determined, after dinner, to stroll there, but not to make Fubbs acquainted with my reason, that he might not divert me from my design; so, having rewarded the sexton for his information—

“ In London,” (said I, &c.) “ bribes, or remunerations, or gratuities, are the principal passports to *knowledge*, or *enjoyment*, or *participation*—*douceurs* being as requisite as retaining fees, or fees of office; only French politesse has softened down the term to *recollections*, or *reminiscences*.” Having, therefore, gratified the sexton by a reminiscence, and Fubbs having completed his collection of *grave* memorials, we returned to the

house to dinner ; after which, Fubbs falling into a nap, as was frequently the *ancients'* custom after dinner, I rambled to the place described by the sexton, and discovered the object I sought. It was the habitable ruin of what had been a large mansion, covered with ivy ; and in a small piece of front garden, surrounded by broken wooden rails, I saw leaves, the stems of which had borne, in the season, *violets* and *primroses* ; wasn't it odd ? I surveyed them sorrowfully ; and, with my pencil, wrote on the bar of the white railing—

Poor primrose ! though thy leaves be green,
The flow'r is wither'd—by thy side
The violet bloom'd ; and ye were seen
Like two young lovers, fondly wooing :
Blight seiz'd the violet ! farewell !
Her downfall was thine own undoing—
Thy spirit wither'd when she fell.

To speak truth—nor was it *odd*—the sight of these emblems of my *first love*, and at *Valentine Hall*, with the reflec-

tions consequent, excited such sensations that I felt (if I may apply the phrase) my spirit wither—indeed, the result of my unfortunate attachment affected me too deeply to escape the observation of my friends. “*First love cannot die,*” cried I; and left the spot, deeming it unwise to tantalize my feelings longer. On leaving the spot, I proceeded to the post town (which was the one appointed by us for the transmission of the first letters our friends wrote) and received two for myself, and one for Fubbs, to whom I delivered it upon my return to our quarters. The letters to me were from Artherton and Royer; the latter’s hand I had had many opportunities of knowing, but, my mind not being then in a condition to dwell upon past events, I put his letter into my pocket to read at some future opportunity, and opened Artherton’s, which informed me that “he had, at last, made an impression on Kathleen’s heart; and

his declaration of love had been received by her with more than complacency, and that O'Rourke appeared not only to have no objection to their union, but that the benevolent Irishman and himself were constant companions."

"*Simile simili gaudet*," said I; "an accordancy of principle is the source of friendship; you are both generous souls, and Heaven reward you."

"Friendship, *here*" (said I, in my Description of London,) "as *elsewhere*, is more frequently a compact of *interest* than *principle*"—yet are there a few select souls sensibly alive to all the reciprocal sympathies of pure and disinterested friendship. The profound Bacon says, "There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified; that that is is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend one and the other." Hourly experience proves the truth of this position. Perhaps it may

be considered a providential circumstance; which, by making affluence thus dependant upon necessity for a participation of a happiness human nature cannot conveniently forego, gives the latter an imperative claim upon the former for an amelioration of its wants; indeed, mutual dependance appears to be the foundation of all friendship; and in this light we may consider that species of friendship which has been observed to exist between men and irrational animals; as, for instance, a man and his dog—that emblem of fidelity and sagacity—of which latter trait a gentleman, who frequently used the house we were at, told us *this* evening a remarkable instance, productive of a whimsical consequence.

A friend of his, in a large market town, had a valuable Newfoundland dog, which had once preserved his life; the animal, which was called *Rover*, having run a thorn into his foot during

a few days' absence of his master from home, the family had taken no further notice of it than observing that the dog limped; and, by the time his master returned, the poor creature's leg as well as foot was in a most inflamed state, and he could not walk. Alarmed at his situation, his master ordered his footman to *carry* him to his surgeon, who extracted the thorn, and dressed the wound; in a short time Rover was able to limp tolerably well: and the master, knowing the dog's sagacity, used to turn him out at the time of the morning he used to be *carried*, and the dog regularly went to the surgeon's, scratched at the door till admitted, and then walked regularly into the surgery, where his foot was dressed as usual, till he was perfectly cured; notwithstanding which, habit prompted him to continue his visits at the regular hour; when the surgeon used good-humouredly to take the foot in

his hand, and say, "Well, Rover, your foot is well, you need come no more." As long as some notice was taken of the foot, Rover thought it was *professional* service, and departed well satisfied; but, not understanding the words, he continued his visits for a fortnight. At length, one morning the surgeon was surprised to find he did not depart after the customary handling the foot; but that he whined, and fidgetted, making towards the door, then returning and staring the doctor in the face, whining and wagging his tail; till, finding he was not understood, he took the doctor's coat skirt in his teeth, and endeavoured to pull him along. The doctor, concluding there was some reason for this, followed him to the door, against which Rover scratched; the doctor opened it, and, lo, there stood another lame dog, which Rover had brought with him, and which the servant had shut out,

not considering him a companion of Rover's. The good-natured doctor took the dog in, performed what was necessary to his leg, and Rover and his companion went away, but returned regularly every day at the same hour, till the strange dog was cured. Nor was this the only dog he had to cure; for every lame or wounded dog Rover became acquainted with, he regularly accompanied to the doctor, who, from the whimsicality of the thing, as well as from humanity, cured them all; and, as gratitude—we must call it—from them all, attached them to him, wherever any of them saw the doctor they were sure to follow him; sometimes two, three, or even six together; and, as dogs generally run to where they see a number of their own species, strange dogs joined them, till at last the doctor became so well known to all the dogs in the town that the moment he shewed his face

out of his own door his canine retinue began to attend him, increasing as he went along, till sometimes he had two or three dozen at a time ; and at last it became a nuisance to him, as he became an object of public observation and laughter, and he went by the *soubriquet* of Doctor *Dog-star* ; yet, by the circumstance making him a constant theme of conversation, and its originating in proofs of his skill, it actually increased his business, and the *Dog-star* rose in his profession.

The next day, taking a stroll alone, I again wandered towards the neighbourhood of Valentine Hall, and stopped to take a sketch of a very romantic scene which presented itself. It was the remains of a monastic ruin, surrounded by luxuriant shrubbery, and wild flowers, with a piece of water, over which hung " the weeping willow ;" and having selected an advantageous spot from which to take it, in emerg-

ing from a sort of thicket, I suddenly came upon an object that heightened the interest of the scene—an elegantly formed female, tastefully dressed in simple white, with a shawl, and a straw bonnet, draped by a veil—she sat with her back to me, and held a paper in her hand, which she seemed intently surveying; and as the grass had prevented the echo of my feet, I approached her so closely that, over her shoulder, I could read the lines on the paper distinctly, and, to my indescribable astonishment, they were a copy of the very lines I had, the morning before, written upon the railings of Valentine Hall!—wasn't it odd? The lady moving, I glided behind the bush, and, upon her rising, watched her path, which appeared to be towards the Hall; and I dexterously stole round among the windings of the shrubbery and ruins, and circuitously came in front of her; determined to pass her

and behold the features of whoever it might be who appeared to take such an interest in what I had written. When we approached sufficiently nigh to each other for our features to be mutually discovered—though hers I could not discern for her veil—she tottered, and leant against a tree for support, as if she were either suddenly ill, or strongly affected; I ran to support her, and discovered through the veil, the face of——*Violetta*!—The sudden and unexpected sight confused me; and I hurried from her, in disgust, without speaking, or once looking behind me, and hastened to Fubbs; to whom I said, “We’ll leave this place immediately.” “After dinner,” replied he, coolly—“but what has ruffled your spirits so?”—I told him. “I wish you hadn’t seen her,” said he; and he appeared chagrined. Recollecting Royer’s letter, I had now the curiosity to peruse it. After the most animated professions

of gratitude, he declared that I had been grossly deceived in the person I had taken in London for Violetta Valentine, whose name was *Eliza Fox*: and that this was the intelligence he had promised me. I was thunder-struck; and could not believe my eyes: however, I read on.—“Violetta,” he said, “was carried away by Sir Lionel, but what became of her he could not tell. On his (Royer’s) coming to town, after absconding from his master, with whom he had a quarrel in a chaise, in which they were carrying Violetta off, he met *Eliza Fox*, whose extraordinary likeness to Violetta struck him with astonishment, (she was a bad character,) and having by accident, discovered my residence, being (through the information of Sir Lionel, Valentine, and the servant-maid who lived with Valentine,) in possession of almost every circumstance relative to the attachment between me and Violetta, (who he sup-

posed was gone to France,) he fabricated, in conjunction with Eliza, the stratagem already detailed, to make a property of me. He took care, before they commenced operations, that Eliza should several times see me and Welford that she might be perfectly in possession of our features before any meeting took place between us; and with what he was ignorant of, (relative to my connexions and other circumstances,) by address and perseverance, he fully informed himself. The circumstance of my preserving his life favoured his scheme, by procuring him an introduction to me; and the reason he confessed to me that he had been Sir Lionel's servant was this,—he conceived, from the account Sir Lionel had given of what he was pleased to call my "*romantic stupidity*," in regard to Violetta, that I should be very eager to *know more of him*, to obtain some intelligence about her; and from a conversation be-

tween Valentine and Sir Lionel, he had learned the circumstances relative to the primrose-bank, and the violets; and through Valentine's maid, (who had overheard Violetta telling it to the housekeeper, who was in her confidence,) the fact of the purse, seal, and locket having been presents from Violetta. He accounted for his knowledge of the *tune we danced to* through his having been with Sir Lionel at the village where my father lived, on the very night when I danced with Violetta; and as she and I were subjects of general conversation, one of the servants had remarked *how well we had danced in one of the dances*, and the *tune to which we had danced*, in order to specify which dance he meant. Royer afterwards recollected this, and converted the knowledge of it to a furtherance of his design. The letter from my father he had been enabled to forge through the mean Welford

suspected; and as he was acquainted with the post-mark of the place where my father lived he fabricated that also.—He said, likewise, that Fox went in public by her assumed as well as her own name, as suited her convenience.

“What am I to think of this letter?” said I to Fubbs, throwing it to him:—he read it, and replied, “It appears to me to be worthy much attention.” “Nonsense,” rejoined I, “do you not see through the thing? this woman, depending upon her art, has followed me down; and he has written this incredible account to second her arts, and facilitate some new stratagem. He is too minute in his explanations for truth; and, beyond that, is it possible that, if there were a woman like Violetta she could bear such a resemblance to her as to deceive me?” “The thing is possible,” said he: “I remember reading a fact upon record which occurred in the sixteenth century at *Artigues*, in

upper Languedoc, in point:—a farmer named *Martin Guerre*, who was married and had one son, on account of a quarrel with his father-in-law, left his wife and family suddenly, and was not heard of for two or three years. He returned as unexpectedly as he went, to the great joy of his wife and their relations, and every thing went on comfortably for three years longer, when a stranger coming to the village, and being in company with the wife's uncle, hearing the name of *Martin Guerre* mentioned, said that, a few months before, he had been in company with a soldier of that name, who had told him he had a wife and child in Languedoc; that he left his family in a pet, but comfortably provided for, and that, when he could get his discharge, he should return; also that he had lost a leg at the battle of St. Quintin.

“ This created a strange alarm, as *Martin's* wife with all his family were

completely deceived; and the wife was with difficulty persuaded to prosecute the impostor, so convinced was she of his identity; besides she had borne three children to him. However, prosecuted he was—its a long story, so I shall cut it short, and omit his examination before the criminal judge of Rieux, who *eventually condemned him*, though Martin's four sisters swore he was their brother, and the rest of the family swore to his identity—and he answered every question put to him relative to family circumstances, names, places, dates, and incidents, connected with the affairs of Martin Guerre, in an unembarrassed and succinct manner; and very rationally accounted for the time he had been absent. He appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse; for, he said, the whole was a scheme of the uncle's, to put him out of the way, to get his property into his possession.

“The Parliament sent at once to the

province where the real *Martin Guerre* was said to be, and on the day of trial, the prisoner was confronted with the *wooden-legged man*: the little difference which was in their features and appearance thus became evident to the family, though the impostor, whose name proved to be *Arnold du Tilb* (and who had lived but a few miles from Martin, though they were strangers to each other, till Arnold served two years with him in the army) brazened it out, but in vain: he was condemned and executed; first hanged, and then burned to ashes before Martin Guerre's house; acknowledging the imposture before his execution.

“Martin was reconciled to all his family, (allowing for their misconception,) except his wife; with whom he never would live; for he said, ‘a wife has ways of knowing her husband, unknown to all the world.’

“Now, although I am of Martin's opi-

nion, in regard to the impossibility of a wife being mistaken in such a case, I think you might, after such a preparatory train of deceptions as were practised upon you to agitate your mind, mistake one Violetta for another; as you had seen Violetta, after leaving her when she was fifteen, but *once* till, (as you supposed) that evening, when six or seven years had elapsed, and after she had been harassed about, which would produce an alteration; and the artful manner in which she told her story worked upon your enthusiastic and sensitive mind, at a moment when your passions were highly excited, by extraordinary but not unprecedented art. You may say that Welford, who saw her next day, would be cooler; but he had in the same space of time, seen her but once; and, then, he was not in love with her; consequently, was as liable to be deceived; nay, more so—and, indeed, in your usual *ardour* (smil-

ing) you assisted to deceive yourself; and don't deceive yourself now—read that.”—He gave me the letter I had brought from the post for him; it was from O'Rourke—it recited that “ he had made inquiries, in consequence of a confession Royer had made, and ascertained that the person I had taken for Violetta was an impostor; that since, by accident, he had discovered a clue to the *real* Violetta; and, also, that she was undoubtedly innocent; but that he should disclose nothing of it to me till he were in possession of her present residence; but he desired Fubbs to act discretionarily with me about it, as the state of my mind might require, and as he *in his wisdom* thought fit.”

I could not discredit this—and I now wondered that, when I saw Violetta, the improbability of the other's following me so quickly (when my destination was a secret to all but our own circle) did not strike me. “ Heavens,” said I,

“ what shall I do?” “ *Leave this place immediately,*” replied Fubbs, with a sardonic grin. “ Never, till I have satisfied myself,” said I; “ I’ll go to Valentine Hall instantly, for there she must reside.” “ No, no,” said he, “ stay where you are, you’ll be making bad worse; I’ll go myself—I know where it is; the landlord mentioned it to me among other places:” And off he set, leaving me scarcely sensible whether I were awake or in a dream. I sat down, and began a dozen long letters to Violetta, tearing them all when I had nearly finished them, for none were written to my satisfaction. Violetta still innocent! and I had treated her with contempt! if Royer and the other wretch had been before me I should have torn them piecemeal. Fubbs came back sooner than I expected. “ Have you seen her?” hastily demanded I. “ No,” answered he, in a tone of disappointment. (*I,*)—“ Whom did you see?” “ Mother Wag-

staff, and a plague to her," said he, "*isn't it odd?*" "Well, well!" said I, "pray tell me all!" "Why, then I will," said he: "I went to Valentine Hall, knocked at the door, and a girl came, who asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted to speak to the lady of the house—for not knowing who she was, nor whether Violetta was there or no, I had no other mode of asking for her—she went in, and came out again to know my name and business; I sent in for answer, that I did not suppose she knew my name, which was Fubbs; and that my business I could communicate to no one but herself. After staying some time longer, kicking my heels, I was asked in, and shewn into a large old oak pannelled parlour—furnished, I suppose before the flood, from the antiquity of the chairs and tables—and in soon walked, or rather hobbled, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Wagstaff, supported by a crutch-stick. We recog-

nised each other immediately: 'Why, Mrs. Wagstaff,' said I, 'who'd have thought of meeting you here?' 'And who, my good old neighbour,' said she, 'would have thought of seeing you here?' We complimented each other upon our looks—of which procedure I set the example; for I knew my man; besides, the dear creatures all love flattery till ninety-four, and as many years after as they can listen to it. She asked me what I would take; I said, 'nothing yet; I came to clear up a little mistake that has happened.' '*What mistake?*' said she. 'Pray,' says I, 'in the first place, does not Miss Valentine live here?' 'No,' said she, '*she does not live here.*' 'On a visit, I presume,' said I. 'Yes, she's *gone* on a visit some miles off,' said she.—That's odd, thinks I. 'I'm sorry for it,' said I; 'I should like to have seen her, I haven't seen her so long, and she was always a favourite of mine, you know; we should have laughed

about her burning my wig, and all the little pranks she played me.' 'Hah!' said she, very drily, and rather sarcastically. 'However,' said I, 'about this little mistake—this morning a certain young friend of *ours*, who at present shall be nameless'—'Hah!' said she again, (raising her head with a gentle jerk, and off went her spectacles, which I picked up with infinite alacrity, and began rubbing the glasses bright—when ever you want to get gracious with an old lady, take snuff with her, polish her snuff-box, and wipe her spectacles, as long as you live—'this young friend, who isn't far off (*popping my finger in her box*)—this is excellent snuff, my dear Mrs. Wagstaff.' 'Hah!' said she provokingly, (taking a larger pinch than usual,)—well, sir?'—'Why, perhaps you know?' 'O, *I know nothing*, said she. 'Well, *our friend*'—'Your friend, *he may be*,' said she. 'Well, my friend, then, this morning met—you know

whom.' ' *Me? O, I know nobody,*' said she. ' O, you were always a droll one,' said I; ' do you remember putting some jalap in my rum toddy, hey?—ah! those *were* days, my dear Mrs. Wagstaff!' ' *Hah!*' said she. She wouldn't bite I saw. ' You won't take a hint I see,' said I, ' so I must be plain.—Poor Marmaduke!' ' *Don't mention him,*' said she, ' *don't mention him.*' ' Well, but hear me through,' said I. ' *I'll hear nothing,*' said she, ' *that concerns him—an insolent, dirty, puppy—ah, sir, you may look—puppy, I say.*' ' But let me explain,' said I, ' *You needn't explain any thing,*' said she, ' *Violetta is gone from me since he saw her; she wants to have nothing to say to him, and I'll have nothing to say about him; and so, sir, if you can't talk on any other subject, I must wish you a good morning; though I'm very glad to see you, and wish you'd take a drop of something.*' ' A drop of nothing till you hear me,' said I. ' *Then, good morning, sir,*' said she; and, opening the door,

cried, ‘ *Betty, let this gentleman out,*’ and hobbled into the next parlour, shutting the door after her. I felt very much inclined to stick a blanket pin which I saw the wrong end upwards, in her easy chair; but I didn’t like to hurt the old lass; for she meant well, as she always did, but never did any thing the right way. Betty opened the door, dropped me a curtsey, and here I am—isn’t it odd?”

“ Miserable man that I am,” said I. “ Don’t stand tragedizing,” said he; let’s see what’s to be done.” “ I’ll go myself,” said I; and off I ran, without looking before me, went head over heels into a muddy ditch, and in that condition, the peasants staring at me, I arrived at the house, and knocked half a dozen times before Betty came; who, when she did come, stared at me *with all her eyes*, while she struggled with a laugh that was wriggling about her mouth, but which, pursing her lips, and biting her cheeks, prevented. “ Is

Mrs. Wagstaff at home?" hastily demanded I. "No, sir." "Is any body at home?" "No, sir." "When will anybody be at home?" "Don't know, sir." I slipped a crown into her hand—she looked at it, and then at me ; seemed doubtful whether she ought to take it, and very loath to return it. "Nonsense," said I, observing her state of incertitude, "put it in your pocket." She did. "When will they be at home?" said I, insinuatingly. "I don't know, indeed, sir," said she ; "but do you come from the gentleman who was here a little while ago, Mr. *Scrubbs*, I believe." "Yes, my dear," said I, delighted with the idea that *somebody* was expected to call ; and who that *somebody* was is easily imagined : "yes, my dear," said I, rubbing my hands with joy. She went into one of the parlours. O, how I longed to peep in—to see how houses were furnished before the flood. She returned with a letter. "I was to give

you this if you called, sir," said she, gave it me, and shut the door gently, but determinedly, in my face. I have often given something to have a door opened to me; but never before to have it shut in my face. I tore open the letter without looking at the address; it was in Mrs. Wagstaff's hand—it ran thus—

"SIR,

"Miss Valentine has left this house to avoid you. "A. WAGSTAFF.

"To Mr. Merrywhistle."

"I'll not be fobbed off this way," thought I; and so I sat down upon a large stone in the front of the house, determined to catch a sight of either Mrs. Wagstaff or Violetta; for I didn't believe she had left the house. I had forgotten the dirty figure I cut—for I had on light-coloured clothes—Many passed: from some I got a stare; from others a grin; from others a downright

laugh; but I was a stoic, and determined to sit there till I saw them, if they were at home; and, if not, till they came home; and there I did sit, till Fubbs, tired of waiting for dinner, came for me. He couldn't help laughing when he saw me; said, "are you quite mad, Marmaduke? you are not going the right way, be assured; come, come, be advised; come home, and leave the rest to me; if they be in the house I'll have 'em out somehow, depend on't; if nothing but seeing her will satisfy you, you shall see her, if she be there, I give you my word; though, I dare say, you will not be any better off for the interview." I was quite passive; he took me by the arm, and led me back to the inn as fast as we could walk; set me down at the dinner-table, loaded my plate, and then fell himself to eating as hard as he could, but did not say a word; when he had done, he swallowed a couple of glasses of wine quickly after each

other, and saying, "when you have done, go and make yourself *fit to be seen*, and I'll be with you presently;" made his exit. I ate a little—but drank more than a bottle of wine, I was so irritated and mortified; and then—I went and dressed. I saw nothing of Fubbs till dark. "Come along," said he; and I followed him down stairs into the inn-yard, where stood a chaise-cart, and a horse in it. "Am I to get into this?" said I. "Heaven forbid!" said he, "for it has been broken to pieces these six months; bless you, it wouldn't carry a child: walk with us; lead on, boy." The boy touched the horse, it proceeded with the chaise, and we followed. What he intended to do with it I was at a loss to guess; but he was such a master of trickery that I knew his plans had generally some feasible character in them; though they were frequently of a very eccentric nature. As we went along, he said to the lad,

“ Now, mind the *squall*, boy, and all I told you; and then there’s half-a-crown for you. I shall tell you what to do when we are in action,” (to me). At length we came near Valentine Hall, which stood alone; no house, in fact, was near it within a furlong. We stopped just before the gate; there, Fubbs bidding me lie down upon some grass on the side of the road, he and the boy overturned the cart; and, while the boy set up a yell, Fubbs set up a roar. A light appeared at one of the windows, another at the door. A lady in white was with Mrs. Wagstaff, and they both came out to see what occasioned the uproar. Pieces of the chaise-cart lay scattered about; and Fubbs had quietly laid himself down. The boy begged them to suffer the gentlemen who had been overturned to go in; and the young rascal began giving a description of *how it happened*, just as he was passing; and the horse stood very quietly, as if

he neither knew, nor cared, how it happened; which was, no doubt, something like the truth. At length the old lady said, "Come in? certainly;" and the two females and the maid came forward with lights. Fubbs said, "O, Mrs. Wagstaff!" "It's not Mrs. Wagstaff, sir," said she; "but we shall be happy to render you any assistance." "Limp in," whispered Fubbs to me; "we'll see how the land lies; and we must trust to address to bring us off. I hope that's Violetta in white." This was as he was slowly rising; but, for my part, I didn't like his trick, mad as I was to see Violetta. Fubbs limped in with the old lady, and I followed, till I got to the parlour-door, where I saw *the* Violetta—but her back was to me: I threw myself on my knees, caught her hand, and implored her to hear me; she screamed, turned round, said "*the man's mad*;" and neither her voice nor her face was Violetta's. The old lady

was equally alarmed, and screamed too; when Fubbs begged them not to be alarmed, and he would explain all. He then said, "It was unlucky our accident happened here; for there was a young lady here to-day to whom my friend is much attached, and there has been a little *miff* between them; not seeing that young lady's face he took her for the other, as their forms are equally elegant—(here the young lady began to be *softened down*)—the opportunity of being able to acknowledge his fault to her, and his vehement passion, have occasioned him to forget his pain; and I am sure *such* a mistake will be readily pardoned by the young lady, when she recollects it was her own person and manner that occasioned it." The young lady, who was really pretty, seemed very willing to admit the apology on account of the *cause*. I thanked her, though I looked confoundedly foolish, and affected to be lame; while

Fubbs kept feeling his bones; and at last said, "Well, no bones broken, however, and I don't mind a good shake; I believe I'm more frightened than hurt." "Shall we thank these ladies, and go?" said I. "Why," said he, "my hip is a little comical; and as sitting a little longer will do it more good than walking immediately, I trust we may intrude on these good ladies for a little longer house-room"—for his plan was not perfected. "By all means, sir," said the old lady. "You're very good, ma'am," said the old hypocrite. "You're a very great fool," thought I; but I took it quietly, and conversed with the young lady, who seemed to take a great interest in my lameness; and really we became very good friends. Fubbs helped the boy to turn the chaise up, and gather up the pieces; and told him to drive it up to the inn; gave him his half-crown, and he went away. "We can walk home," said he; "for we

could not get into that thing again: bless you, ma'am," "it's broken all to smash." "La! bless me," said she, "what a pity!" The old lady ordered the girl (who was the same I saw, and who stared at both Fubbs and me in a most whimsical manner, suppressing a grin every time she came in) to bring in supper; the young lady herself assisted, and the table was spread quickly with the remains of dinner, some ale, and two case-bottles of spirits. The old lady sadly wanted us to rub our bruises with brandy. Fubbs said, "he thought it better to apply it internally," tipped off a large glass, and made me follow his example. I tasted it, for I dared not refuse; I was in his hands completely. We sat down to supper; for the old lady was determined to take no denial; and Fubbs seemed *as* determined to give her none. "And so," said he, my good old friend, Mrs. Wag-

staff, is not at home ; nor my young friend and pupil, Miss Valentine ?” “ No, sir,” said the old lady ; “ they have been obliged suddenly to take a short journey ; and Mrs. Wagstaff sent to me—we are very old friends, and my family live but a quarter of a mile off—to look to the house a day or two till she returned ; and this young lady came to keep me company.” Fubbs chatted away, took snuff, and *hob-nobbed* in toddy with the old lady ; made the *agréable* to the young lady ; and tried every way to ingratiate himself—watching every opportunity to catch them tripping, and to elicit (to use his own words) “ *how the land lay.*” But we discovered nothing satisfactory relative to the place to which Violetta was gone ; though we heard sufficient both in *her* praise, and that of Fubbs’s “ *good old friend,*” whom he heartily wished—I don’t know where—for her *cross-grained*

reception of him in the morning. I was as pleasant as I could be; paid *Miss Marleville* elegant compliments, who richly deserved them; and at midnight we made our *congé*, and walked out of the house without any symptom, from our *manner* of walking, of our having been overturned at all. "It was a clumsy trick, Fubbs," said I, "It obtained you all I promised," said he; "the certain knowledge of whether *Violetta* were there or no."—Fubbs went to bed "half seas over;" I, *drowned* in reflection—but not of the nature to produce "*pleasant dreams*."

"You had better return to London," said Fubbs, "and consult O'Rourke, leaving me here. I will see Mrs. Wagstaff on her return, and I'll manage her, I warrant me; I shall be a constant attendant upon the present inhabitant at Valentine Hall; and you know I am not to be easily diverted from a resolution I have once formed; nor to

be put out of my way by rebuffs during its execution." I coincided with his opinion, and made my preparations accordingly.

CHAP. XII.

THE next morning I parted from Fubbs, and, upon arriving in London, went immediately to O'Rourke's, where, entering the drawing-room unannounced, I surprised Artherton and Kathleentête-à-tête; and understood he was then entreating her to fix the wedding-day—it was *not* odd. What a pretty confusion I put them into! Mrs. O'Rourke joined us, wished me joy of the discovery which had been made of Eliza Fox's imposition, and expressed her hope that I should be able to discover the retreat of the real Violetta. She little suspected I had seen her. Having congratulated you," continued she, "and having a world of business upon my

hands, I shall now leave you three together till O'Rourke's return; and pray, Marmaduke, assist your friend Arther-ton in persuading that saucy girl to put us all out of suspense, by naming the *happy day*, when *you* are to wear a *bridesman's* favour." She left the room; and I placed my back against the door, to prevent Kathleen following her, which she attempted. The lovers looked—remarkably foolish—as lovers often do. I approached them; and, taking a hand of each, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, I joined them, saying—"This day week." I saw, by her *angry* looks, Kathleen meant to reprimand Artherton for my presumption—because *he* was in her power: and (I have said it before) people often revenge affronts from those not in their power upon those who are; and, as I had always an aversion to interfering in lovers' quarrels, I turned away from farther observation, to a table on which lay a folio book, full of

drawings, prints, caricatures, poetry, and prose—some of the latter two in manuscript, some cut out of books and newspapers, and all pasted in without any regard to order or connexion. “What do you call this book?” said I. “O, that’s my *gallimaufry*,” said Kathleen; “it will amuse you, I assure you.” I turned it over till my attention was arrested by

“LINES

WRITTEN ON THE PALINGS OF VALENTINE HALL;

By an Amatory Quixote.”

I need not say *what* lines followed; and Artherton, when he saw my surprise, said, “Isn’t it odd?” A new light darted through my mind. “Kathleen,” said I, “you knew more about that miniature we saw at the jeweller’s than you acknowledged.” “To be sure I did,” said she. “And you put it into Artherton’s pocket,” rejoined I. “To be sure I did,” replied Kathleen; “but Artherton was ignorant of it, and of *why*

I did it, and how I managed it; but *you* shall know hereafter." Her tone told me she had not quarrelled *very* severely with Artherton; and I wished them joy of *that day week*, to which I heard no dissenting voice. O'Rourke came in. Every body knows—because every body has *somebody* whom they value, and who values them—what the greetings of dear friends, unexpectedly meeting, are. He said, "Artherton has put your nose out of joint, my boy, though I backed you; but I hope we shall put it *in* again some other way; so come with me, and leave that *pair*, or rather *couple*—for they are not *paired* yet—" "But are to be this day week," said I. "Are they?" said he, that's my birth-day; and, O, the capers we'll have! Thank God! the blood of honest old Thady will mingle with generous English blood, and the pride of the shamrock be grafted on the honour of the oak!—hurrah! but we'll have a

day of it!" and then, kissing Kathleen, who hung gratefully about him, he put her playfully off, whisked her into Artherton's arms, and whisked me out of the room in his usual way, leaving the lovers together. He was one of those men whom religion without superstition, and good humour with reflection, produce every where—all over the *civilized* world.

I followed him into the parlour. "So," said he, "you've been making another hole in your manners, as this letter from Fubbs tells me; I always told you, you was a bad boy, but we must get you out of that somehow. And now I've a long story to tell you; they've been at you with their tricks in all quarters—even Kathleen, the cratur, has been at it—But I'll tell you all circumstantially, without going about the bush playing at bo-peep, like hares in a rabbit-warren, as Terence would say—" he fathered

all his bulls upon Terence.—The story was as follows :

“ Mrs. James and Kathleen were, one morning during a walk, accosted by a very interesting young woman, dressed like an upper servant, who appeared much fatigued, and inquired her way to a distant town. They learned from her that she had already walked six miles. Mrs. James made her go home with her, and take some refreshment ; not only on account of the fatigue under which she laboured, but for the purpose of conversing with her ; as her mode of speaking indicated a superior mind. She represented herself as an orphan ; that she had left a situation of lady’s maid, and was proceeding to the town she mentioned, to another lady, who, she had been informed, required an attendant.

“ Mrs. James, having a friend who wanted such a person, said, if her character answered, she would obtain her

the situation, and sent her footman to the lady the young woman had left with a letter, requesting her character; the footman, having gone on horseback, soon returned with the following letter:

“MADAM,

“Maria Smith is a sensible, clever, useful girl; and I never saw anything but what was *unexceptionable* in her conduct. My reason for parting from her was—in confidence—she was too pretty; and I have a son, whom I wish to keep out of the way of danger; and I think it but right towards the young woman to state this explicitly; for she is really a modest creature, and anything but forward. I have busied myself to get her a place; and if she do not suit you have the goodness to let me know, as I shall certainly endeavour to provide her.

“I am, Madam,

“Your obedient Servant,

“AMELIA ORTON.

“Mrs. James, &c.”

“What family was there at Mrs. Orton’s?” said Mrs. James to Maria. “Only Mr. and Mrs. Orton and their son, ma’am,” returned the girl. *Mrs. James*—“What sort of people are they?” *Maria*—“Very good kind of people, ma’am.” *Mrs. James*—“The son steady, or one of the present fashionable coxcombs?” *Maria*—“He seems to possess a good disposition, but is a spoiled child, and something of a pedant. *Mrs. James*—“Was you constantly about the person of Mrs. Orton?” *Maria*—“Either that, or confined to her own room, working; and, indeed, what with dressing, working for, and reading to, her, I had scarcely an idle moment in the day.”

After some more indirect *scrutinizing* questions, Mrs. James satisfied herself that Maria had not in the least endeavoured to draw young Hopeful into danger; so the place of her friend was procured for her, and Maria removed, that night, to the house of Mrs. Sackville, which

was but three doors from Mrs. James's; and the carrier being charged with conveying her clothes from Mrs. O's to Mrs. S's, every thing was comfortably arranged.

Kathleen being perpetually at Mrs. Sackville's, such a kind of intimacy as often takes place between discerning young ladies and sensible ladies' maids, of conciliating manners and modest demeanour, took place between Kathleen and Maria; and, as they sat working together one day with Mrs. Sackville, the conversation came up, somehow, about *my chaise* adventure with Kathleen—"and," said Mrs. S. "that young gentleman, I am told by my friend James, is likely to become your beau, Kathleen." "Nonsense," replied Kathleen. "Why nonsense," rejoined Mrs. S., "if the young man be as *interesting* as he is represented?—(remember Mrs. S. said this) but then he has such a comical name — *Merrywhistle*." Kathleen,

looking up at the instant, observed Maria turn pale, who immediately left the room; Kathleen thought it odd; but took no notice to Mrs. S.

The next time Kathleen and Maria were together at their needle, the latter having asked for some material they were using, Kathleen purposely gave it to her wrapped in part of a letter written by me, by O'Rourke's desire, to Mrs. James; and that part of it which exhibited my *signature*, and an effect correspondent with the preceding was produced upon Maria; with the exception that she did not leave the room. Subsequently, and frequently, Kathleen repeated such trials; which invariably occasioned similar results, though the effect of each repetition was weaker than each previous one. At last, Kathleen openly conversed with her upon the subject Mrs. S. had alluded to; yet said nothing of her own feelings in regard to me, but

remarked that *I* had never made any advances to her—a tear stole down Maria's cheek, which she hastily (and, as she thought, unnoticed,) effaced.—In short, by degrees Kathleen discovered that Maria was *the* Violetta she had heard Mrs. James and O'Rourke frequently mention; discovered that Mr. Merrywhistle possessed her heart; and, eventually, obtained a knowledge of all the incidents relative to our attachment; the engagement with Sir Lionel; her escape from him, and her subsequent life; which I subjoin.

When Valentine informed his daughter that Sir Lionel had produced the license; that they were to be married within three days, and that Lovel was to dine with them the next day, Violetta gave herself up for lost, and implored the support of that Being who is never implored, by *sincerity*, in vain; and passed the evening with the house-keeper, to whom, in tears, she related

her distress. The housekeeper said, "Miss Violetta, your father has told me of the dinner; that *Royer* is to wait at table, and Sir Lionel is to send some very fine wine for *you*—God knows, and God forgive me if I am wrong—but, don't drink the wine, Miss; there are very wicked things done; and I've known young ladies destroyed by putting sleeping draughts into their wine before now. I have seen a great deal of the world, Miss, bad as well as good; *bad* mayn't be the case now, but don't drink the wine—I dare say he'll make your poor wrapped-up father—for he's so wrapped up in him that it's more than one's place is worth to give him a hint, and I could give him many—he'll soon make him top-heavy, and *then*, he gets stupid, you know; and if you should be overcome too I wouldn't answer for the consequences." Violetta took her advice, and refused to take wine: her father reprimanded her;

Sir Lionel entreated, but to no purpose : she said her head ached, and she would not drink ; and that if Sir Lionel had any regard for her he would not press her. He discontinued, but plied her father the more, though she kept entreating him not to drink ; yet, being the wine from his own cellar, she had no notion Royer could have drugged that. She was several times going to leave the room, but Sir Lionel entreated her to stay ; her father insisted ; and partly for that reason, and partly under the hope of preventing her father drinking in so violent a manner as that in which he was proceeding, she remained ; till, to her indescribable terror, she saw her father fall back in his chair as if he were dead ; she screamed ; Royer stopped her mouth ; and by the assistance of Sir Lionel, in spite of her struggles, carried her out of the room, and forced her into a chaise ; into which both he and Royer got. The night was

versing the lane out of which she came; but they saw not Sir Lionel.

A female in the caravan composed Violetta as well as she was able; for the dear girl's strength and spirits were exhausted, and her nerves irritated to an alarming degree. About four in the morning they reached the carrier's cottage, (which was about three miles from the town where he halted,) and he left Violetta in the care of his wife, to whom she imparted who she was, and where her father resided; and attempted to write a letter, but was too ill, from the high state of excitation to which she had been raised; she therefore deferred it till day, when the carrier, his wife said, would carry it over to the post town, at noon, when he returned; and promised her he should, also, at a convenient time, go over to her father himself; the distance from whose dwelling, she said, was full

twenty miles. The good woman advised her to repose, and observing her too feverish for the probability of her sleeping, she persuaded her to take a cooling beverage, into which, secretly, she put a slight opiate ; in consequence of which, she did not awake till the afternoon ; during which, the carrier had called, and proceeded again upon his journey. When Violetta awoke she was much distressed at not having written her letter ready for the carrier ; but her hostess composed her, by informing her that she had put her husband in possession of Valentine's address, and he was so far on the road, that, as no post went off till the next day, he would be at her father's as soon as a letter.

Unfortunately the woman had misunderstood Violetta's direction to where her father lived ; and three days after, the carrier returned as wise as he went ; of which he informed Violetta

the next day at noon, which was the sixth from the time she was taken from her father. Her anxiety, as well as her state of fever, was such, the compassionate carrier proposed that his son should go on with the cart, and himself take a horse and proceed to her father's: but this plan could not be put into effect till the next morning; and, through having commissions to effect on the road, he did not arrive in the town till very late that night. The next morning he found the house; but it was shut up, and in the care of a man, who directed him, for information, to where Valentine's late housekeeper lived; from her he received a confirmation of the account Violetta had given him of herself; and also, that it was said Sir Lionel had gone abroad, and supposed that Valentine, who left the house three days before, had followed him. She gave Violetta a splendid character, sent her respects, and with them the honest

creature sent a small box she had found in Violetta's room, after Valentine's departure ; in which were the few jewels she possessed, (*none of them gifts of Sir Lionel,*) and about 100*l.*, which she had saved from the regular allowance, and presents, which her father had made her. This box was a seasonable relief to her, and the better enabled her to support the distressing intelligence the carrier brought her ; for, as she knew not where Mrs. Wagstaff resided, (the relation she was with not having been on terms with Valentine when he took Violetta from her native scenes, and of her mother's relations she knew nothing,) she seemed to herself an isolated being ; but her habitual piety enabled her to become resigned to her fate, and to await the dispensations of Providence. In this extremity she thought of writing to *my* father—but reflecting that her own had told her, (*meanly*, to induce her to

marry Sir Lionel,) how much her character had been scandalized, and that both my father and myself were in full possession of the reports—her pride, or rather, dignity, revolted at what she deemed would be a degradation, and might, probably, expose her to a rebuff;—how little did she know the hearts she had to deal with!—she resolved, therefore, to remain at the carrier's till she could resolve upon some eligible mode of procedure; he, in the mean time, endeavouring, fruitlessly, to obtain some tidings relative to her father. The cottage was picturesque, and the scenery around it romantic. She lived here about six months (the carrier and his wife being liberally, though not extravagantly, paid for their attention to her,) very comfortably: she had a pretty bed-room, which she decorated herself, as well as her own little parlour; and there was a small garden, of which she undertook the

superintendence, as well as the incipient education of the carrier's two daughters, six and seven years old—in short she was the mistress of the family; her wishes were commands, and her commands laws. The carrier's son was about her own age; remarkably honest, remarkably good-tempered, and remarkably ugly; and, alas! Cupid—always like Fubbs, playing tricks—shot him through and through the heart—he was downright in love with her; and, as long as he could, kept his own counsel: but love will “*out*,” equally with *murder*: and *he*, having discovered that *Violetta* and *violet* were something similar, in compliment to her, grew so attached to violets, that he procured all he could, and planted them round the cottage in such abundance, that it was called the *Violet Cottage* by the neighbours. Often would he stand under her chamber-window to listen to her singing; where he was more

than once complimented with the discharge of a basin of slop out of another window by his mischievous sister, who pretended ignorance of his being there. Whenever he went to the market-town, he came home laden with bough-pots for *Miss*; worked in the garden under her direction, and was observed on such occasions always to put on his Sunday clothes. If she commended a colour as becoming a man he always contrived to wear something of that colour, if it were only a watch-ribbon. If she had praised *yellow stockings* he would probably have procured a pair, if he could; though, poor fellow! he *mentally* wore *yellow hose* perpetually; for he was jealous of every man who looked at her; and when she walked over to the town, he was sure to follow at a respectful distance, to protect her from insults from the young squires and sportsmen, which her elegant figure was calculated to invite when she was

alone; and on these occasions he was always accompanied by his faithful dog *Bounce*, and a near relation to Fubbs's *switch*, which I heretofore celebrated. Indeed, he had more than once occasion to use the said cudgel, and once was obliged to call in the assistance of *Bounce*; for three *bipedial* Bounces, thinking her unprotected, while going through a lonely field, returning from the town, they took strange freaks into their heads, not observing Joe *Jinks*, who was far aloof; when a cry from her, brought *Bounce* among his brethren, and Joe soon after; when the *gentlemen* were glad to make good their retreat how they could. *Violetta* being terrified, actually lent upon Joe's arm all the way home; and after that, his mother said she believed he had taken leave of his senses, for he never could do any thing right; and in relating any circumstance that required an epoch to calculate from, he always contrived

to *lug* in—"that time when Miss did me the favour to hold my arm." He bought love ballads and sung them, as people often sing songs in company, a different tune to each verse, and none of them belonging to the song. At last he grew bold enough to drop hints: *tried his hand* at something like compliments; and once, when she was crossing a narrow stile near the cottage, and her drapery got entangled in the briers, he not only flew to extricate her, but took her hand to assist her over the stile, and actually, (though *gently for him*,) what the cockneys call *squeeged* it. The only apology that can be made for it is that he was rather *rumfly*, as he called it himself; which meant, what a sailor would call *groggy*, i. e., merrily tipsy. How to notice it she knew not; so thought the best way, upon consideration, was to say nothing, and leave the place as soon as she could, for fear of his growing *more affec-*

tionate,—and it is possible to have too much of a good thing. While considering what she should do, she heard Jinks's wife say that Sir *Everard Evelyn* had a seat in the neighbourhood; and she knew that her mother was a branch of that family; she determined, therefore, to endeavour to interest Lady Evelyn in her favour. Accordingly she dressed herself very neatly, and being directed to the mansion, she presented herself, sent up a respectful note to Lady Evelyn, and requested the honour of being admitted to her presence. Lady Evelyn, who was proud, but good-tempered, admitted her; and, with no little embarrassment, she told Lady Evelyn who she was, and her story; produced her register, which had long been in her possession, and her mother's letters, to prove her identity, and begged her advice what to do. Lady Evelyn said, she bore the family affinity

in her face ; and said also, " I recollect your mother, and I think she was hardly used. I am sorry to say," continued she, " that I hear your father is a ruined man ; all his property has been, or will be, sold ; and if he return from France his fate will be a prison ; for your story has not been a secret. The little money you have left will not support you long, and we have so much to do that, really, I cannot be of the service to you I wish because you have conducted yourself correctly. Every body knows what a scoundrel Sir Lionel Lovel is ; and your father is not the only man he has ruined. Call again in a week, and I will think of something for you."

With a grateful, yet oppressed, heart, Violetta returned to the cottage ; gave Jinks an intimation that it was probable she should leave them soon, and gave Joe the head-ach, or the tooth-ach—these being the two complaints to one

of which people generally attribute any depression of spirits; the cause of which they do not choose to acknowledge.

In a week she returned to Lady E., who said, if she chose, as her woman was going to be married, and was shortly to leave her, to take instructions from her while she staid, and succeed her when she went, she was very welcome; "but," observed she, "you must mention nothing of your mother belonging to the Evelyn family; and change your name; let me see—we'll call you *Maria*, that's a name one can pronounce pleasantly; and your surname may as well be a common one—*Smith* might do; that will cause no suspicion." Violetta could not help feeling the degradation, and the woman's littleness; but, after what she had heard relative to her father, she saw her precarious state in its full force, accepted the proposal in hopes of being able, through the will of Providence, to

emancipate herself from such a state in time; and taking leave of old Jinks one day, (when Joe was gone with his father's cart,) and making the old couple a present, she bid farewell to the cottage; desiring Jinks to convey her trifling property to Lady Evelyn's the next day; but to bring it himself; and thus she entered the mansion of one of her mother's relatives as Maria Smith!!!—wasn't it odd?

Whether at her departure the violets at the cottage died, to bloom no more, I do not know; or whether, when he returned, Joe, in despair, enlisted for a soldier; but they are certainly *poetical* probabilities, and as such, I mention them.

The real *violet* certainly died away to bloom again in a future spring.

Under the tuition of *Mary Pimer*, Violetta soon made a progress towards proficiency, equally creditable to the skill of the teacher, and the genius of

the *tyro*—indeed before Pinner left she began to be jealous of Maria; for Lady Evelyn was oftener complimented upon her mode of *disposing her drapery* when *Smith* dressed her than when *Pinner* did; consequently, my Lady was very much pleased with her; and people are generally very good-tempered to those with whom they are very much pleased. It must be noted that Sir Everard was not made acquainted with Maria Smith's origin, (which nobody knew but my Lady and Maria,) though he had once or twice remarked how much she was like his sister, *Lady Green*.

She lived here as comfortably as young females of fine feelings, exposed to, and dependant upon, the caprices of their fashionable superiors, (especially in predicaments similar to hers,) are likely to be, some months; when Joe, the darling Joe!

“In love, and pleased with ruin,”

seemed determined to ruin her also—whether, as the Spectator says, for “love or spite,” *this deponent knoweth not*—but he—always talking of Miss Valentine—circulated it about that Lady Evelyn’s maid was a lady of family; (though she had always imposed secrecy upon the cottagers, in regard to the facts relative to her, of which they were possessed; but Joe could not keep the secret—love, as it often does, produced indiscretion)——he said that she could have married a very great man; and that her name was not *Smith*, as people supposed, but *Valentine*. Now this got to Sir Everard’s ears; he asked his lady about it, who then told him the story; and Sir Everard begged her to dismiss the girl, with a present; for that he could not support the idea of poor relations being his servants, any more than he could afford to support them: and therefore Maria was turned over

to Mrs. *Fuzzleton*, Lady Evelyn's dear friend, who gave her *any* reason but the real one, for parting with her,— what it was I don't know, but her Ladyship's recommendation was every thing; and after a few months, having been tortured by the temper of Mrs. F., Violetta was translated from one lady to another, till she went into Mrs. Orton's family. Kathleen acquainted Mrs. James with these circumstances; Mrs. James immediately removed Violetta into the family of her sister, Mrs. *Goodby*, to whom she was a companion, as *Miss Smith*; and Mrs. J. and Kathleen determined to discover the state of my mind, as regarding Violetta; and, if they found it favourable, to effect an interview between us; but the secret remained with themselves till circumstances justified their imparting it to O'Rourke; consequently, the incidents of the *three plates* and the *miniature*,

were contrived by them; and an emissary had slipped the latter into Artherton's pocket, not five minutes previous to his entering my house, on the day he accidentally produced it—in those days gentlemen wore outside pockets, cut transversely in the skirt, with a flap, like the lid of a salt box, over them; which, through pulling out and returning the handkerchief, frequently left a chasm open, into which a miniature might easily be dropped without observation.

I am thus minute in particularizing to place the authenticity of these *odd* memoirs beyond a doubt; otherwise I should, in imitation of some *authors* of remarkable events, and propounders of remarkable theories, advocate that for which I could not account.

What event the miniature brought about, my readers know; but neither Mrs. James nor Kathleen knew; con-

sequently Violetta was ignorant of it.—
But I must retrograde, like a crab,
(according to the general notion,) yet
a crab walks *sideways*—isn't it odd?

CHAP. XIII.

WHEN Mrs. Wagstaff left her brother's house she went to the relation Valentine mentioned to me. As between him and Valentine no communication ever took place, and as Mrs. Wagstaff was too much ashamed of her brother's conduct to correspond with him, she became totally ignorant of all that occurred relative to him and Violetta, till Valentine wrote to the said relation, acknowledged his faults, told the melancholy tale of Violetta's wrongs, and his own ruin; and, from a prison, implored assistance, to enable him to pursue the spoiler of his child, punish him, and

recover her; and with the consequence of that application my readers are acquainted. The knowledge Mrs. W. thus obtained availed her not, but clouded her prospects with sorrow. The relation aforesaid died suddenly, during the time Valentine was in France; and as his will had been made previous to his reconciliation with Valentine, neither he nor Violetta were mentioned in it.—*Thus* do the sins of the parents fall on the children!—To Mrs. Wagstaff he left an annuity sufficient to support her comfortably and respectably; who, knowing that *Valentine Hall* had been the seat of some of her ancestors, journeyed to the place where it stood, took a lease of what remained of it, determining to end her days there peacefully; and there, in memory of Violetta and Marmaduke, she planted violets and primroses. She was once tempted by her neighbour, Mrs. *Chatterwell*, (the old

lady with whom Fubbs and I supped) to take a trip to the nearest watering-place, and there she

“Forgather’d wi’ a gossip,”

(as Allan Ramsay says) who knew Mrs. Goodby; and—in short, through this medium, she and her darling Violetta were brought together once more; and—that accounts for Violetta’s being at Valentine Hall, when I met with her——— isn’t it *all* odd?

O’Rourke further told me, that he had examined Royer as to the circumstances of the plot laid by Sir Lionel and him, and that he corroborated Violetta’s account in every tittle, previous to the time when he ran away, after cutting the traces; of which, when he came to himself he repented, and sought Sir Lionel, to reinstate himself in his favour; as he knew how necessary such an one as he was to such an one as the Baronet; and that the old proverb ad-

vised thus, "Trust the *devil* you know, in preference to the one you do *not*:" besides, "Birds of a feather," &c, is another old proverb—that the tale of his life being in Sir L.'s power, was coined. Sir Lionel, he found, (apprehensive, no doubt, of the consequence of his nefarious conduct towards Valentine, when the latter should come to his senses,) had gone on board the vessel, in which he had taken births for himself and suite, that very night; and, the wind serving, the vessel was gone. Royer then went to London, to try his fortune, and there met with Eliza Fox. The quarrel with Sir Lionel when he gave him the certificate of character was true.—Pardon my minuteness; you know my reason.

"Now," concluded O'Rourke, "you know all: my friend Mrs. James has undertaken to explain every thing to Violetta, and I hope to see you happy with her yet. She will be in London

in about a month ; its a long probation, but things must take their natural course ; so go home ; take it *asey*, my child ; we'll bring you through, and then, mind you cut no more of your comical capers."

I went home: Tunzey stared at seeing me so much earlier than he expected ; but, as I met him with a smiling countenance, he imputed my return to no unpleasant circumstance ; he only said, " You're soon tired of the country ; so much the better, it looks like a hankering after business, and that you have more inclination to erect houses upon earth, than castles in the air :— you have come in excellent time, too ; Welford gives a haunch to-morrow— ha-ah !"

Welford, having learned my arrival from O'Rourke, soon joined me ; and related that he had seen and undeceived Valentine relative to his daughter's *supposed* degradation ; that Royer

had procured him a sight of *Fox*, whose likeness to *Violetta* staggered even him for some minutes; but, as he did not look at her with the eyes of an agitated Marmaduke, or a, comparatively, uninterested Welford, his scrutinizing speculation discovered a *difference*.—"God bless me!" said he—"I can hardly believe my own eyes; the only difference in their faces is, my daughter's eyebrows are more arched, and her eyes are rather darker. I don't wonder that Marmaduke was deceived by her arts, as he had seen so little of *Violetta* for the last few years; for their voices are something alike, too." He had been informed where his daughter was, and had left London to join her.

O'Rourke had written to Sir Lionel, (Valentine having informed him where the Baronet was,) entreating of him a faithful account of the plot laid for *Violetta*, with the results; promising, in return, if he (O'Rourke) were satisfied

with his representation, he would endeavour to *soften* Valentine; who had put his affairs into the hands of a very *severe* practitioner of the law, named *Welford*, who had declared that, if Valentine persevered, the Baronet would, in *his* opinion, *hang*. This produced the desired effect, for the Baronet could not pay the debt for which he was confined, so could not escape to France again; and, in a letter O'Rourke received *after* I parted from him, Sir Lionel corroborated every circumstance Violetta and Royer had related, as affecting him. "I have also," continued Welford,—thinking it ridiculous to pronounce Violetta innocent till I had sifted the case thoroughly,—seen the *carrier*, and Valentine's *house-keeper*; and both their accounts reflect upon Violetta nothing but what ought to make her still dearer to Marmaduke; so you see we have not been unmindful of your concerns in your absence, though

part of our inquiries were in progress previous to your leaving London."

He prevented all expressions of gratitude, and repeated Tunzey's invitation to the *haunch* next day: "Tunzey, O'Rourke, Skein, Artherton, and the ladies, will be there," said he, "and I wish Fubbs could join us; we shall drink success to Thursday, and I am determined we'll have a jovial day, and totally disperse the cloud of gloom which has been gathering for some time around us." I promised to participate in the scene of joy and we parted.

In the course of the day *Goldworthy* paid me a visit, and remarked, good-humouredly, that he had learned from O'Rourke that *Artherton* had outwitted us both, in regard to Kathleen; and told me *he* was going to be married to a—Miss Marleville—wasn't it odd? He had in one of his rambles—for he was romantically inclined as well as myself—met with Miss M., was struck with her per-

son and accomplishments, and discovered that she was of a good family, though in moderate circumstances.—“ I never considered fortune,” said he, “ in selecting a wife—one chooses a coat, a carriage, and a house, to be fashionable—one chooses a wife to be happy.”

To *soften*, or *soften down*—(I must fulfil my promise of explanation)—so, says I, in my Description—

“ In London, to *soften*, or *soften down*, means to —; but who is ignorant of what it means? Besides, I have explained so often practically since my promise, that I may consider myself as absolved from its performance: yet a further remark or two may be necessary; with a *nice* casuist it means to *twist* terms like wires, to accommodate them to the exact tendency of the case, or the *conscience*—there are *nice* casuists in *all* cases—isn't it odd?”

The haunch was to be given at the house-warming of a very elegant re-

sidence Tunzey had purchased, fitted up, decorated, and furnished, and settled upon his daughter. In the morning, Tunzey and I went to Welford's office, having professional business with him. Caroline and Mrs. O'Rourke were at the new house ; to which, about an hour previous to dinner, Tunzey, Welford, and I proceeded. Tunzey, previous to our introduction to the ladies, *shewed* the house, descanting upon the merits of the several rooms ; describing the ornaments architecturally ; comparing them, as usual, to different dishes, with *ha-ah* sauce. " But," said he, " I must shew you the picture-gallery, where you will see a very interesting collection of *family portraits*—ha-ah !" and, opening a door, Welford and he pushed me in before them, when I saw—sitting in *starched, picture-like* state—and in two opposite lines—O'Rourke, Skein, Arther-ton, Mesdames Tunzey and O'Rourke,

Caroline, Kathleen, Mrs. *James*! Mrs. *Wagstaff*! *Valentine*, and *Fubbs*!

“*Isn't it odd?*” said Fubbs.

O'Rourke and Fubbs were at the upper extremities of each line ; and two small screens (joining in the centre) filled up the space between them. I could readily imagine somebody was concealed behind these, and was prepared for being surprised by a sight of *somebody*—but *not my father and mother*—who came forward to me the moment O'Rourke and Fubbs each drew away the screen next to him. “*Isn't it odd?*” *repeated* Fubbs. You will not wonder at my astonishment, nor doubt the affectionate meeting that took place between us ; notwithstanding which, I confess I had expected to have seen *somebody else*—*was it odd?* and I peered about into every corner to see if there were any more *screens* to draw ; but, alas ! there were none, to my great *thrillation*—(You'll find the

word in *Fubbs's Dictionary*)—Tunzey, who had left the room after my first surprise, entered, and said, “*The best picture's to come.*” My eyes darted to the door—you guess who I looked for—“The haunch,” said Tunzey, “ha-ah! it's on table; come along; I'll squire Mrs. Merrywhistle;” and he handed my mother out of the room; while I stood like a disappointed fool, and wished the haunch—I won't say where.—I had no appetite. My father followed with Mrs. Tunzey; Skein with Mrs. James; Fubbs with Mrs. Wagstaff; Artherton attended Kathleen; I offered my hand to Caroline, who, *civilly* (I thought,) gave hers, *unsought*, to Valentine. “You and I,” said O'Rourke, “must bring up the rear; but, as age goes before honesty, I shall precede; and he went out, and shut the door after him, leaving me *behind* it. I heard the handle of the folding-doors, which were in the room, gently moved—I started—they were not

closed an instant longer. “Violetta!”—
“Marmaduke!”—were all that was uttered—two fond, constant, hearts fluttered in unison—but not in unison with a confounded *dinner-bell* that Fubbs, the instant I caught Violetta to my bosom, began sounding in the passage. He never played me such a provoking trick in his life—nor did he cease till I had conducted *my angel* to the dining-parlour—he bawling, the moment he saw us descending the stairs. “*Isn't it odd?*” I will pass over our *entré*, and the dinner; in the first instance, I should only describe blushes and bashfulness; and, in the other—would you, Master *Corydon*, write about haunches and hob-nobs, with the recollection of such a moment on your mind?

“In London,” (said I, in my Description,) “*Fubbism*, or *trickery*, is the general prejudice. *Tricks* are not, as *formerly*, confined to *trade*. Elections are managed by trick; *addresses* by trick; *pa-*

triotism by trick; and *sometimes* trickery is even extended to *religion!*—isn't it odd?

“Shame where is thy blush?”

Tricks are not only practised upon *travellers*, but upon the *natives*—some are tricked into misery, others into happiness.—” One of the latter was I. “And why *tricked* into happiness?” Have I not told you these are the memoirs of *oddities*? “and oddities,” as O'Rourke said, “*have a way of their own;*” and who likes to be put out of his way?

CHAPTER THE LAST.

For the *last* time, I must retrograde.

As Welford had informed me—my *love concerns* had exercised the exertions of my friends before I went into the country, though every thing was kept a profound secret from me. The better to carry on their designs, they stimulated me to leave town—and Fubbs was, by *them*, pitched upon to attend me, for obvious reasons. The day after I was released from my ridiculous engagement with Fox, Royer had waited upon Welford, and confessed the imposition; and Mrs. James, when

she came to town with me, came with the express purpose of acquainting O'Rourke with the story of Violetta; and when Mrs. J. and Kathleen returned into the country, which was on the same day Royer made his confession, O'Rourke put Welford in possession of the information he had received—a council was called, consisting of O'Rourke, Welford, Tunzey, and Fubbs, to debate upon whether, in my then agitated state of mind, they should break the whole to me at once, or prepare my mind for it by degrees; and if the latter mode were adopted, how they should proceed. O'Rourke and Fubbs voted for a *surprise*, after a proper preparation; that I should be taken into the country, while they arranged their plans. As all were humourists, it was determined upon; and, as they were in possession of Mrs. Wagstaff's residence, I was purposely conducted to that place by Fubbs. Mrs. Wagstaff and Violetta

were in the secret, and to the latter Mrs. Wagstaff had explained every thing relative to *For*. How it affected her must be imagined. It was intended that I should (to tantalize me) obtain, as by accident, a sight of *Violetta*—but not where we could converse—they supposing that when I saw her, and in respectable company, I should discover something that would create a doubt, or a solicitude, in my mind, that would awaken in it a tendency to other sentiments than those I then entertained; which would the better prepare me for the grand surprise. For this purpose, *Violetta* (lest in my rambles I should meet and recollect her) put on the deep veil she wore that morning, through which I could not distinguish her features; but I approached closely to her; and, when she saw me, her feelings being such as she could not conceal, she was thrown off her guard, and prevented avoiding me; for the next day I was to

have seen her, as pre-concerted. My behaviour to Violetta on that occasion she could account for; and, therefore, I need not make any further remark on it. Fubbs was surprised when I told him the circumstance, and chagrined, as I have remarked; and, when he went over to Mrs. Wagstaff, he proposed that she and Violetta should set off to town immediately, to prevent another interview—for their *trick* was too far proceeded in for them to give it up; and they were determined that the *acmé* should be strengthened by the meeting of the whole family, and all concerned; consequently, Mrs. W. and Violetta left the Hall immediately; and Fubbs's story of his reception at the hall was all *fudge* and *floss*, to prevent my going to the Hall; and Mrs. *Wagstaff's* letter, delivered to me by the girl, was written to prevent an interview, in case I should go there—for they were both in the house when I received it.

The *cart* trick was arranged with Mrs. *Chatterwell*, to amuse and keep me from committing extravagancies, which must have tended further to derange the plot; Fubbs rightly conjecturing that my state of confusion would be a sufficient preservative against my seeing through the shallow artifice—and that accounted for a contrivance so clumsily contrived *going off* so uninterruptedly. Fubbs left the place two hours after me ; my parents had been acquainted with every circumstance by Welford, whose friendship in the affair I have premised, and they, always anxious that I should marry Violetta, now that her innocence was indubitably established—hurried up to the general rendezvous in London.

On the *Thursday*—O'Rourke's birthday—the generous Irishman said to me, " This day, my boy, instead of a *bridesman*, you'll be a *bride*, as Terence would say." Poor Terence ! On that day my dear Violetta became mine ; and while I

saluted Mrs. *Artherton*, her husband saluted Mrs. *Merrywhistle*. It couldn't *be odd*, for there were *two pairs*.

I believe no reader carries curiosity beyond an epoch like this; and nothing more remains to say, except, that law-suits, instituted against Sir Lionel and some usurers, recovered sufficient property to set Valentine up once more in an eligible farm in the neighbourhood of Valentine Hall, where, after repairing it, he resided with his sister.

What became of Sir Lionel is of no consequence.

Goldworthy married Miss Marleville; and I have never heard that either repented.

I have already remarked how happily Welford and Caroline lived—nor did that bliss decrease, while their family increased. *Artherton* and *Kathleen* were as happy as rational affection, virtue, and good sense, could make them; and *Terence* and *Judy* had the pleasure of

nursing the children of " Katty the darling."

The *elder* branches of our circle of friendship were rich, good-humoured, and *good*—need I say *they* were happy?

It may be expected that I set up a splendid equipage for Violetta, and hung her all round with jewels—but that would be like the conclusion of a novel.

We married for love, and sought for happiness. I was rich enough for independence, was partner in a lucrative profession, and my father's fortune, which was genteel, would be mine, after he and my mother paid that debt, which I fervently prayed it might be *long* ere it were exacted. Not one of the parties have died since—and my *father* has become a perfect *ancient*.

My Violetta, a fortune in herself, deserved a coronet; but obtained what she preferred, competence and bliss. We never troubled our heads about the

Evelyns; though Lady E. was obliged to solicit *Maria Smith* to entreat *me* to give a vote, for some property I possessed in the county for which Sir Evelyn had long been member, when his re-election was vigorously contested. I voted for him, and refused his invitation to dinner.

Fubbs—the ancient Fubbs—actually married Mrs. James, and left off his school; but never left off his tricks nor rum-toddy.

Isn't it odd?

“In London,” (said I, in my Description,) “nothing is odd.”

FINIS.

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